July 17, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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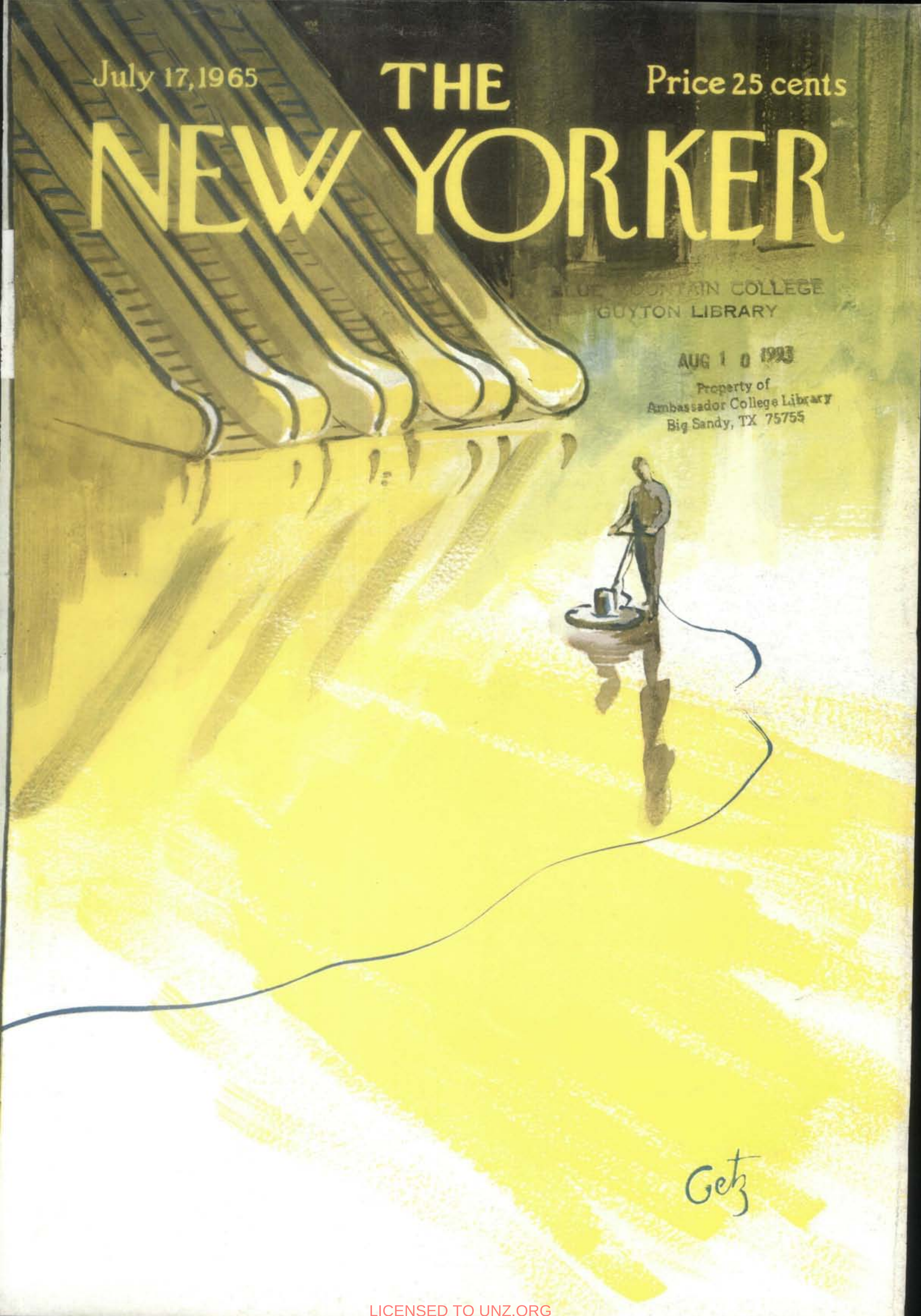

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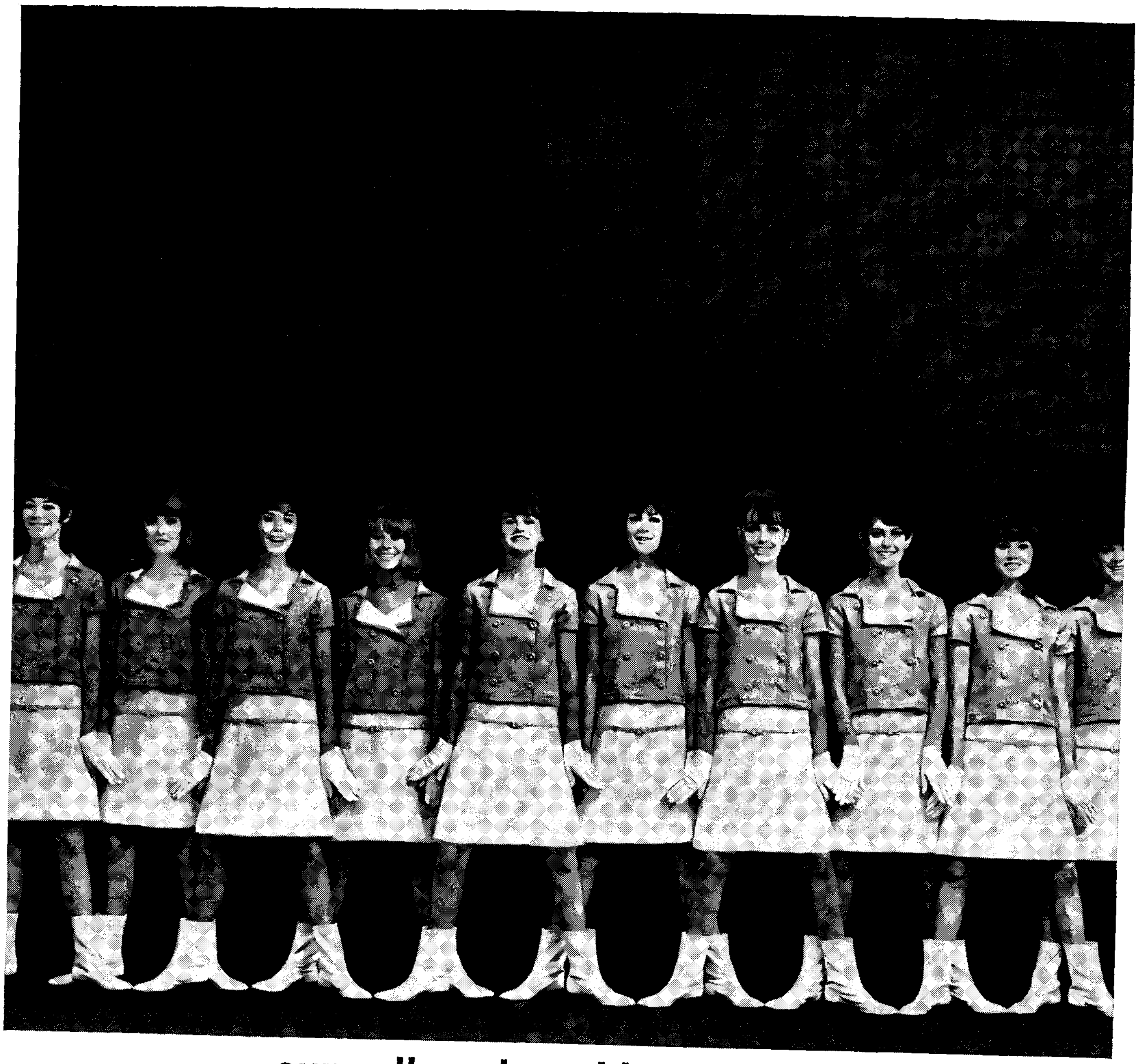

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. means East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Glass Menagerie—George Grizzard, Pat Hingle, Piper Laurie, and Maureen Stapleton in Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by George Keathley. Jo Van Fleet will succeed Miss Stapleton on Thursday, July 22. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Luv—This comic triangular trifle by Murray Schisgal has an excellent cast (Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson), and has been wonderfully directed by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—A nice funny comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Mr. Simon has been given a big assist by the director, the ubiquitous Mike Nichols, and by Walter Matthau and Art Carney, who head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff, in which Alan Alda and Diana Sands appear as a stuffy pseudo-intellectual and an antic prostitute, with sporadically amusing results. Skillful direction by Arthur Storch, and a good set by Jo Mielziner. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Ruth Matteson, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Jack Albertson, Martha Scott, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Baker Street—Holmes vs. Moriarty in a divertissement that is only occasionally effective. Fritz Weaver is the Sherlock of the piece. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Despite the fact that Richard Rodgers contributed the score for this musical version of Arthur Laurents's "The Time of the Cuckoo," it isn't anywhere near as beguiling as most of the other works in which the Master has had a hand. Stephen Sondheim did the lyrics, and Mr. L. the book, which describes the ups and downs of an American spinster reluctantly caught in the amorous atmosphere of Venice. Elizabeth Allen portrays the spinster and Sergio Franchi the Venetian who unsettles her. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Flora, the Red Menace—A backward glance at the early thirties, when the depression was at its worst. Obviously not a very light-hearted theme for a musical, and the cast, headed by Liza Minnelli and Bob Dishy, doesn't make much of it, even though the director is the usually ingenious George Abbott. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Golden Boy—Sammy Davis in an adaptation of a tired Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. With the exception of a couple of sharp production numbers, it has little in its favor. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—Solid songs and lively dances in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," with Tommy Steele figuring to fine advantage in the leading role. David Heneker is responsible for the tunes and lyrics, and Onna White for the choreography. Gene Saks directed the happy affair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint–The Smell of the Crowd—A dull bit of business, which finds Anthony Newley, as a small put-upon proletarian, pitted against Cyril Ritchard, as a big Establishment bully. About the only redeeming feature of the affair is a song called "Feeling Good," which is let loose by Gilbert Price. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories. Zero Mostel heads the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO DOLLY!:** The Carol Channing commotion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Page
BOOKS 108
THE CURRENT CINEMA 59
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON 99
MUSICAL EVENTS:
JAZZ CONCERTS 92
THE RACE TRACK 62
THE SPORTING SCENE 72

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theater of Lincoln Center—A revival of **KISMET**, with Alfred Drake, Anne Jeffreys, and Lee Venora, is the first of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, July 31.)

Amato Opera Company—"Fledermaus," in English, the final offering of the season. Last performances Saturday, July 24. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, July 24, at 2:30.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, July 15-16, at 8:40: "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 3 and 8:40: "The Yeomen of the Guard." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 3 and 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, July 20-21, at 8:40: "Iolanthe." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, July 22-23, at 8:40: "The Gondoliers." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 3 and 8:40: "The Mikado." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Leonard Bernstein's Theatre Songs—This pleasant diversion, as directed by Will Holt and as performed by Don Francks, Trude Adams (in orange), and especially Micki Grant (in pink), falls somewhere between a concert and a revue. Some of the numbers sound a bit frail without the backing of chorus or dancers, but the songs from "Candide" stand up very well indeed, partly, no doubt, because of Richard Wilbur's fine lyrics. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Exception and the Rule and **The Prodigal Son**—"The Prodigal Son" is Langston Hughes' musical dramatization of the Bible story, in a jubilant and beautiful production. Vinnette Carroll has directed the remarkable all-Negro cast of dancers and gospel singers. "The Exception and the Rule," which precedes it, is a fable of dreary condescension by the late but inevitable Bertolt Brecht. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Live Like Pigs—Most of this apparently rowdy but actually wistful English play, by John Arden, consists of scenes from the home life of a raffish bunch who have been forced to move from an abandoned tram car into a tiny housing project. The play is lively at

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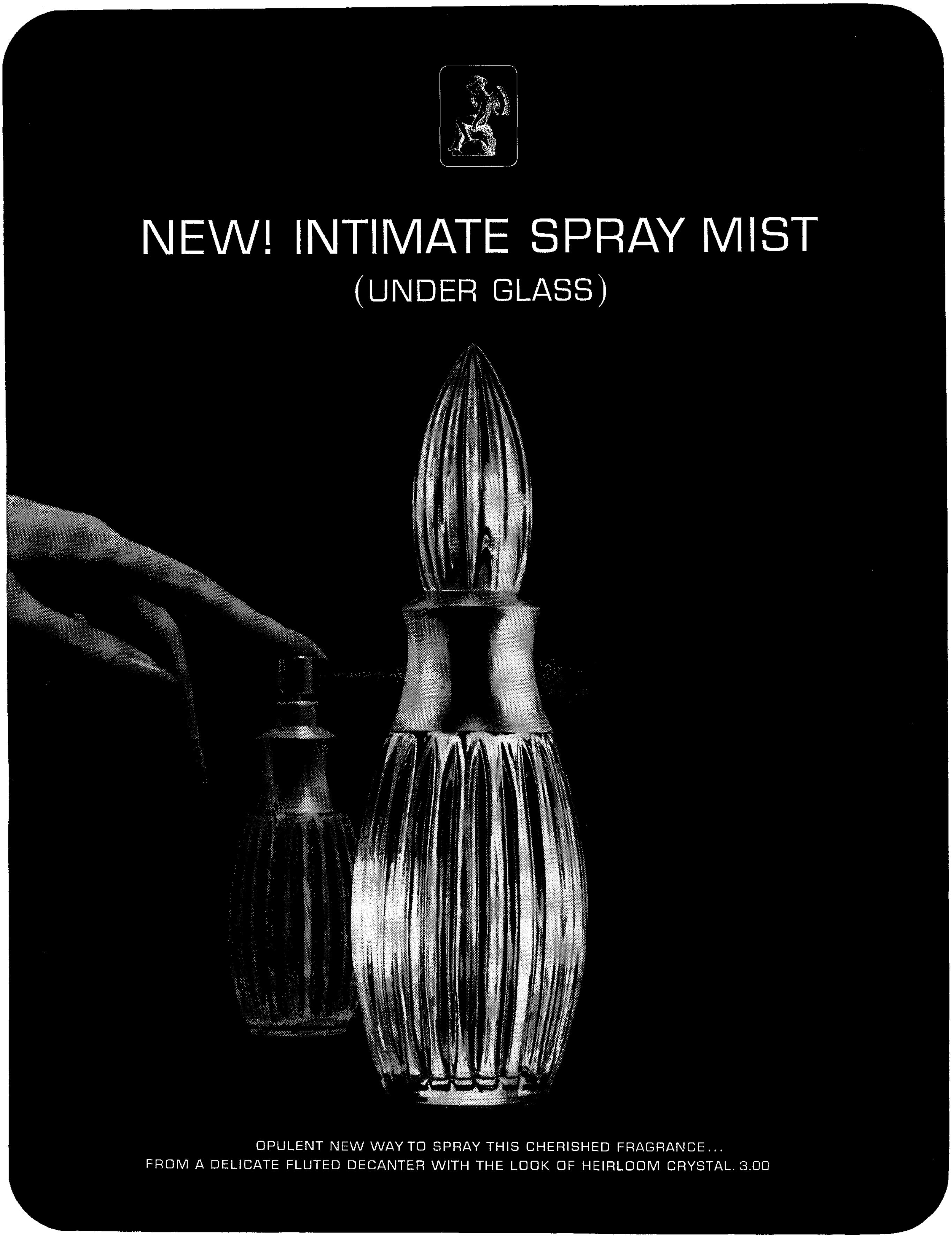
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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18	19	20	21	22	23	24

times and tedious at times, and the same can be said of its performance by the Theatre Company of Boston. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Zoo Story and **Krapp's Last Tape**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Coriolanus," with Robert Burr, James Earl Jones, and Jane White. The second in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theater, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, July 31.)

Jones Beach Theatre—"Mardi Gras!," a musical based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Juanita Hall, and Wilbur de Paris's jazz band. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Kim Sisters, girls without guile, are engaged in a decathlon of song and dance and instrumentation that fills the Royal Box with sound and fury at dinner and supper. The music of Lee Evans' orchestra has not only guile but glee. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The first of our thirteen original colonies to be restored to the British flag. The double life that this situation leads to is helped along—in the throne room—by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The crew involved in the reënactment of the Age of Steamboating (it is restoration comedy, but the stage set is nonetheless rich and handsome) consists of the orchestra of Les and Larry Elgart, whose ornamentation can be just as ample and rococo. The music runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. The place becomes a Hall of Records every Sunday, also for dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, the senior class of Ben Cutler University is on the bandstand every night of the week. The Irish-coffee breaks are occupied by Yvette Souviron's voice and piano, though not on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Life is taken easy in the Persian Room these summer nights. Kaye Stevens does songs at ten during the week, at nine-fifteen and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. The orchestras of Milt Shaw and Mark Monte, New Yorkers born and bred, buzz along right on through. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *café-crème* music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The Edwardian Room is closed Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ Some enchanted evenings can be spent in the Palm Court, converted (on the stroke of eight) by the necromancy of light and shadow into a perfect Xanadu. Simultaneously, Gunnar Hansen's *toujours-l'amour* violin, a thousand-calorie pastry cart, and a covey of dryads laden with water ices and *café noir* debouch upon the scene. One in the morning is time to go home. Sunday nights are stilly nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On top of Old Smoky, which is a fair enough name for this town. Remote control brings the music of Michael Longo's cheerful little orchestra to the cocktail lounge (view south); the sound appears in person, from eight to one, in the dining room (view north and west), which has a small dance floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Under a sky as handsome as the hand of man can make it, Charles Turecamo's orchestra and Quintero's band are having their own summer festival. Eight until two is their career. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—*Deo* and the Weather Bureau *volente,* there is dancing amid the outdoor greenery from seven-thirty until past midnight every evening but Monday. All hands can go on under cover whenever the clouds burst.

Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Where the deer and the antelope could play if the boundless plains were not occupied by serious, non-Twist dancers. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The look and the sound of a ceaseless cocktail-and-dinner party, with all ages clinking glasses. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **in boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Easy living in a walled city, which is Florence, by the look of it. The words and music that are on tap (operatic arias, some in English) serve to heighten this impression. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The greenkeeper of this templed mead is, it should go without saying, Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano runs from six to one, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **sheraton-east,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, Ray Hartley's piano redecorates the tunes of the day in a fashion that makes them sound brand-new. This takes place between seven and one every night but Sunday. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. The everlasting Norbert Faconi tosses and turns a come-hither violin as he roams from table to table. No sound on Sundays. . . . **king henri iv,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The S.P.Q.R. are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the population is a round of dulcet minstrels who operate from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A road that leads in a straight line to Rome. Journeyers are serenaded along this Appian Way by a clutch of musicians who are often on the prowl. Closed Sundays. . . . **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, has, after ten years at one piano, unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere. He begins at nine-thirty in the neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **café renaissance 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An all-out propagation of faith in Iberian architecture, décor, cuisine, and music. The last commodity comes from a guitar (José Luis Franco) that starts at eight in the third room back of this jubilant display. Closed Sundays. . . . **café renaissance 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): One more affirmation of delight in everything Spanish—sight, sound, and sustenance. The music—guitar again (Gustavo Lopez)—is hands-across-the-sea that lies between Iberia and the New World. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **l'intrigue,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Nighttown revived, in the good old-fashioned playpen way, by characters who remember when—Nancy Steele, whose carolling is rapscallion; Jimmie Daniels, whose singing is boulevardier; Murray Grand, whose piano is opulent and omniscient. Ronnie Ball and Sonny Dallas do the jazz-hounding. The foolery begins as early as eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **jamaica arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Exactly the sort of place where you'd expect to run into someone named Lord Superior who plays guitar and sings West Indian chansons. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is amusement in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Home port for a bunch of young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A robust jazz trio performs every day of the week but Sunday, when a solitary pianist handles the whole thing. . . . **sign of the dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Looking about this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant, one wonders what is delaying the arrival of Diamond Jim Brady. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on, but that does not prevent Rack Godwin's piano from indulging itself in occasional subtle bouts of byplay. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **sheraton motor inn,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): The Hudson River, a next-door neighbor whom we rarely see, is plain as day from the windows of the Crown Restaurant. From seven to ten-thirty, a harp—plied most of the time by Barbara Allen—sounds throughout this version of Tara's halls. . . . **petroushka,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Russian dressing is the motivation of this reminiscence of the best days of a vanished empire. *Chansons d'amour* (Marina Fedorovskaya attends handsomely to these), Slavic violin and piano, and occasional Volga-boatman chimings-in by the gentlemen in the audience are the ingredients. Seven-thirty until two every night but Monday is the house rule. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, whose manner of song swings

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

between gypsy-caravan and wickedest-woman-in-Paris, sings at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. A trio provides for dancing. Closes for the summer on Saturday, July 17. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A Book-of-the-Month Club in which *Debrett's* is compulsory reading. The centerpiece is Karl Inwald, whose piano drifts down the blue Danube in a bower of roses. Eight-thirty until one or two is the range of the music. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPINDLETOP**, 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): Seekers of a bit of bounce after the theatre will find Frankie Ray, from Albuquerque, plying a voice and guitar full of Spanish-Mexican twirl as he winds among the restaurant tables. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Johnny Ryan does catch-as-catch-can piano from six-thirty until one every night but Monday, and Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Sunday.

NOTE—The discothèque, an institution we must all face up to, is represented at its best by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation from indulging in free-style Highland flings. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. From seven to ten, the music is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by computers, which run until one on Sundays, until three or four other nights. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little angels, lovely in their evening frocks or even in their evening slacks, do not fear to tread the most outlandish measures to the music of distant and unearthly spheres, which is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are eight until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to Underground Movies. . . . **ENTRE NOUS**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Though dining in a certain amount of pomp is the principal consideration, there is a dance floor, too, and—from ten until three or so—a jockey is astride the record-player. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Tonight's the Night" is a prodigious caper, choreographed to the hilt and replete with three dozen long-stemmed American and worldwide beauties. Xavier Cugat's orchestra, which is likewise present, offers vaudeville that is stuffed with nonsense. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Joni James, who sounds like nearly all the singers you might care to think of (and some you might not), is the caroller; Bernie Allen, who dwells on oft-told tales, is the speaker. But no one can have doubts about the new corps de ballet, in which the cavorting of Jane Zachary is for the fanciers of subtle wit. The paying guests get to dance as well. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, a smother of musicians is absolutely pell-mell from ten to four every night of the week.

CABARETS

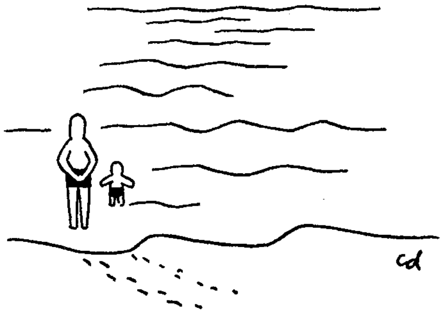
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Dick Riddle, Alice Borden, Kitty Sullivan, Maggie Peters, Michael Maurer, and Lou Kristofer—these are young names to note with pleasure as their owners splash, heel-and-toe and throats wide open, through a mélange of music. The pastime begins around nine and goes on until past midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Being an experienced army, Los Chavales de España like to keep on the move as they indulge in flourishes of trumpet, in croonery, in clowning, or just in background instrumentation for Luisita Sevilla, a dancer composed wholly of air and graces. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule for this rich life, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon and just one show, at ten-thirty. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpático* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "The Game Is Up," a cheerful ado (or revue) about nothing in particular, is enhanced by the presence of R. G. Brown, a perfectionist about the matter of light-hearted nonsense. Playtime is nine-thirty and midnight. Mr. Brown's last night will be Saturday, July 17. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Exterritorial Cuba, with menu and conversation to match, plus the twice-a-night ministrations of the Lydia Torea Spanish Ballet, a shuttle between Andalusia and Las Vegas that contains, along with Señora Torea, a little gem called Maribel de Cirez. The customers get equal time on the floor. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Where there's Kaye Ballard there's fire, and so "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter," a revue devoted to the words and music of guess who, sounds quite wonderful a large part of the time. Harold Lang and his febrile feet are the other major contributors. Now and then, the affair endeavors to outwit Mr. Porter's wit—a losing battle for practically anybody. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays an extra show at eleven—that's the ticket. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders, for whom the phrase "melodramatic soprano" might as well be coined, is in residence. Her pianist, Irving Joseph, conspires with Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn to produce a large supply of keyboard études. Humor comes from the young Dick Cavett. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mose Allison's trio, a leader among modern thinkers, has the floor. On Tuesday, July 20, Sonny Rollins' quartet will inherit Mr. A's spot. Sundays, there is a four-thirty matinée as well as the evening deal. On Mondays, the music comes instead from the perspicacious Jeremy Steig quartet, which provides both jazz tunes and dance tunes. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Below the top-level restaurant and sidewalk café which operate from five to eleven every night but Monday, there is a great cavern where Thelonious Monk's quartet (whither, whither, errant fancy?) and John Coltrane's foursome (bang, you're dead!) hold forth. On Tuesday, July 20, Charlie Mingus's Jazz Workshop, in which great but absorbing confusion reigns, will succeed the Coltranes. The musicians are off on Mondays. Visitors get to dance every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most reliable of the Village's coffee mills, and the most discerning in the choosing of new faces, new voices. At the moment, they are Joan Rivers, a wit sly almost beyond compare, and guitarist David Parker. On Wednesday, July 21, the Bitter End Singers will take over. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Whoop, dedoo, hoot, and holler well into the night, and even in the late afternoon. Groups that could be called Johnny and the Lease-Breakers begin the rumpus; at midevening, Gene Krupa's quartet moves in. On Friday, July 16, Mongo Santamaria's band will replace the Krupas. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the hall. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Zoot Sims-Al Cohn's quintet, which is practically the founding father of the temple of progression, is in action. In addition, on Friday through Sunday, July 16-18, the long-absent Jimmy Rushing will be gloriously singing his cheerful head off. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Roland Kirk, who wants to (and damn near does) play every instrument in the band, is running a quartet. On Mondays, a rock 'n' roll group plays from nine-thirty on, and dancing is permissible. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Business as usual (i.e., a survey of the splendid past) is being conducted with great cheer and good will by Eddie Condon himself and other early settlers, such as Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, Cliff Leeman, and Herb Gardner. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Billy Taylor. Their up-and-up music is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, an import from England who waxes hot as the evening waxes long. Nine-fifteen is starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Wild Bill Davison, and Marshall Brown are in cahoots—not a bad place to be when these boys are there. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome, beginning at nine. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A congeries of banjoists called the String Stretchers is hitting this sawdust trail. The peanuts and beer, though, remain as they were. The plunking runs from nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). On Sundays from four-thirty to eight-thirty, Dixieland comes into what's left of its own. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Fry, small but agile, spend the evening in a setting that could be Boothbay Harbor or Mount Desert Island. Practitioners of the rock, and roll, the rant, and the rave will now find the local band exactly to their liking. The schedule: nine-thirty until four through the week; six to one-thirty Sundays.



ART

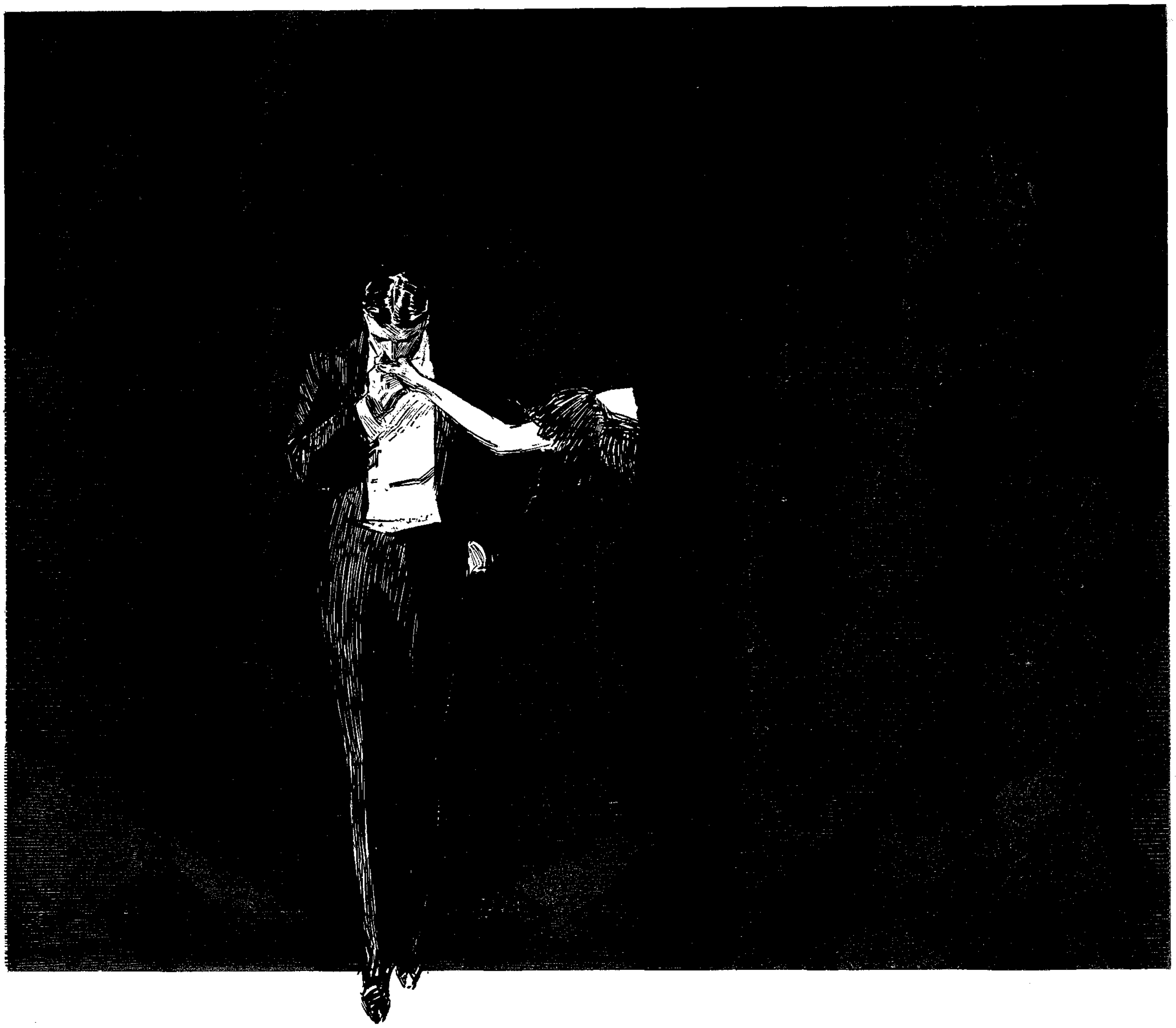
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CARL HOLTY—Abstractions; through July 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

SCULPTURES—Constructivist pieces by American and European artists, among them Joseph Konzal, J. J. Subirachs, and Carel Visser; through Aug. 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by Thomas Eakins, Joseph Stella, Gaston Lachaise, and others; through Sept. 3. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century painters and sculptors, including Maurice Prendergast, Louis Bouché, and Robert Laurent; through Aug. 13. . . . **LEWISON**, 35 E. 64th St.: Paintings by Thomas Cole, Theodore Robinson, George Inness, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Aug.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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18	19	20	21	22	23	24

27. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5.) . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by such artists as Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Stephen Etnier; through July 30. . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Mary Cassatt, Hovsep Pushman, and Albert P. Ryder are among the artists with paintings on view in a show called “Americans, Sung and Unsung;” through Aug. 31.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Three of the participants in a showing of small watercolors, drawings, and lithographs for the budgeted collector are Robert Motherwell, Larry Rivers, and Mario Schifano: through Sept. 10. (World House, 987 Madison Ave. at 77th St.)

Europeans; Group Show—Paintings and drawings by Picasso, Dubuffet, Léger, and others; through July 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—“Three Centuries of American Painting,” an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in “Stieglitz and his Galleries,” an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Italian drawings (by Piranesi, Canaletto, and Raphael, to name several) from the collection of Janos Scholz; through Sept. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Alberto Giacometti; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Collages (1950-65) by American artists, including Robert Goodnough, Robert Motherwell, and Conrad Marca-Relli; through July 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—“American Art from the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Goldstone;” namely, American paintings and drawings, plus American and European sculptures, by Edward Hopper, Lyonel Feininger, Jacques Lipchitz, and others; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Walter Lippmann, Joseph Mitchell, and John Cheever. Also paintings, graphic art, sculptures, and architecture by Alexander Calder, Andrew Wyeth, Marcel Breuer, and others; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of master drawings, from Fra Bartolommeo to John Singer Sargent; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Stone sculptures from the state of Guerrero, Mexico; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—“The Twenties Revisited,” an exhibit of paintings, graphics, sculptures, photographs, and memorabilia done in the twenties by, for example, John Held, Jr., Peter Blume, and Jo Davidson; through Sept. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new, nonsloping galleries constructed for them. Through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Bible illustrations by Marc Chagall; through Sept. 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Audubon watercolors and drawings; through July 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—A double exhibition, one of full-length watercolor portraits by the nineteenth-century folk artist Jacob Maentel, and the other of weathervanes and whirligigs; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—“Masterpieces from the South Seas,” a display of a hundred or so objects (in wood, stone, ivory, and jade) from Melanesia, Polynesia, Micronesia, and Australia; through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit commemorating the seven-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dante and containing rare editions and various translations of “The Divine Comedy,” books with illustrations by Botticelli and William Blake, photographs, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—“Young America 1965,” a showing by a group of thirty painters and sculptors under thirty-five years of age, among them Mary Bauermeister, Jim Dine, and Robert Murray; through Aug. 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

New York Philharmonic Festival of French and American Music—At Philharmonic Hall—Thursday and Friday, July 15-16: Leonard Bernstein directing an all-Bernstein program, with Zino Francescatti, violin; Philippe Entremont, piano; and the Camerata Singers. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17: Charles Munch directing a varied program, with Zino Francescatti, violin; Adele Addison, soprano; and the Camerata Singers. . . . ¶ Monday, July 19: An all-Rameau chamber-music program performed by Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Matthew Raimondi and Anahid Ajemian, violin; and Charles McCracken, cello. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 20: A varied chamber-music program performed by Robert Casadesus, piano, and Zino Francescatti, violin, with a string quartet. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, July 21-22: Charles Munch directing performances of Berlioz's “The Damnation of Faust,” with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Richard Verreau, tenor; Theodor Uppman and Laurence Bogue, baritones; and the Camerata Singers. . . . ¶ Friday, July 23: A varied chamber-music program conducted, in part, by Richard Dufallo and John Cage and performed by Merce Cunningham and his dance company; the Lenox Quartet; the Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia University; Bethany Beardslee, soprano; and David Tudor, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24: Lukas Foss and Darius Milhaud directing a varied program, with Robert, Gaby, and Jean Casadesus, as piano soloists, and the Camerata Singers. (Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, July 31.)

Lewisohn Stadium Concerts—Friday, July 16: Jan Behr directing the Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus in a performance of “La Bohème” in concert form, with Licia Albanese and Beverly Bower, sopranos; Barry Morell, tenor; Frank Guarrera, baritone; and Justino Díaz, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17: Alfredo Munar and George Schick directing the orchestra and chorus in a program of Latin-American music, with Martha Perez, soprano, and Ruth Fernandez, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Monday, July 19: Jan Behr and Skitch Henderson directing the orchestra and chorus in a program of arias and show music, with Robert Merrill, baritone. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 21: Joseph Rosenstock conducting the orchestra in a program of music by Richard Strauss, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 23: Kurt Adler directing the orchestra and chorus in a performance of “Lucia di Lammermoor” in concert form, with Roberta Peters and Carlotta Ordassy, sopranos; Jan Peerce, tenor; Calvin Marsh, baritone; and John Macurdy, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24: Willi Boskovsky directing the orchestra and chorus in a program of Viennese music, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Metropolitan Opera box office, Broadway at 40th St., PE 6-1210, and the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 7. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

New School Outdoor Concerts—Friday, July 16: Tom Glazer, folk music. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18: The Kohon String Quartet, chamber music. . . . ¶ Friday, July 23: Readings by poets from the New Bohemia. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24: Anita Sheer, folk singer. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concerts will be held in the auditorium.)

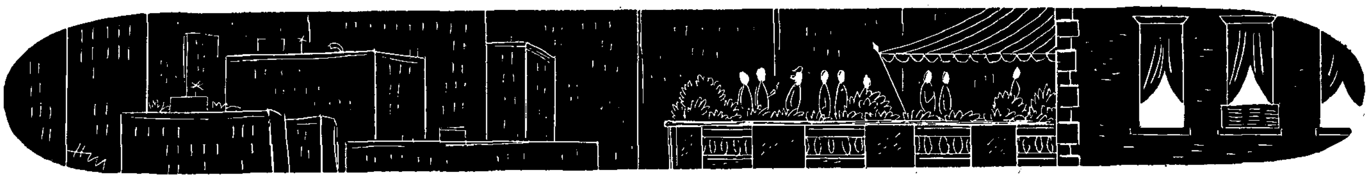
Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 13.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, July 15, at 8:30: The Jazz Composers Guild Orchestra, with Paul Bley. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 22, at 8:30: Pee Wee Russell's quintet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

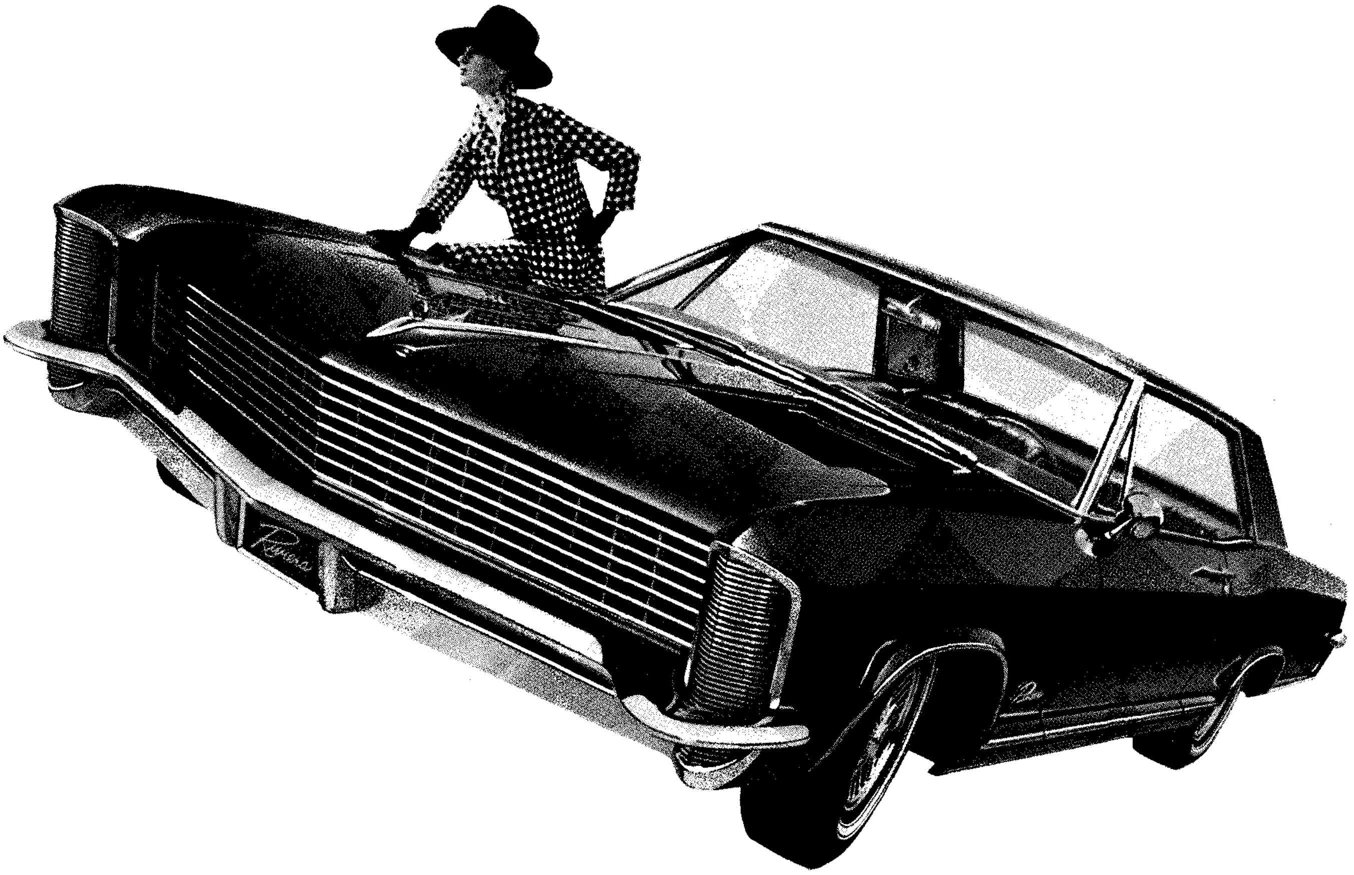
IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 16, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 20, at 8: A chamber-music program by Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Igor Kipnis, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Friday, July 23, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in a Dvořák-Tchaikovsky program, with Leonard Rose, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a varied program, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 25, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Beethoven-Hindemith program, with Isaac Stern, violin; Leonard Rose, cello; and Eugene Istomin, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. *Through Sunday, Aug. 22.*)

Berkshire Music Barn—Folk and jazz concerts—Saturday, July 17, at 3:30: Odetta, folk



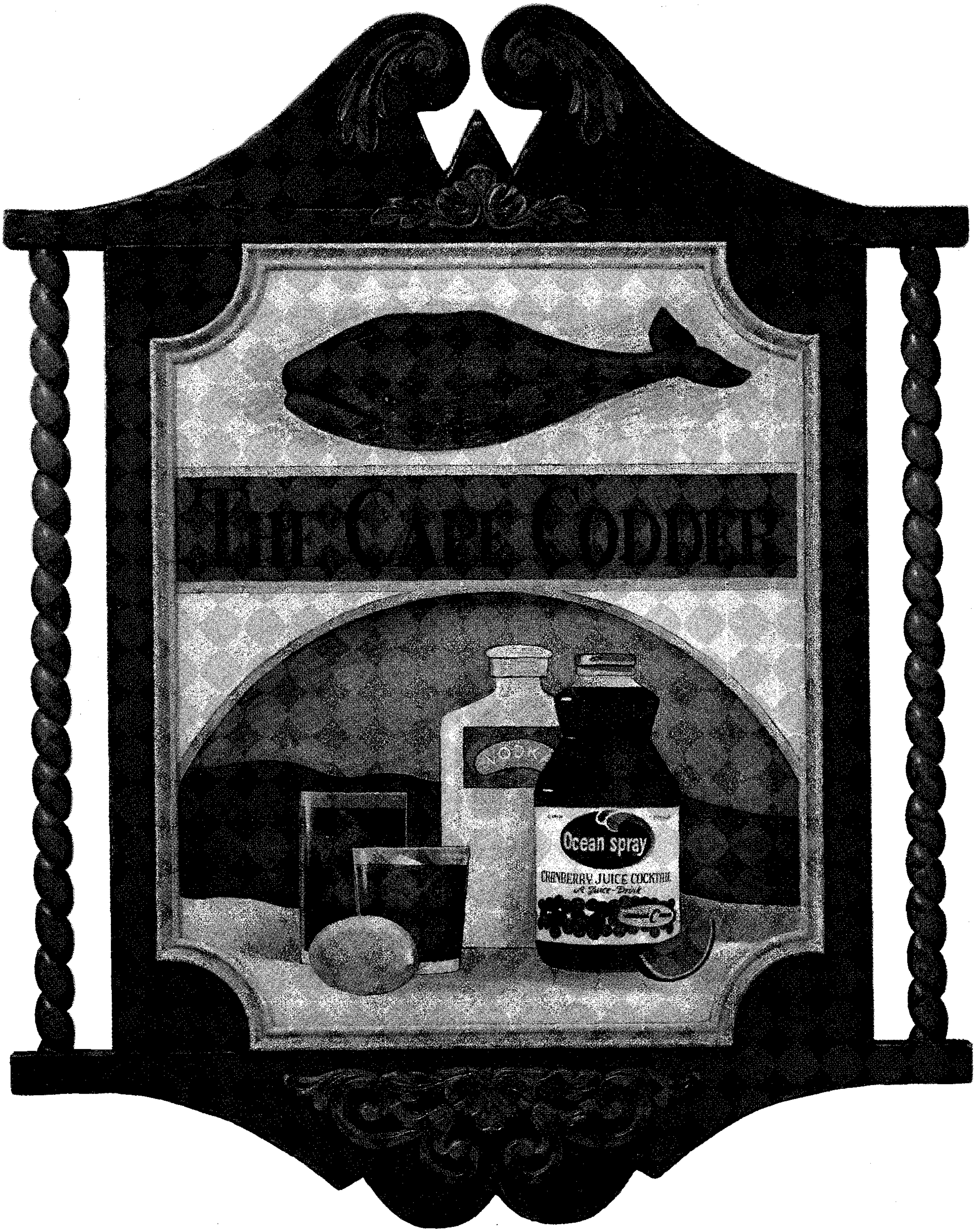
The closer you get to Riviera, the further it is from everything else on the road.



It is true that certain other cars look a little like Riviera, especially if you stand off a ways and kind of squint. And no wonder. A car as successful as Riviera is bound to have imitators. But the resemblance comes to a sudden halt when you settle yourself in one of Riviera's buckets and set things in motion. This is an honest-to-goodness thoroughbred, with a Super Turbine automatic funnelling 325 horsepower back to you. Riviera's discreet ride and nimble handling and firm braking set it apart from the ordinary, too. Our adjectives aren't enough, though; you really should go out and drive a Riviera for yourself before you start comparing. You'll find there's no comparison.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Buick Motor Division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A Juice Drink

Drink Different; a new cocktail calls.

The sun's over the yardarm, cap'n. Time to furl your sails. Secure all lines. Then set a straight course for your friendly tavern. Let the jolly innkeeper refresh you (and your lady) with America's newest cocktail creation—The Cape Codder. Two ruby jiggers Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice. One jigger vodka. (Rum, if you prefer. Equally delicious.) Over the rocks or tall with soda. A splash of lime or lemon optional. Tangy, cool, brisk as a breeze. Like the red sky at night—a sailor's delight!

singer. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 8:30: To be announced. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 3:30: Carlos Montoya, flamenco guitarist. (Lenox, Mass.)

Newport Folk Festival—Thursday, July 22, at 8: Joan Baez, Maybelle Carter, the New Lost City Ramblers, Josh White, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 23, at 8: Mississippi John Hurt; Memphis Slim; Peter, Paul & Mary; Pete Seeger; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8: Theodore Bikel, Oscar Brand, Ian and Sylvia, Odetta, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 25, at 2:30: Byron and Lue Berline, the Blue Ridge Mountain Dancers, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 25, at 8: Ronnie Gilbert; Peter, Paul & Mary; Jean Ritchie; Pete Seeger; Bob Dylan; and others. (Festival Field, Connell Highway. For tickets, call CO 5-1267.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting the Nederlands Dans Theater (Dutch Ballet Theatre) in its first appearances in this country. The initial program will run through Saturday, July 17, and the second from Tuesday through Saturday, July 20-24. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Washington, Thursday and Friday, July 15-16, at 8; Saturday, July 17, at 2; and Sunday, July 18, at 1. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Monday, July 19, at 8, and Tuesday, July 20, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Wednesday, July 21, at 7, and Thursday, July 22, at 2. . . . **shea stadium**: Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, July 23, at 8, and Saturday, July 24, at about 2:15 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at about 1:15, and will include a couple of innings between former stars of the Giants and Dodgers, among them Babe Herman, Don Newcombe, Eddie Stanky, and Travis Jackson).

Golf—New York State Golf Association Women's Amateur Championship. (Corning Country Club, Corning, N.Y. Through Saturday, July 17.) . . . ¶ New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Lancaster Country Club, Lancaster, N.Y. Tuesday through Saturday, July 20-24.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **blind brook polo club**, Purchase. . . . **bethpage polo field**, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 31. The Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 17; the Great American, Wednesday, July 21; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 24. . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 7. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 17; the New Jersey Futurity, Wednesday, July 21; and the Choice, Saturday, July 24. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Soccer—International Soccer League—Sunday, July 18, at 2:30: Polonia Bytom vs. Ferencvaros and Kilmarnock vs. West Bromwich Albion. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 21, at 7:30: Kilmarnock vs. Polonia Bytom and Ferencvaros vs. West Bromwich Albion. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

Sports-Car Racing—At **watkins glen**: Saturday, July 17, at 2, and Sunday, July 18, at 1:05. . . . **thompson raceway**, Thompson, Conn.: Saturday, July 17, at 2:15, and Sunday, July 18, at 2.

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 28. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 23.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 17, through Saturday, July 24.) . . . ¶ Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Starting Saturday, July 24.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 7:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

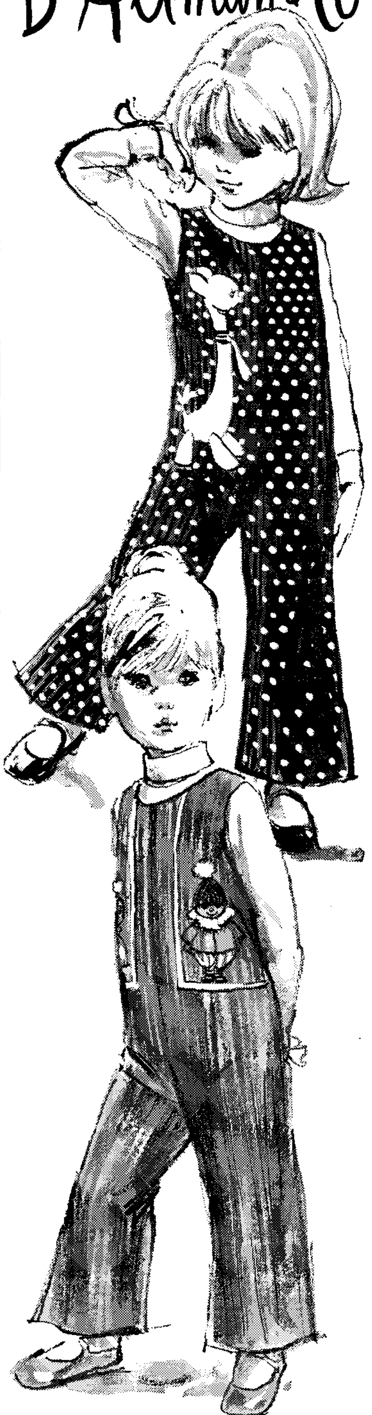
Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits open between 9 and 10, although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. For some reason, almost everyone leaves the Fair when it gets dark, and so, except perhaps on Saturday night, that is a good time to go.

Admission—Adults $2.50, children (2-12) $1. Through July and August, admission for children accompanied by an adult will be twenty-five cents on Mondays and Fridays.

The Belgian Village—Since 1930, a Belgian architect has been making molds of the façades of seventeenth-century Belgian buildings for reproduction at various World's Fairs. The current edition, covering four and a half acres, is the largest, and includes a church, a city hall, Belgian lace and crystal and Yugoslavian handbags and runless stockings for sale, a working antique carrousel, the world's largest opal, wooden-shoe dancing in the lumpy cobblestone streets, music everywhere, and more restaurants (many with outdoor tables) serving a wide variety of good food at better prices than in all the rest of the Fair. It is possible to go to the Rathskeller (open until 2 A.M.) without paying admission to the Village, which is $1 for adults and fifty cents for children.

Pavilions—The Mexican Pavilion is one of the most beautiful at the Fair, and the exhibit of archeology and art has been enlarged and almost completely changed since last year. The prices at the Mexican restaurant have been cut in half and the menu changed accordingly, but the combination plate is delicious, better than the barbecued lamb. The bar is one of the most attractive at the Fair. The mariachi band is good and can be heard from anywhere. . . . ¶ Other commendable restaurants can be found in the African, Danish, Spanish, Swedish, Indian, and Festival of Gas pavilions. Slightly less commendable, but interesting and not very expensive, is the restaurant in the Pakistan pavilion. The outdoor tables, which provide a good view of passersby, are preferable to those inside. . . . ¶ It isn't necessary to pay the Fair admission to get into the Top of the Fair restaurant. If you can get waited on, or even shown to a table, within half an hour of your arrival, at least on Saturday night, there is food, drink, and dancing. . . . ¶ The exhibit of paintings at the Spanish Pavilion is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar." . . . ¶ The New York State Pavilion, which is exciting to visit for any reason at all, contains an exhibit of paintings of New York City done between 1880 and 1958. 11 A.M. to 8 P.M.; free. . . . ¶ The Pennsylvania exhibit, new this year and situated near the Fountain of Planets in the Industrial Area, consists of two Boy Scouts and a reproduction of the Liberty Bell. . . . ¶ The twenty-minute Chrysler-Bil Baird puppet show has been rewritten so that it is more entertaining than it was. The star is still Carby Carburetor, who is said to be very popular with small children. Shows are virtually continuous and the theatre is constructed so that no waiting is necessary, a boon at this time of the year, when the Fair is most crowded. Free. . . . ¶ Those who like to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo may do so every evening except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30 at the Tiparillo bandstand; free. . . . ¶ Between 10 P.M. and 2 A.M., the Underground Home becomes an underground discothèque.

B Altman & Co



Bell-bottomed jump suit from our Small World

Jaunty one-piece cotton corduroy...navy with white polka dots and a giraffe applique or in tangerine with an elfin troll. 3 to 6x. each 10.00. White cotton knit shirt, 2.50. Small World, second floor, [212] MU 9-7000, Fifth Avenue, and White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Cat Ballou—This Western, which makes sport of Westerns, is much droller than you might expect. With Lee Marvin, Jane Fonda, and some other personable players, all of them in good form. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through July 18. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; starting July 21.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Hollywood persists in recounting the life of Christ and always fails. This failure, produced and directed by George Stevens, is remarkable only for its length. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Extra performances Wednesday mornings at 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Knack—Richard Lester, who directed "A Hard Day's Night," has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Mary Poppins—A "My Fair Lady" for children, or maybe grandchildren. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 20.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good at it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Operation Crossbow—Lots of attractive actors and actresses (George Peppard, Sophia Loren, Trevor Howard, Tom Courtenay, Lilli Palmer, and on and on) in a well-written melodrama about the Second World War. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Pawnbroker—An extraordinary performance by Rod Steiger makes this worth seeing. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through July 19.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A collection of the world's funniest actors in a funny movie about the early days of aviation. Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Gert Frobe, and others. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Train—Burt Lancaster, Paul Scofield, and a lot of expendable French rolling stock, in a thriller based on a true episode of the Second World War. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through July 20.)

What's New Pussycat?—This anthology of private jokes is annoying as often as it is entertaining, but some of the lines and the cinematic high jinks do pay off. Peter Sellers, Peter O'Toole, Woody Allen, and Romy Schneider frisk around in a Paris setting. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Zorba the Greek—A bold burst of a picture, notable for Anthony Quinn's embodiment of the passionate hero, for Michael Cacoyannis's direction, and for Walter Lassally's photography. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 17-19, last showing on July 19 at 2:35.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 16-17.)

Cartouche (1964)—A French spoof of romantic costume films. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 21.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 20. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting July 21.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 17. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 20-21.)

The Forgotten Village (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 15.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 20. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting July 21.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 20. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 21.)

Heavens Above! (1963)—The Church of England is the main target of this satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and with Peter Sellers and Cecil Parker. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through July 18.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 16. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 16-19.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 17-19, last showing on July 19 at 4:05. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 18-19.)

Knife in the Water (1963)—A director named Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 17.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 20.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, and Anthony Quinn in an account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 20.)

Let's Talk About Women (1964)—A multiple-episode Italian comedy, with Vittorio Gassman. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 20.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 16-19.)

Phaedra (1962)—A modern version of the old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 18.)

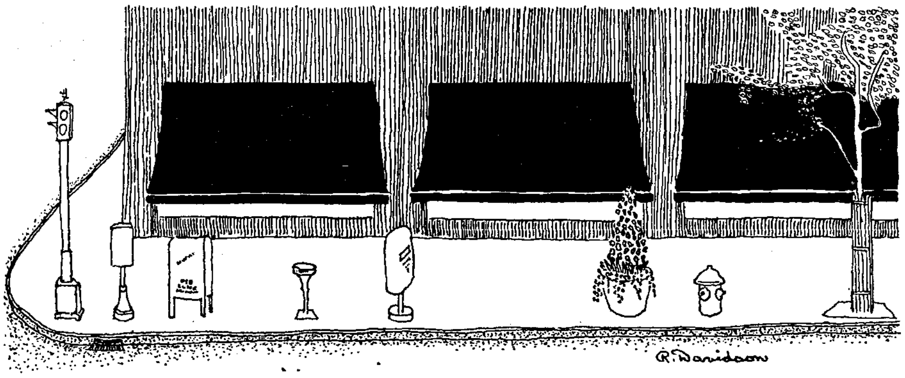
Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 15.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 18-19.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 20.)

A Very Private Affair (1962)—Brigitte Bardot in a story about how a *bébé* gains fame and fortune and cannot stand them. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 15.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Four programs in a series called "D. W. Griffith: American Film Master." Through July 16, showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evening at 8: "Sally of the Sawdust" (1925), with W. C. Fields. . . . ¶ July 17-18, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The Sorrows of Satan" (1926), with Ricardo Cortez. . . . ¶ July 19-20, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Drums of Love" (1928), with Lionel Barrymore. . . . ¶ Starting July 21, showings at 3: "Birth of a Nation" (1915), with Lillian Gish. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.) . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—July 15, at 3: "Turnabout" (1940), with Adolphe Menjou and Carole Landis. . . . ¶ July 15-17 (showings at 5:30; on Saturday at 3 also): Excerpts from films produced by Hal Roach, with Mr. Roach appearing as commentator. . . . ¶ July 16, at 3: "Merrily We Live" (1938), with Constance Bennett and Brian Aherne. . . . ¶ July 20-21, showings at 3 and 5:30: Four Laurel and Hardy shorts plus a Charley Chase short. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Gallery after 11 on the day of the showing.)



THE MOVIE HOUSES

EXIT
GOLDSTEIN

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				15	16	17
18	19	20	21			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
OPERATION CROSSBOW.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Bambole!" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through July 20: "Marriage—Italian Style," Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.
From July 21: "Harlow," Carroll Baker.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
CAT BALLOU.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 20: **MARY POPPINS.**
From July 21: "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through July 20: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA**, revival.
From July 21 (tentative): "The Art of Love," James Garner, Dick Van Dyke.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
OPERATION CROSSBOW.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through July 20: "The Magnificent Cuckold" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, Ugo Tognazzi; and "All These Women" (in Swedish), revival, Jarl Kulle.
From July 21: "Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through July 18: **CAT BALLOU.**
From July 19: Theatre closed.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 20: "Marriage—Italian Style," Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.
From July 21: "Harlow," Carroll Baker.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Harvey Middleman, Fireman," Gene Troobnick, Hermione Gingold.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Bambole!" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through July 18: "Murder Most Foul," Margaret Rutherford.
From July 19: "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through July 18: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**, revival; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.
From July 19: To be announced.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
July 15: **A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR** (in French), revival; and "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain.
July 16-17: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
July 18-19: **JULES AND JIM** and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French and both revivals).
July 20: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
July 21: **CARTOUCHE** (in French), revival; and "Blood and Roses," revival, Mel Ferrer, Elsa Martinelli.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through July 19: **THE PAWNBROKER.**
From July 20: "Casanova 70" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Virna Lisi.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 20: "Brigadoon," revival, Gene Kelly, Van Johnson; and "Bitter Sweet," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
From July 21: "Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 20: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA**, revival.
From July 21 (tentative): "The Art of Love," James Garner, Dick Van Dyke.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 20: **THE TRAIN.**
From July 21: **DR. NO**, revival; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 20: "In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas; and "Town Tamer," Dana Andrews, Terry Moore.
From July 21: "Marriage—Italian Style," Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni; and "Only One New York," revival, a documentary film.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 20: "Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason.
From July 21: **CAT BALLOU.**

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
July 15: **SHADOWS**, revival; and "Guns of the Trees," revival.
July 16-19: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival.
From July 20: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 17: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish), revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.
July 18-20: "Splendor in the Grass," revival, Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
From July 21: "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 20: **DR. NO**, revival; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival.
From July 21: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Winner," a French film.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 20: "Girl Happy," Elvis Presley; and "Joy in the Morning," Richard Chamberlain, Yvette Mimieux.
From July 21: "Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 20: "The Magnificent Cuckold" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, Ugo Tognazzi; and "All These Women" (in Swedish), revival, Jarl Kulle.
From July 21: "White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARY POPPINS.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Back Door" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through July 19 (last showing on July 19 at 3:24): "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.
From July 19, at 8: "Casanova 70" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Virna Lisi. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"High Infidelity" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"China!," a documentary film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN (in Italian), revival; and "Women of the World," revival, a documentary film.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

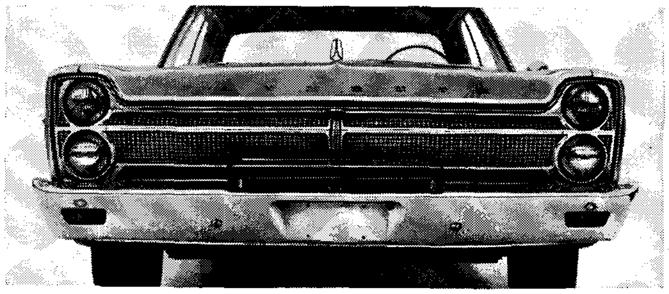
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 16: "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau; and "Family Diary" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni.
July 17-19 (last showing on July 19 at 2:35): **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival.
July 19, at 7 and 9:30: "Sabotage," revival, Sylvia Sidney; and "Alias Bulldog Drummond," revival, Fay Wray, Ralph Richardson.
July 20-21: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and "Frantic" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 20: "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders," Kim Novak, Richard Johnson; and "Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood.
From July 21: "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni; and "Only One New York," revival, a documentary film.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 15: **THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE**, revival; and "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish), revival.
July 16: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.
July 17: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and "Three Fables of Love" (in Italian and French), revival.
July 18: **PHAEDRA**, revival; and "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players.
July 19: "Toys in the Attic," revival, Dean Martin, Geraldine Page; and "The Children's Hour," revival, Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine.
July 20: "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.
July 21: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and "The Bridge" (in German), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 20: "The Magnificent Cuckold" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, Ugo Tognazzi; and "All These Women" (in Swedish), revival, Jarl Kulle.
From July 21: "White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

Avis figures a car is good for 20,000 miles.



Do they make them like they used to?

That's not what Detroit says.

In fact, most car makers give a better warranty than that: up to 50,000 miles.

But Avis doesn't wait that long.

Not because they don't make them like they used to. They're probably better. But we're trying to save a buck.

Figure it out. We get rid of a car before the warranty is up, so Plymouth foots the bill if anything goes wrong.

Not us.

Of course, to get the best resale price, we keep our cars in creampuff condition. So when you rent from Avis you naturally get a fussed-over late model.

Does this look as if we're trying harder just to keep you happy? Good. Let's leave it at that.

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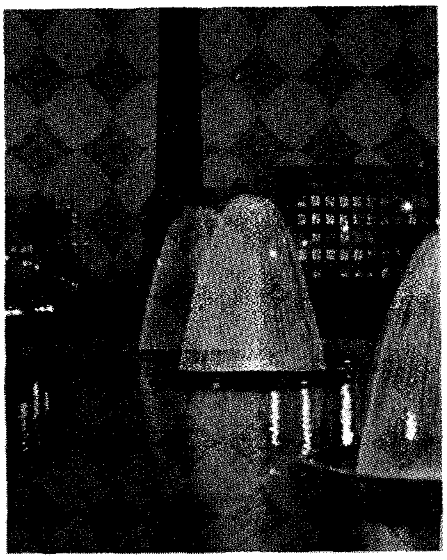
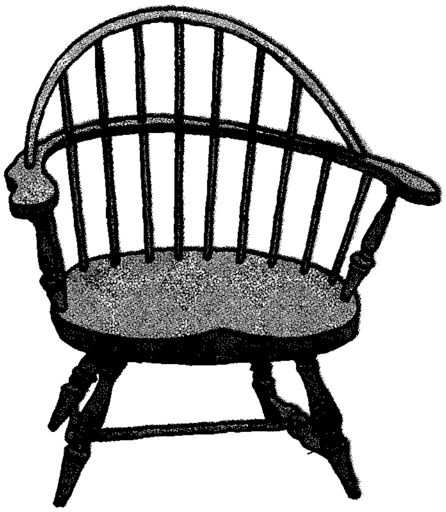
Friendly, Familiar, Foreign & Near





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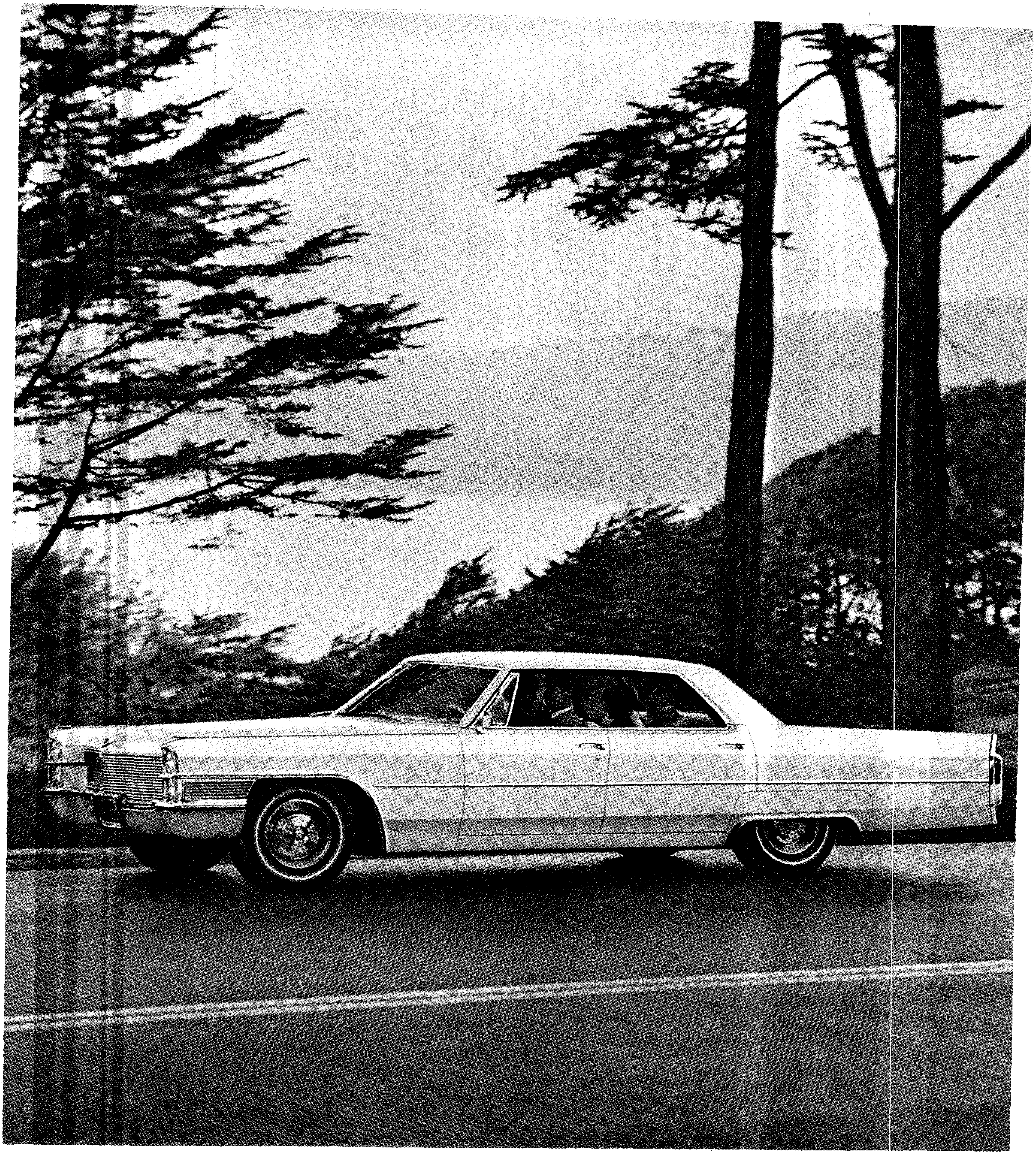

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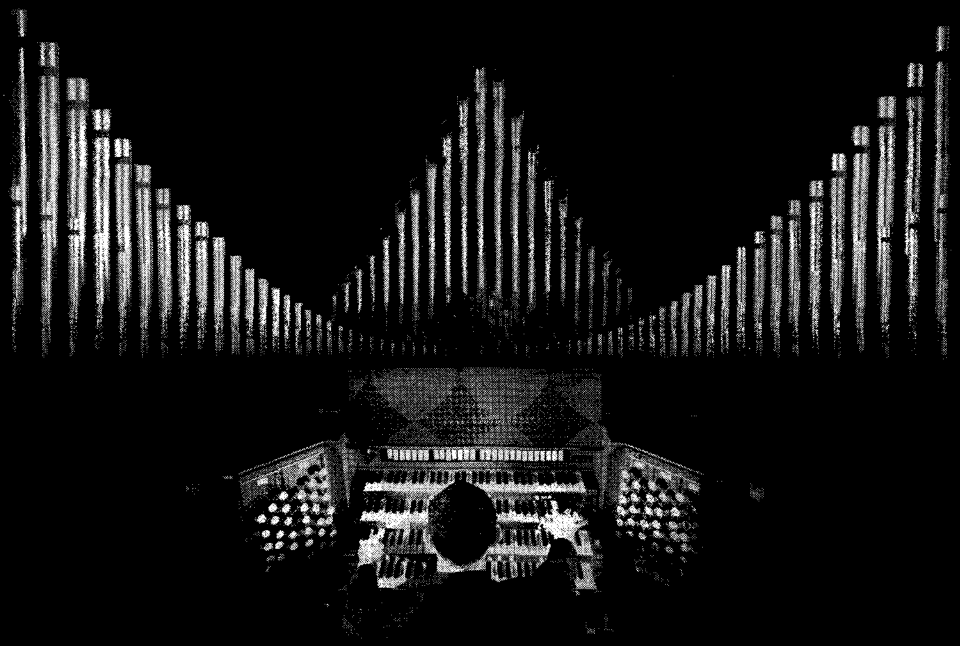
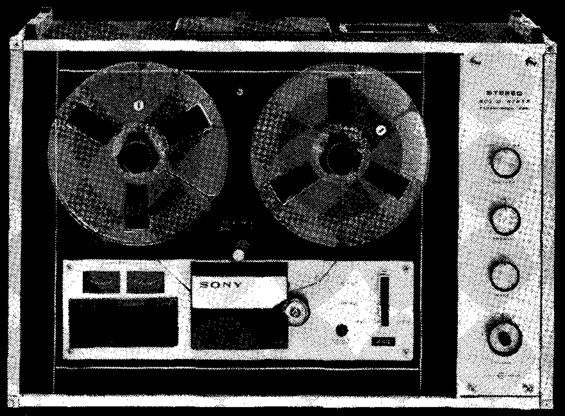


The majestic power of Sony sound



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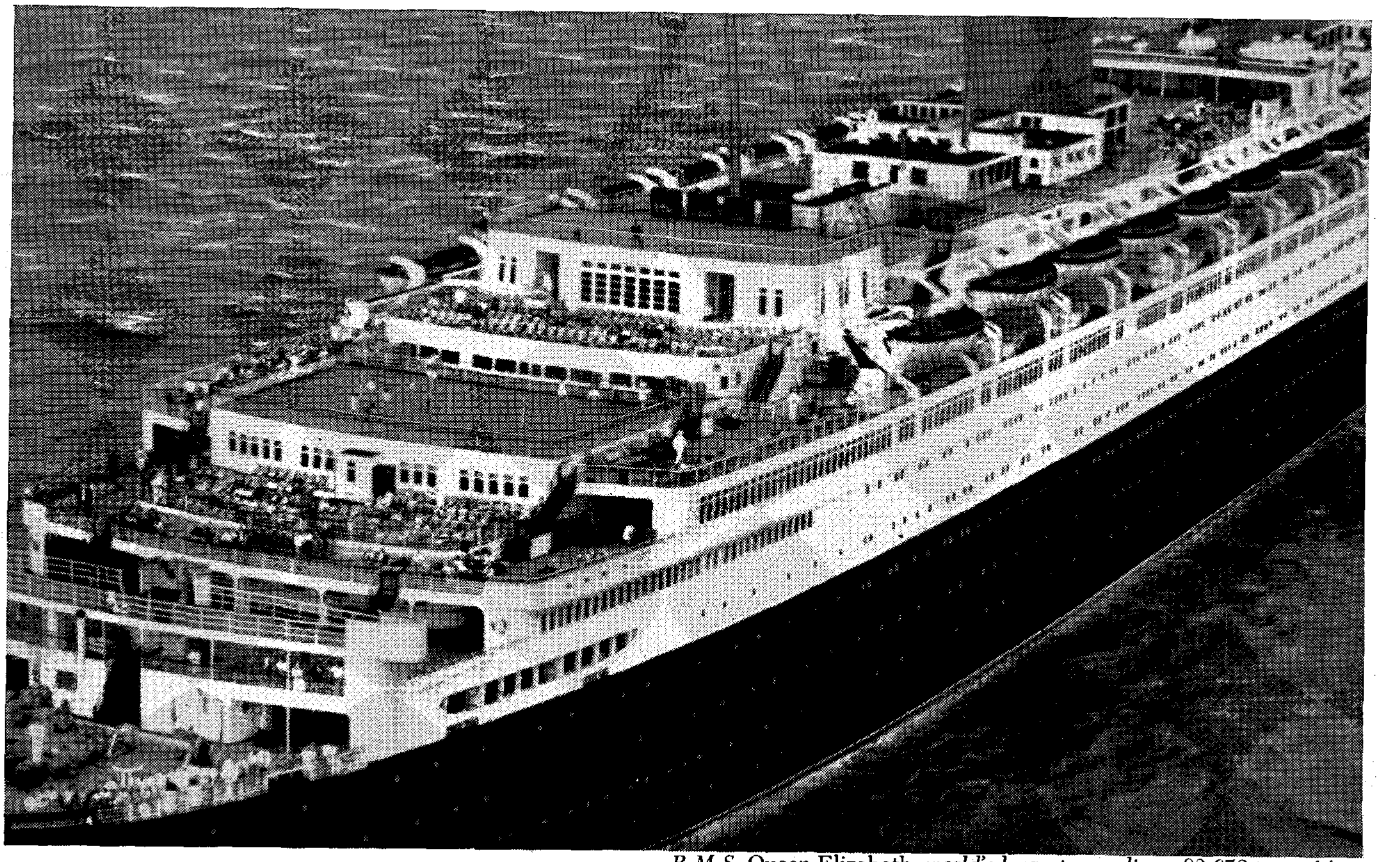
Listen to the soaring splendor of a Cathedral organ sounding Bach's magnificent *Hallelujah* through the sensational new Sony radial XL-2 sound projection speaker systems. From the highest treble piping to the volcanic power of the bass, you hear every breathtaking sound. **Look**—at the precise functional design of the *facia* panel, with finger-tip controls for maximum ease and efficiency. **Touch**—the concentric, computer-type knobs, responsive to the most sensitive adjustment. **Know**—that this superb instrument is from world-famous Sony, perfect for any recording or playback situation. A complete-in-one portable and home four track solid state stereo tape system, with microphones and Sony radial XL-2 stereo sound projection speakers: *All the best from Sony for* **less than $239.50!** Other outstanding features of the **Sony Sterecorder 260** include: two professional V.U. meters, automatic shut-off sentinel switch, automatic tape lifters, bass and treble tone controls, vertical and horizontal operation, FM stereo recording inputs, two tape speeds, 20 watts of music power. **An exciting new concept in stereo separation! For nearest dealer write Superscope Inc., Dept.46, Sun Valley, California.*

SONY **SUPERSCOPE** *The Tapeway to Stereo* ®



R.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth, world's largest superliner, 83,673 tons of fun.*

Is fun the reason to sail on a giant Cunard Queen?

Well, it's one.

Nothing is such fun as an Atlantic crossing by ship. And Cunard's mighty Queens have *more room* to pack *more fun* aboard.

THE *Queen Elizabeth* and *Queen Mary* are the biggest floating fun palaces the seas have ever seen. They fill your time with more of the fun and entertainment you're *sailing* to Europe for. Plus *British* service. *Exquisite* cuisine. And much *more.* So don't just live a *little.* Live a *lot.* Revel aboard a Cunard Queen soon.

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Starting August 8, enjoy five wonderful days at sea and save with Cunard's *low* Thrift Season fares: $418 First, $257 Cabin, $200 Tourist Class.*

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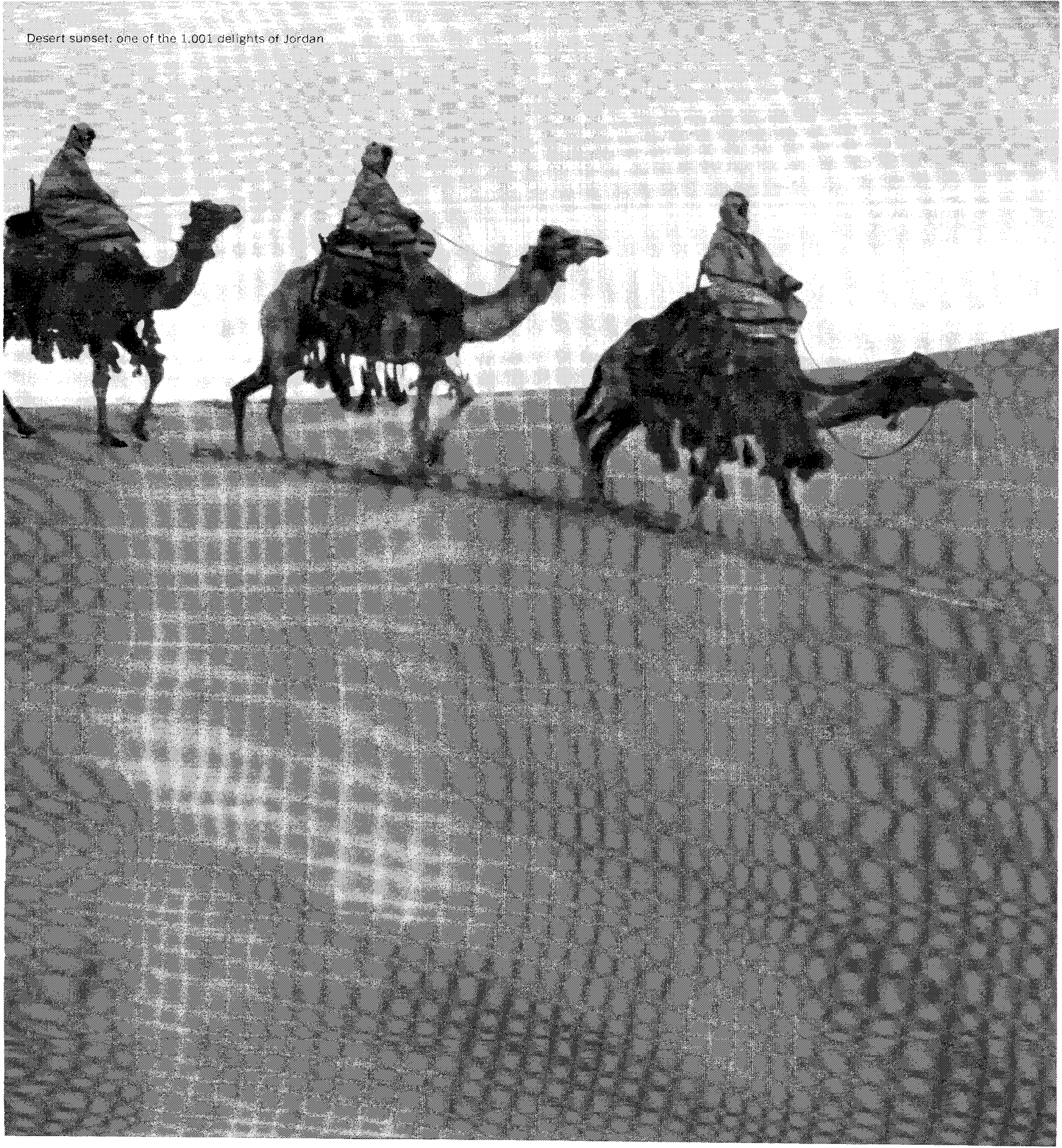
See your travel agent or Cunard. Main office in U.S., 25 Broadway, New York 4, New York.



Desert sunset: one of the 1,001 delights of Jordan

Travel 2,000 years—just an hour from your hotel pool in Amman

Hard to believe, as you stand here, that in less than an hour you can be dining in a night club in Amman, Jordan's capital. Or that an hour ago you were lolling by a filtered pool at your hotel.

There is a timeless mood of the desert that no traveler to Jordan should miss. Close your eyes, and you could be one of Lawrence's men. Or a Roman soldier, crossing these same pink sands in 30 B.C.

Jordan is full of experiences like this. You shift backward and forward in time—from a Caliph's palace to air-conditioning. And history is capsuled so *compactly* in Jordan. (The whole country would fit inside the state of Indiana). Roughly fifty miles from where the photograph above was taken lies Jericho, where Joshua fought his battle... the Dead Sea Caves, where the famous Scrolls were discovered . . . the Dead Sea itself. To the north lie the incredible Roman ruins of Jerash . . . and to the south is the rock-carved city of Petra, which Antony once gave to Cleopatra. To the west lies ancient Jerusalem... and Bethlehem.

And modern Jordan is a happy land of proud, busy people—who like Americans. The climate ranges from temperate, in hill-top Jerusalem, to tropical, in the Jordan River Valley, to the clear sparkle of desert nights. Best of all, *all* of Jordan is just a few hours by plane from Europe's cities, or you can go by ship to the Eastern Mediterranean. Prices are low. And the "second language" is English. Discover Jordan this year—it will stay with you a lifetime.

For free Jordan folders, write Jordan Travel Information, Box NY-75, 530 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 36, N.Y. Tel: PL 5-3431 (Code 212). Or see your travel agent. Visit the Jordan Pavilion, New York World's Fair.

HISTORIC **JORDAN** THE HOLY LAND

Please don't drink the suspension system . . .

Not good for you: we had to add dye to the alcohol-and-water mix in order to avoid paying a liquor tax on every MG *Sports Sedan we import.*

Besides, there are greater kicks to be had from our new Hydrolastic® Suspension. Teamed with front wheel drive, it gives our five-passenger economy sedan the handling qualities of an expensive sports car. Permanently sealed-in fluid replaces metal springs and shock absorbers. You corner flat, ride level and hold firm to the road. Most intoxicating, whether you motor for fun or family.

The Sports Sedan *earns its name* in other ways, as well. MG's 1100 c.c. twin-carburetor power plant hastens you on your way. The big fade-free disc brakes impose control seldom experienced off the race course. The bucket seats and 4-speed stick shift add to the sport.

And it's all yours at a price usually referred to as laughably low.

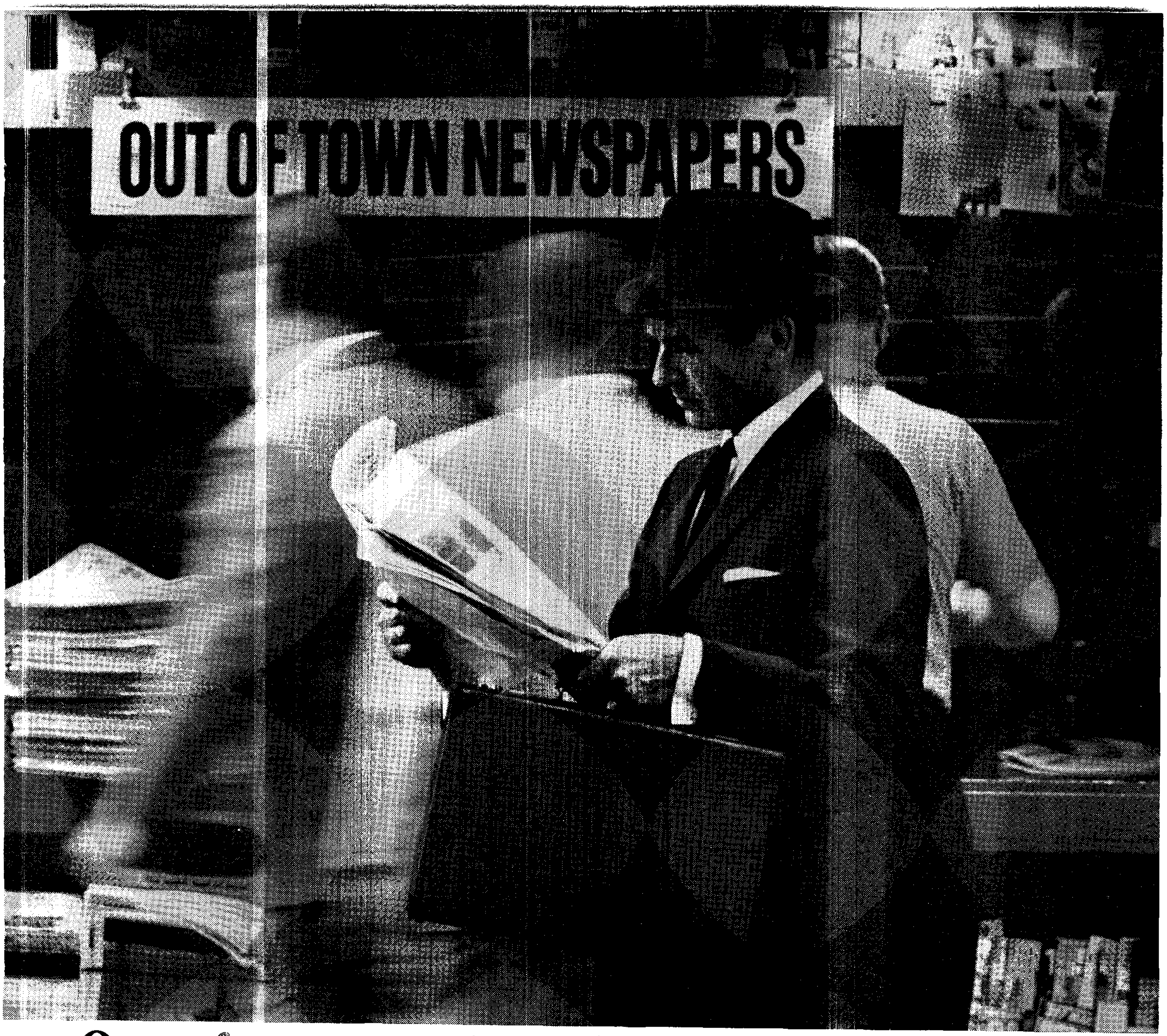
Want a drink? See your favorite bartender.

Want the sporting life in a family car? See your MG dealer.

In either case . . . cheers.

MG

FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION, WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP./HAMBRO, INC., DEPT. Y-33, 734 GRAND AVENUE, RIDGEFIELD, NEW JERSEY



Out of town again? Alone again? American Express asks, why?

Coming across your hometown paper on a business trip should make you feel good.

It doesn't.

All it does is remind you about home and your wife and what she's doing and how much better you'd feel if she were with you.

Why go it alone?

Next business trip, bring your wife. It's never been easier.

With "Sign & Fly" service, you can charge *her* plane ticket on your American Express Credit Card and take a year to pay.

When you "Sign & Fly," your credit is unquestioned. Show your American Express Card when you buy the ticket. Sign your name. No red tape, delay or deposit.

And you can choose the way you want to pay for her ticket.

1. Extended plan. Take up to a year to pay. The service charge is substantially lower than similar plans.

PLAN	12-MONTH CHARGE PER $100
"Sign & Fly" service	$6.00 (Averages 50¢ a month)
Other major credit card plans	More than $9.50

2. Regular billing. You can also pay for your wife's ticket on your next American Express statement with *no* service charge.

"Sign & Fly" Air France, American, Continental, Delta, Eastern, Icelandic, National, Northeast, Northwest Orient, Pan Am, TWA, United, Western, 49 other airlines.

New lower family fares now available on most major U.S. airlines.

And next vacation, "Sign & Travel." This new credit card service lets you charge *tours and take* a year to pay.

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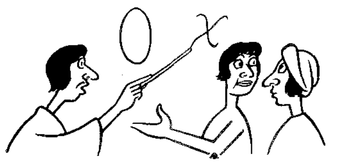
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

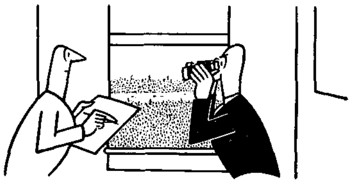
ACCORDING to a report from the Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories, in California, scientists are coming around to the view that the universe has a heartbeat. This theory is backed by the discovery of "quasi-stellar blue galaxies," which are deemed to be teenage versions of the recently observed quasars, both the blue galaxies and the quasars apparently being stages in the quasi-mortal development of a normal galaxy, such as our own mature Milky Way. According to the report, the cosmos expands and contracts much as a heart does, pumping once every eighty-two billion years, and destroying and bringing to life a succession of universes with each lub-dup, or "big bang." We congratulate science on finally beginning to discover its true identity, as an agency for corroborating ancient wisdom. Long before our century, before the Christian era, and even before Homer, the people of India had arrived at a "big-bang" cosmogony, just as they had thought up, long before anyone else, the zero and the algebraic *x*—inventions that took some years and the mediation of the Arabs to carry over to the primitive West, with the result that most Westerners still think that the zero and the *x* are in fact Arabic contributions. In the present state of scientific uncertainty, it may be helpful to remember that, according to the great body of Hindu learning and mythology, every universe goes through four stages, or *yugas*, from bang to whimper. Each of these epochs, which are called Krita, Treta, Dwapara, and Kali, possesses special moral characteristics. One authority notes, "In Kritayuga righteousness prevails universally. In Tretayuga righteousness is reduced by one quarter. In Dwaparayuga righteousness is diminished by half. In Kaliyuga righteousness, virtue, and goodness completely disappear." Since our own galaxy, the Palomar scientists say, is in middle age, we are between the second and third *yugas*, and any Indian schoolboy will volunteer that thousands of years before Columbus found America, or the Russian steppes were inhabited, India's civilization was so advanced that she had not only intercontinental ballistic missiles but what amounted to a fleet of rockets to transport people quickly and easily from planet to planet. Unhappily, the schoolboy will explain, that civilization perished in its golden age, in war, with another kind of bang.

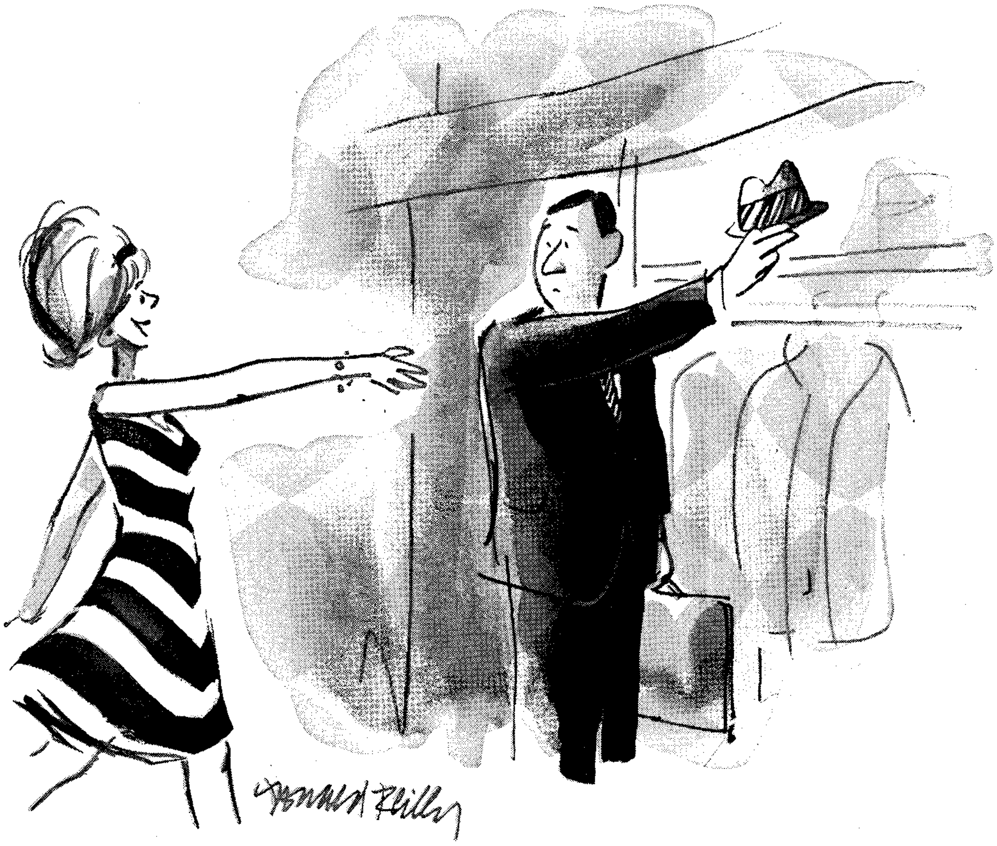


WE were pleased to read last week that yet another government personage—President Kennedy's Postmaster General—has published a book about his days in office. We are all for the publication of our public figures' reminiscences and journals. They make enlightening historical footnotes, we think, even if they themselves are occasionally in need of a footnote or two. We have observed that now and then the diary-keeping authors fail to realize that an entry in a diary which holds true for one day may be invalidated in the days that follow. We recently had this brought home to us with the publication of Mr. David E. Lilienthal's "Journals." From one of his entries we learned, with regret, that we had caused the former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission a "crisis" seventeen years ago when we voluntarily submitted a manuscript to his agency for a security reading. The chairman recounts that he felt the manuscript made him out as bellicose, and that after taking counsel with his chief strategists he had one of his aides inquire whether we would make a change or two. "Well, we shall see," Mr. Lilienthal signs off his diary for that day. "We are due for some episode—things have been going along too beautifully of late!" But, alas, we never do see. Hundreds of pages follow, but nowhere does Mr. Lilienthal mention that we had no objection to accommodating his wishes, and that no unbeautiful episode materialized. We make this announcement lest a crisis be held in suspension for all time.

Smoke Watch

THE Consolidated Edison Company of New York, a firm that is acutely and nervously conscious of air pollution, because it burns a third of the fuel consumed in our city, recently arranged for a visual smoke watch of a number of its plants from an office on the eightieth floor of the Empire State Building. The new office—a long, narrow aerie with a single window at one end—commands a sweeping panorama of Brooklyn, Queens, the eastern half of Manhattan, and the southeastern portion of the Bronx; from it a trained observer can check nine of Con Ed's seventeen steam or electric generating stations for any signs of the thick gray or black smoke that Con Ed well knows to be unhealthy, illegal, and expensive. Smoke watching per se is not new in the city. Con Ed has maintained a similar post on the nineteenth floor of its headquarters, on Irving Place, for a number of years, and not long ago it installed either closed-circuit television or individual smoke watchers on the roofs of its various plants. The Empire State post represents an improvement over these arrangements, because it eliminates the rooftop men (except





"Shake the hand that shook the hand of John V. Lindsay!"

• •

when there is poor visibility, because of rain or fog), augments the television monitors (which are not always consulted by busy boiler operators), and increases the number of stations that can be observed from a central point. It also solves the sight-line problem of Con Ed's East River station, which happens to have its four stacks lined up west to east so that only one of them is visible from Irving Place. Dark smoke from the East River always confused the observers, because they could never figure out which stack was producing it.

The new smoke watch operates from 6 A.M. to 10 P.M. seven days a week, and is staffed by three senior employees working in shifts. When one of the observers spots a puff of excessive smoke, he telephones the operator of the stack that is responsible for it. If the smoke continues for several minutes, the observer alerts both the plant superintendent and a superintendent in the production department at Con Ed's headquarters. "We take the smoke problem very seriously, because it means we aren't burning fuel or generating power efficiently," a Con Ed official told us the other day. "When this happens, we not only violate the city's anti-pollution laws but lose money as well. We have to squeeze every bit of energy out of every ton of fuel to keep our rates down."

The smoke watchers, he explained, are busiest in the early morning and the late afternoon, when the need for power increases sharply throughout the city. "In the morning, it's subways and offices, and on a hot summer afternoon it's subways, offices, and home air-conditioners, many of which have automatic turn-on devices," he said. "On June 23rd of this year, we had the all-time peak demand for power in the city—more than five million seven hundred thousand kilowatts were used between three and four in the afternoon. The demand may yet go considerably higher. Since we can't store electricity, we have to put our reserve units on standby, so that we can bring them up to full production in a matter of minutes."

Three-quarters of the city's electric power is provided by three enormous, modern generating stations—Ravenswood, Astoria, and Arthur Kill—which rarely violate the smoke-control regulations. The rest comes from eight smaller plants scattered through the city and from the new nuclear plant in Westchester; a few of the smaller stations contain equipment dating back to the early nineteen-twenties. "Our oldest and least efficient boilers are usually held in reserve for peaking purposes, and that's where most of the potential trouble lies," the Con Ed man said. "If a stack operator has to pick up a load of twenty megawatts on an aging boiler to meet a sudden jump in the demand for power or to fill a gap caused by a mechanical breakdown somewhere else, he may cause a little smoke in the process." Dark smoke, he went on, usually indicates incomplete combustion, and can result from any number of minor mishaps—a clogged coal mill, a breakdown in one of the electric motors that drive oil feeds, a burst tube inside the boiler, or an operator who miscalculates the fuel-steam ratio when he is resetting his controls. Occasionally, a fly-ash precipitator—a large magnetized metal plate that siphons off unburned coal particles—will go on the blink, and a cloud of light-brown fly ash will come billowing out of the stack. "Nine times out of ten, smoke is caused by a mechanical rather than a human problem, and our engineers can usually fix the trouble in a matter of minutes once they know about it," the man from Con Ed said. "The Empire State post is insurance; it gives us a final visual check on most of the problem plants, so we can be sure we have everything under control."

Since peaking periods are the critical times for smoke violations, we arranged to visit the Empire State post at four the following afternoon, to see what, if anything, would take place. The observer on duty was Mr. George Harris, a courtly, gray-haired man in his early sixties, who had a friendly smile, a firm handshake, and the lilt of Trinidad in his precise speech. Locking the door behind us—to discourage potential suicides, he said—Mr. Harris led us over to the window, which was open, and told us that although haze had been giving him some trouble, it had been a quiet day. "We had a few thirty-second puffs early this morning," he said, showing us three entries in a Smoke Log beside the window. "Nothing of any consequence, though." He picked up a pair of binoculars and began a slow left-to-right traverse of the city, identifying the Con Ed plants for us as he came to them: Astoria and Hell Gate, barely visible upriver; Ravenswood, with its three great stacks, dominating Long Island City; East Sixtieth Street, Waterside, Kip's Bay, and East River, strung out along the Manhattan shoreline; and Hudson Avenue and Kent Avenue, shimmering like Pointillist paintings at the edge of Brooklyn.

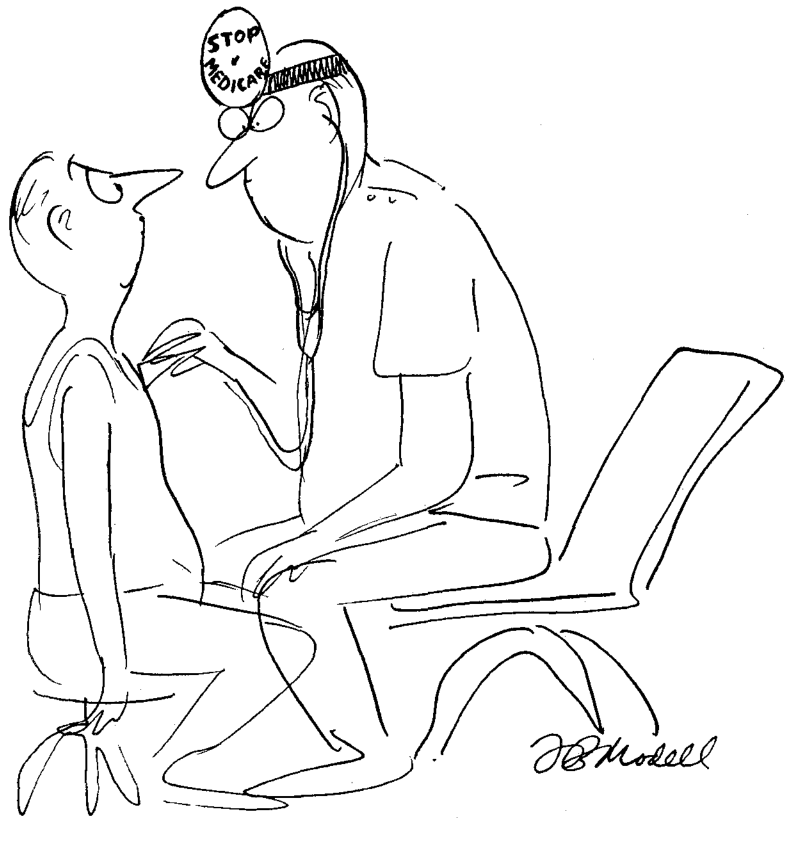
When we asked him how he could spot a violation through the haze, Mr. Harris replied that it was a matter of experience. "You develop an eye for smoke when you've been watching it as long as I have, and you can tell at a glance which Ringelmann it is," he said. Indicating a chart on the wall, he explained that abnormal concentrations of smoke are divided into five classifications, according to something called the Ringelmann Scale, which was developed by the Bureau of Mines. No. 1 smoke, the most common, is pearl gray and not very dangerous; No. 5, the other end of the scale, is jet black and a disaster. "Mostly, I report Ones and Twos," said Mr. Harris. "A Three is rare, and I can't honestly recall ever seeing a Five in the four years I've been smoke watching. We identify smoke at the mouth of the stack, because it tends to disperse and change color once it gets out into the atmosphere. Oil smoke is bluish and rather thin; coal smoke is heavier and either gray or light brown, depending on whether the pollutant is unburned coal or fly ash. The thick white smoke that disturbs many people is actually pure steam and completely harmless."

Mr. Harris glanced down at a Waterside stack that had started to produce a delicate spiral of very light-gray smoke, and told us he was going to warn the stack operator that he was heading toward a violation. "At this time of the year, they're breaking in the vacation relief men on the operating boards, and we have a lot of young worriers all over the city," he said. "I try to let them know if they're coming up on a One, so I can keep them out of trouble." Mr. Harris had a brief and friendly conversation with the Waterside operator, after which the smoke thinned out.

At four-fifteen, an ominous black cloud suddenly appeared behind the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Mr. Harris stiffened like a well-trained pointer, grabbed his telephone, and put in a call to the Hudson Avenue station. "You have a Three Ringelmann on No. 2 stack," he said quickly. "Yes, it's just pouring out."

The smoke continued for two and a half minutes, during which Mr. Harris notified both the plant superintendent—who said he would dash over to the boilers to find out what had gone wrong—and the superintendent of production at Con Ed's headquarters. "He's got it," he said as the black cloud began to disperse. "Now we'll have to wait for the stack operator to call me back and tell me what happened." A few minutes later, Hudson Avenue phoned to say that the smoke had been caused by a faulty air regulator on one of the burners for No. 42 boiler. "Lack of air," said Mr. Harris, noting the information on a pad. "A very common cause of smoke."

After the operator had finished his report, he tried to argue Mr. Harris into shortening the time of the violation, and was firmly turned down. "I clocked the smoke emission at two and a half minutes, sir, and I have to call it as I see it from here," said Mr. Harris. He put down the telephone and gazed thoughtfully over at the Brooklyn plant. "I often feel like a parole officer, because I spend about three-quarters of my time warning operators to keep them from working up to violations," he said. "But when something bad does happen, they know I have to log it and report it immediately. If I didn't, somebody else would. Just look at those red, white, and blue striped stacks. They stand out all over the city like Christmas trees!"



An hour later, when a plume of light-gray smoke appeared over the Waterside plant, Mr. Harris was on the phone in a matter of seconds. "Mr. McNamee, I'm going to have to give you a warning on that No. 3 stack," he said kindly. "You have a One Ringelmann."

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PURSUIT of the Muse of Art has assumed such stampede proportions in East Gloucester, Massachusetts, that a wharfside restaurant there has posted in its rest rooms a sign reading, "Please Do Not Wash Your Paintbrushes or Jars in Our Sinks."

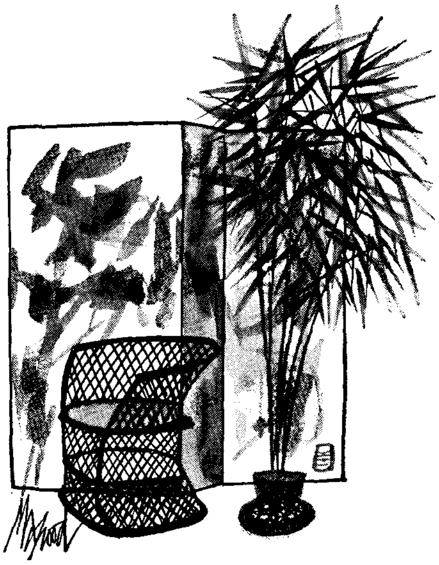
Cannon Fodder

"FIVE minutes! Five!" cried Papa Zacchini, holding up five fingers and waving them at a blue-coated announcer who stood by a microphone in the middle of the lawn in front of the Florida Pavilion's Water Show, at the World's Fair. A crowd that was milling around a twenty-three-foot white cannon parted to let Papa Zacchini through, and he ran back to the cannon—his long white duster-style coat flapping—as the announcer declared, in booming tones, over the p.-a. system, "Papa Zacchini has just informed me, ladies and gentlemen, there are only five minutes to countdown."

We were running after Mr. Zacchini, a short, genial patriarch whose first name is Edmondo but who is widely known as Papa and who, as a livelihood, shoots his loved ones out of cannons. He is currently shooting out two of them at the Fair. In the past, his six brothers, his two daughters, three of his four sons, and his daughter-in-law have all blasted off professionally; in fact, it seems unlikely that there has been a moment in the last thirty-five years when one Zacchini or another was not passing rapidly through the air over some part of the United States.

"Let me point cannon," said Papa Zacchini as we caught up with him. "One second!" He leaped onto the running board of a large blue-and-white striped truck, which serves as a mobile mount for his cannon. "We make the regular jump," Papa said, getting into the cab of the truck. "We got a chart—so much distance, so much pressure." The cannon barrel loomed above his head, pointing forward over the hood. He sat down behind the steering wheel and peered intently through the windshield toward an elevated net that was stretched between poles a hundred and forty feet away, across the lawn, in the direction of the Wax Museum, a puppet show, and a Chinese restaurant. He emerged from the cab ("It's just right") and hustled over to a control panel on the left side of the truck. There were three large pull-down switches, a voltmeter, an ammeter, an oil gauge, a wheel, a light bulb, and a switch that was marked "OFF" and "ON." Papa threw one of the switches. "Pressure," he said happily. "We build 'im up." Then he ran around to the back of the truck, where he opened a small door and made an adjustment to some gears. Remaining still for a moment, he explained to us that the human cannon ball stands inside a cylinder—open at one end—that fits inside the barrel of the cannon, and as the cannon is elevated for the correct trajectory the cylinder is pulled back toward the base, where, as the cannon is fired, a blast of compressed air (a hundred and seventy-five pounds per square inch for a man, a hundred and fifty for a girl) slams the cylinder forward. The cylinder stops at the mouth of the cannon, but the human cannon ball does not. To heighten the effect, a charge is exploded and smoke released at the moment of impact. Papa dashed around to the right side of the truck and opened the door of a compartment that was just large enough for a person to move around in. "My junk yard," he said, reaching in and taking out a large white megaphone. "There's the hose and pail to wash truck when dirty. Here's my darkroom—I am a camera enthusiast. Over there—those boxes—they contain the cartridges for the explosion in cannon, my firecrackers. Here are my tools I use to fix the cannon. I made the cannon in my machine shop, in Tampa; I know every piece." We also noticed a road map of the Eastern United States, a bottle of red wine, and a pocket edition of "The Fifty-Year Decline and Fall of Hollywood."

"I made about a dozen cannons in my life," Papa said. "I broke my leg for the fifth time in 1934, and then I was on crutches until 1946. One cannon is in Montreal now; three are in Florida. One is . . . I forget. I sell one to my brother Manuel. I tell him, 'Go shoot.' I don't know where he is right now—someplace around." Papa pulled up his white duster, reached into his pocket, and extracted a wallet. He shuffled quickly through some snapshots ("I have my pictures because I am proud," he said apologetically) and showed us a photograph of himself with his arms around two of his sons, who were wearing mortarboards, graduation gowns, and big smiles ("René, there, is a lawyer in Tampa, and a representative in the state legislature," he said. "I told him, 'I spent a lot of money for you for school. I don't want you to go in cannon' "); a picture of his house in Tampa, a large one with palm trees on the lawn (he told us that in deference to his neighbors he limits his target practice to regular hours); a dinner-table scene, packed with relatives ("Oh," he said, and smiled. "Christmas"); and a shot of two tiny figures in the sky above a crowded grandstand in Minneapolis ("My two daughters, Victoria and Duina"). He explained that his daughters had gone into, and out of, the cannon during the war, when the male Zacchinis were all in the services. The two-man (or two-woman) shot—a primitive Gemini—had been devised by Papa at the instigation of John Ringling North, his former employer and a man with an appetite for thrills. (At the Fair, though, Zacchinis are being shot out one at a time.) Papa put the pictures away and hurried around to the front of the truck. "Two minutes!" he called through the megaphone to the announcer, holding up two fingers. He showed us the blastoff switch—a snap switch that was attached to a long cable and was hung over the front bumper of the truck. "I push that and . . . GO OUT!" he said. His hand described a dramatic arc. We stepped back into the crowd as Papa continued his ground check.



A few minutes earlier, we had stopped in at a small dressing room inside the Quaker Puffed Cereals House, a tall, cereal-box-like structure next to the cannon, and had met the current Zacchini cannon balls—George, Papa's youngest son, who is a handsome, polite twenty-four-year-old, and George's wife, Nancy, a fetching, shapely, and gentle blue-eyed blonde of twenty-two. Both were dressed in snugly fitting white horsehide flying suits and white shoes. Across George's chest, in blue letters, were the words "PUFFED WHEAT;" across Nancy's, in red, were "PUFFED RICE." (The Quaker Oats Company, having shot non-human material from guns for many years, imported the Zacchinis as an appropriate exhibit.)

"Wow, it was hot in there today!" Nancy said, with a soft Southern accent, referring to an earlier shot. "You think it's hot *out*side!" She began rubbing baby powder on her white suit. "We do this so we come out smoother," she explained. "When I first saw the cannon, about two years ago, I said I'd never get in there." She smiled cheerfully. "Guess what!"

"I didn't want her to, either," said George. "Papa wouldn't even let me in the cannon until I was eighteen. The first time was the worst experience of my life. When I landed in the net, I couldn't breathe."

"Now I love it," said Nancy. "The main things to remember are to keep your arms straight out front, and then, when you come out, to keep watching the net. When I'm inside, waiting, I always say a prayer, and then I try to push off with my feet when the compressed air hits me."

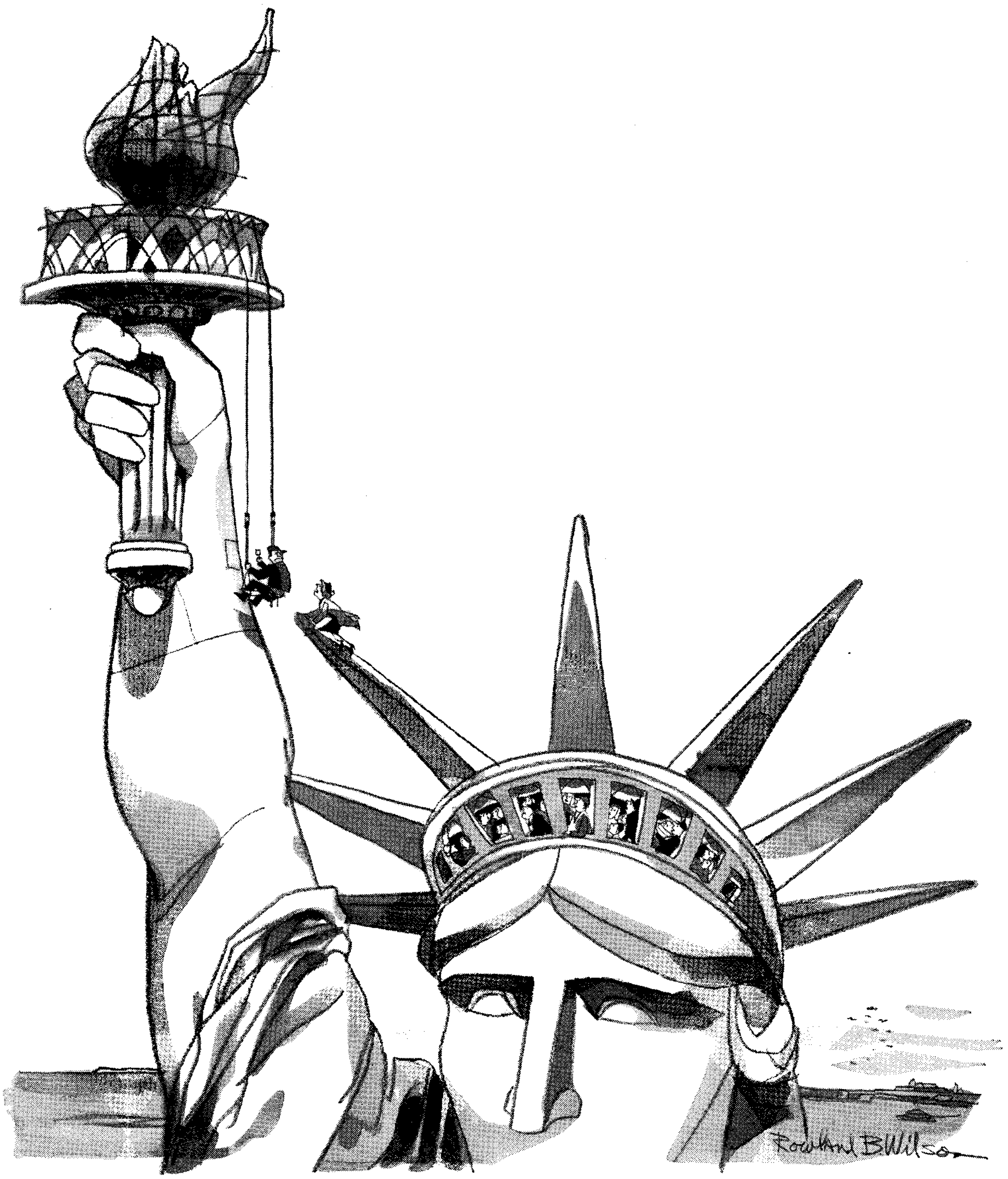
"You black out for an instant, but then you can see," said George. "I see the people, their faces—everything."

"Not me," Nancy said. "I don't even see the trees, but I realize I'm high in the air, and I see the net."

"When you approach the net, you do a three-quarter layout, sort of a somersault, and land," George said.

Outside, the announcer began a spiel about the Flying Zacchinis, and we prepared to leave. Nancy glanced out. "George and I have a map of the Fair, and we cross off each exhibit as we see it," she said. "By the time the Fair ends, we'll have seen everything."

We said goodbye to Nancy, and George accompanied us outside. "We're living in Jackson Heights with Papa," he said. "Papa cooks. We're a circus



"Don't be cross, Leo. I just had to see you."

• •

family. Papa's father had a circus, Papa had a circus, and we all love the circus. Nancy and I go whenever we can. I've travelled eight hundred miles to see one. We have a lot of friends in different shows, and we like to see how they present their acts, and how the crowds are. For example, we watch for the presentation on a high-bar act, and the form; we compare it with other acts we know. The more you know about what they're doing, the more you can see the beauty of it. The first double somersault I ever caught on the trapeze I caught under the arms. That's not good. It should be the wrists. Now if I see a triple caught on the wrists instead of the arms, that means the timing is perfect." George paused. "It's the highest trick there is."

Standing in the crowd now, we waited anxiously for Nancy to appear. The announcer boomed, "Nancy Zacchini!" and she came running gracefully across the lawn, a red-and-gold cape swinging from her shoulders. The crowd cheered. Nancy removed the cape, put on a white helmet with a transparent-plastic shield that covered her face, and climbed swiftly up one side of the truck to the cannon. She stood poised on the barrel as the announcer described what was to take place: ". . . at a speed of a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour." Papa began to elevate the cannon. As it reached a high angle, Nancy climbed to the top, swung herself over the lip, and disappeared inside.

"Papa!" called the announcer. "Whenever you're ready . . ."

The crowd was silent, but the noises from nearby continued; there were snatches of band music and blaring loudspeakers and human cries.

Papa stepped in front of the cannon and raised his megaphone. "Nancy!" he called. "Are you ready?"

From deep within the cannon came Nancy's voice, very faint: "Ready, Papa!"

Papa stepped back to the front bumper of the truck and picked up the snap switch. "Five," intoned the announcer. "Four. Three. Two." No one moved. "One!" A thunderous blast seemed to shake the lawn, and when we opened our eyes, smoke was gushing from the cannon, and there—high against the blue sky, soaring above the crowd—was a small white figure, and then, almost instantly, it was Nancy, leaping lightly to her feet in the net, and smiling and waving to everybody.

Omnivorous

A MATRON we know who sets a fine table, and spends a good deal of time in foreign neighborhoods seeking unusual viands to put on it, spotted a basket of tempting-looking saucer-sized turtles outside an Italian fish store on Second Avenue the other day, and hurried in eagerly to inquire how they should be prepared and served. The proprietor's straw hat nearly flew off. "No, no, lady!" he protested. "Those are for—you know—pets!"

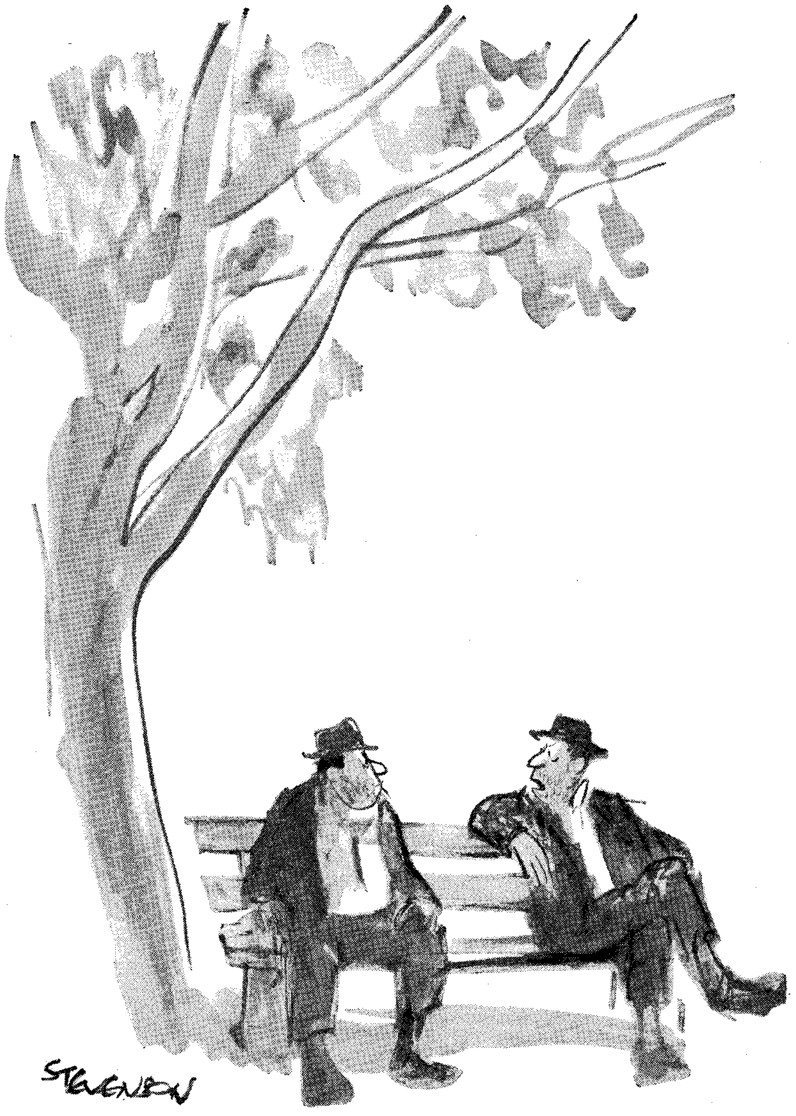
MY LOVER HAS DIRTY FINGERNAILS

THE man stood up when the woman entered the room, or, to be exact, was standing behind his desk when she opened the door. She closed the door behind her. The room was square and furnished in a strange cool manner, midway between a home (the pale-detailed Japanese prints on the wall, the thick carpet whose blue seemed a peculiarly intense shade of silence, the black slab sofa with its single prism-shaped pillow of Airfoam all suggested domesticity) and an office, which it was, though no instruments or books were on view. It would have been difficult to imagine the people who could appropriately inhabit this room, were they not already here. The man and woman both were impeccably groomed. The woman wore a gray linen suit, with white shoes and white pocketbook, her silvery-blond hair done up tightly in a French roll. She never wore a hat. Today she wore no gloves. The man wore a summer suit of a gray slightly lighter than the woman's, though perhaps it was merely that he stood nearer the light of the window. In this window, like the square muzzle of a dragon pinched under the sash, an air-conditioner purred, a little fiercely. Venetian blinds dimmed the light, which, since this side of the building faced away from the sun, was already refracted. The man had a full head of half-gray hair, rather wavy, and scrupulously brushed, a touch vainly, so that a lock overhung his forehead, as if he were a youth. The woman had guessed he was about ten years older than she. In addition to the possibility of vanity, she read into this casually overhanging forelock a suggestion of fatigue—it was afternoon; he had already listened to so much—and an itch to apologize, to excuse herself, scratched her throat and made her limbs bristle with girlish nervousness. He waited to sit down until she had done so; and even such a small concession to her sex opened a window in the wall of impersonality between them. She peeked through and was struck by the fact that he seemed neither handsome nor ugly. She did not know what to make of it, or what she was expected to make. His face, foreshortened downward, looked heavy and petulant. It lifted, and innocent expectation seemed to fill it. The customary flutter of panic seized her. Both bare hands squeezed the pocketbook. The purring of the air-conditioner threatened to drown her first words. She felt the lack in the room of the smell of a flower; in her own home the sills were crowded with potted plants.

"I saw him only once this week," she said at last. Out of polite habit she waited for a reply, then remembered that there was no politeness here, and forced herself to go on alone. "At a party. We spoke a little; I began the conversation. It seemed so unnatural to me that we shouldn't even speak. When I did go up to him, he seemed very pleased, and talked to me about things like cars and children. He asked me what I was doing these days, and I told him, 'Nothing.' He would have talked to me longer, but I walked away. I couldn't take it. It wasn't his voice so much, it was his smile; when we were . . . seeing each other, I used to think that there was a smile only I could bring out in him, a big grin whenever he saw me that lit up his whole face and showed all his crooked teeth. There it was, when I walked up to him, that same happy smile, as if in all these months . . . nothing had changed."

She looked at the catch on her purse and decided she had begun badly. The man's disapproval was as real to her as the sound of the air-conditioner. It flowed toward her, enveloped her in gray coolness, and she wondered if it was wrong of her to feel it, wrong of her to desire his approval. She tried to lift her face as if she were not flirting. In another room she would have known herself to be considered a beautiful woman. Here beauty ceased to exist, and she was disarmed, realizing how much she depended on it for protection and concealment. She wondered if she should try to express this. "He sees through me," she said. "It's what made him so wonderful then, and what makes him so terrible now. He knows me. I can't hide behind my face when he smiles, and he seems to be forgiving me, forgiving me for not coming to him even though . . . I can't."

The man readjusted himself in the chair with a quickness that she took for a sign of impatience. She believed she had an honest gift for saying what he did not want to hear. She tried to say something that, in its frankness and confusion, would please him. "I'm suppressing," she said. "He did say one thing that if he hadn't been my lover he wouldn't have said. He looked down at my dress and asked



"Are you kidding? I'm twice the failure you are."

me, in this shy voice, 'Did you put that on just to hurt me?' It was so *unfair*, it made me a little angry. I only have so many dresses, and I can't throw out all the ones that . . . that I wore when I was seeing him."

"Describe the dress."

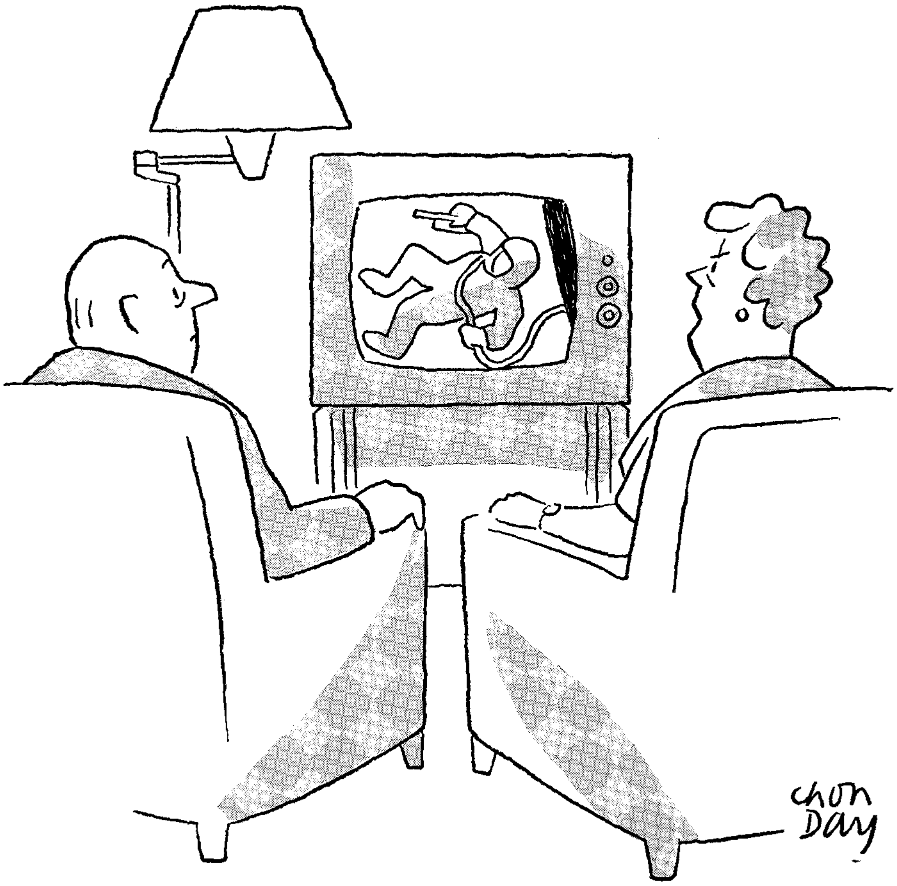
When he did speak, the level of his interest often seemed to her disappointingly low. "Oh," she said, "an orangey-brown one, with stripes and a round neckline. A summer dress. He used to say I looked like a farm girl in it."

"Yes." He cut her short with a flipping gesture of his hand; his occasional rudeness startled her, since she could not imagine he had learned it from any book. She found herself, lately, afraid for him; he seemed too naïve and blunt. She felt him in constant danger of doing something incorrect. Once she had a piano teacher who, in performing scales with her side by side on the bench, made a mistake. She had never forgotten it, and never learned the piano. But as always she inspected his responses conscientiously, for a clue. She had reverted, in their conversations, again and again to this rural fantasy, as if, being so plainly a fantasy, it necessarily contained an explanation of her misery. Perhaps he was, with this appearance of merely male impatience, trying to lead her to see that she was wrong, to lead her into acknowledgment that she was too eager to dive to the depths. His effort, insofar as it was visible, seemed rather to direct her attention to what was not obvious about the obvious. He asked, "Have you ever worn the dress here?"

How strange of him! "To see you?" She tried to remember, saw herself parking the car, Thursday after Thursday, locking the door, feeding the meter, walking down the sunny city street of bakeries and tailor shops and dentists' signs, entering the door vestibule of his building, with its metal wall-sheathing stamped with fleurs-de-lis, seeing the shadow of her gloved hand reach to darken his bell. . . . "No. I don't *think* so."

"Do you have any thoughts as to why not?"

"There's nothing profound about it. It's a casual dress. It's young. It's not the identity a woman comes to the city in. I don't come in just to see you; I buy things, I visit people, sometimes I meet Harold afterward for a drink and we have dinner and go to a movie. Do you want me to talk about how I feel in the city?" She was suddenly full of feelings about herself in the city, graceful, urgent feelings of sunlight and release that she was sure explained a great deal about her.



"*They'd never get me out of that capsule!*"

He insisted. "Yet you wore this quite informal dress to a dinner party last weekend?"

"It was a party of our *friends*. It's summer in the suburbs. The dress is simple. It's not *shabby*."

"When you picked it to wear to this party where you knew he would see you, did you remember his special fondness for it?"

She wondered if he wasn't overdirecting her. She was sure he shouldn't. "I don't remember," she said, realizing, with a flash of impatience, that he would make too much of this. "You think I did."

He smiled his guarded, gentle smile and shrugged. "Tell me about clothes."

"Just anything? You want me to free-associate about clothes in general?"

"What comes to your mind."

The air-conditioner flooded her silence with its constant zealous syllable. Time was pouring through her and she was wasting her session. "Well, he"—it was queer, how her mind, set free, flew like a magnet to this pronoun—"was quite funny about my clothes. He thought I overdressed, and used to kid me about what an expensive wife I'd make. It wasn't true, really; I sew quite well, and make a lot of my things, while Nancy wears these quiet clothes from R. H. Stearns that are really quite expensive. I suppose you could say my clothes were a fetish with him; he'd bury his face in them after I'd taken them off, and in making love sometimes he'd bring them back, so they'd get all tangled up between us." She stared at him defiantly, rather than blush. He was immobile, smiling the lightest of listening smiles, his brushed hair silvered by the window light. "Once I remember, when we were both in the city together, I took him shopping with me, thinking he'd like it, but he didn't. The salesgirls didn't know quite who he was, a brother or a husband or what, and he acted just like a man—you know, restless and embarrassed. In a way, I liked his reacting that way, because one of my fears about him, when I was thinking of him as somebody I owned, was that he might be effeminate. Not on the surface so much as down deep. I mean, he had this passive streak. He had a way of making me come to him without actually asking." She felt she was journeying in the listening mind opposite her and had come to a narrow place; she tried to retreat. What had she begun with? Clothes. "He was quite lazy about his own clothes. Do you want to hear about *his* clothes, or just *my* clothes? Next thing, I'll be talking about the children's clothes." She permitted herself to giggle.

He didn't respond, and to punish him she went ahead with the topic that she knew annoyed him. "He was sloppy. Even dressed up, the collars of his shirts looked unbuttoned, and he wore things until they fell apart. I remember, toward the end, after we had tried to break it off and I hadn't seen him for several weeks, he came to the house to see how I was for a minute, and I ran my hand under his shirt and my fingers went through a hole in his T shirt. It just killed me, I had to have him, and we went upstairs. I can't describe it very well, but something about the idea of this man, who had just as much money as the rest of us, with this big hole in his undershirt, it made me weak. I suppose there was something mothering about it, but it felt the opposite, as if his dressing so carelessly made him strong, strong in a way that I wasn't. I've always felt I had to pay great attention to my appearance. I suppose it's insecurity. And then in lovemaking, I'd sometimes notice—is this too terrible, shall I stop?—I'd notice that his fingernails were dirty."

"Did you like that?"

"I don't know. It was just something I'd notice."

"Did you like the idea of being caressed by dirty hands?"

"They were *his* hands."

She had sat bolt upright, and his silence, having the quality of a man's pain, hurt her. She tried to make it up to him. "You mean, did I like being—what's the word, I've suppressed it—debased? But isn't that a sort of womanly thing that everybody has, a little? Do you think I have it too much?"

The man reshifted his weight in the chair and his hands moved in the air diagrammatically; a restrained agitation possessed his presence like a soft gust passing over a silver pond. "I think there are several things working here," he said. "On the one hand you have this aggressiveness toward the man—you go up to him at parties, you drag him on shopping expeditions that make him uncomfortable, you go to bed with him, you've just suggested, on your initiative rather than his."

She sat shocked. It hadn't been like that. Had it?

The man went on, running one hand through his hair so that the youthful lock, recoiling, fell farther over his forehead. "Even now, when the affair is supposedly buried, you continue to court him by wearing a dress that had a special meaning for him."

"I've explained about the dress."

"Then there is this dimension, which we keep touching on, of his crooked teeth, of him being effeminate, feeble, in tatters; of you being in comparison healthy and masterful. In the midst of an embrace you discover a hole in his undershirt. It confirms your suspicion that he is disintegrating, that you are destroying him. So that, by way of *repair* in a sense, you take him to bed."

"But he was *fine* in bed."

"At the same time you have these notions of 'womanliness.' You feel guilty at being the dynamic party; hence your rather doctrinaire slavishness, your need to observe that his fingernails are dirty. Also in this there is something of earth, of your feelings about dirt, earth, the country versus the city, the natural versus the unnatural. The city, the artificial, represents life to you; earth is death. This man, this unbuttoned, unwashed man who comes to you in the country and is out of his element shopping with you in the city, is of the earth. By conquering him, by entangling him in your clothes, you subdue your own death; more exactly, you pass through it, and become a farm girl, an earth-girl, who has survived dying. These are some of my impressions. It is along these lines, I think, that we need more work."

GAS
29¢
Judith Shahn

She felt sorry for him. There it was, he had made his little Thursday effort, and it was very pretty and clever, and used most of the strands, but it didn't hold her; she escaped. Shyly she glanced at the air-conditioner and asked, "Could that be turned lower? I can hardly hear you."

He seemed surprised, rose awkwardly, and turned it off. She giggled again. "I'm just being masterful." He returned to his chair and glanced at his watch. Street noises—a bus shifting gears, a woman in heels walking rapidly—entered the room through the new silence at the window, and diluted its unreal air. "Can't earth," she asked, "mean life as much as death?"

TREES

I asked the holly, "What is your life if . . . ?"
There was a rustle of answer—dark,
Dark, dark, a gleamer recoiling tensely backward
Into a closing nest of shattered weapons
Like a squid into clouds of protection.
I plucked a spiny leaf. Nothing protested.
Glints twitched, watched me.

I asked the birch, "How can you . . . ?"
My breath crept up into a world of shudderings.
Was she veiled?
Herself her own fountain,
She pretended to be absent from it, or to be becoming air,
Filtering herself from her fingertips
Till her bole paled, like a reflection on water,
And I felt the touch of my own ghostliness;
Like a ghost I tried to fade.

I moved on, looking neither way,
Trying to hear
The outcry that must go with all
Those upflung maidenly gestures, that arrested humpback rout
Stumbling in blackberries and bracken—

Silence.

Trees, it is your own strangeness, in the dank wood,
Makes me so horrifying
I dare not hear my own footfall.

—TED HUGHES

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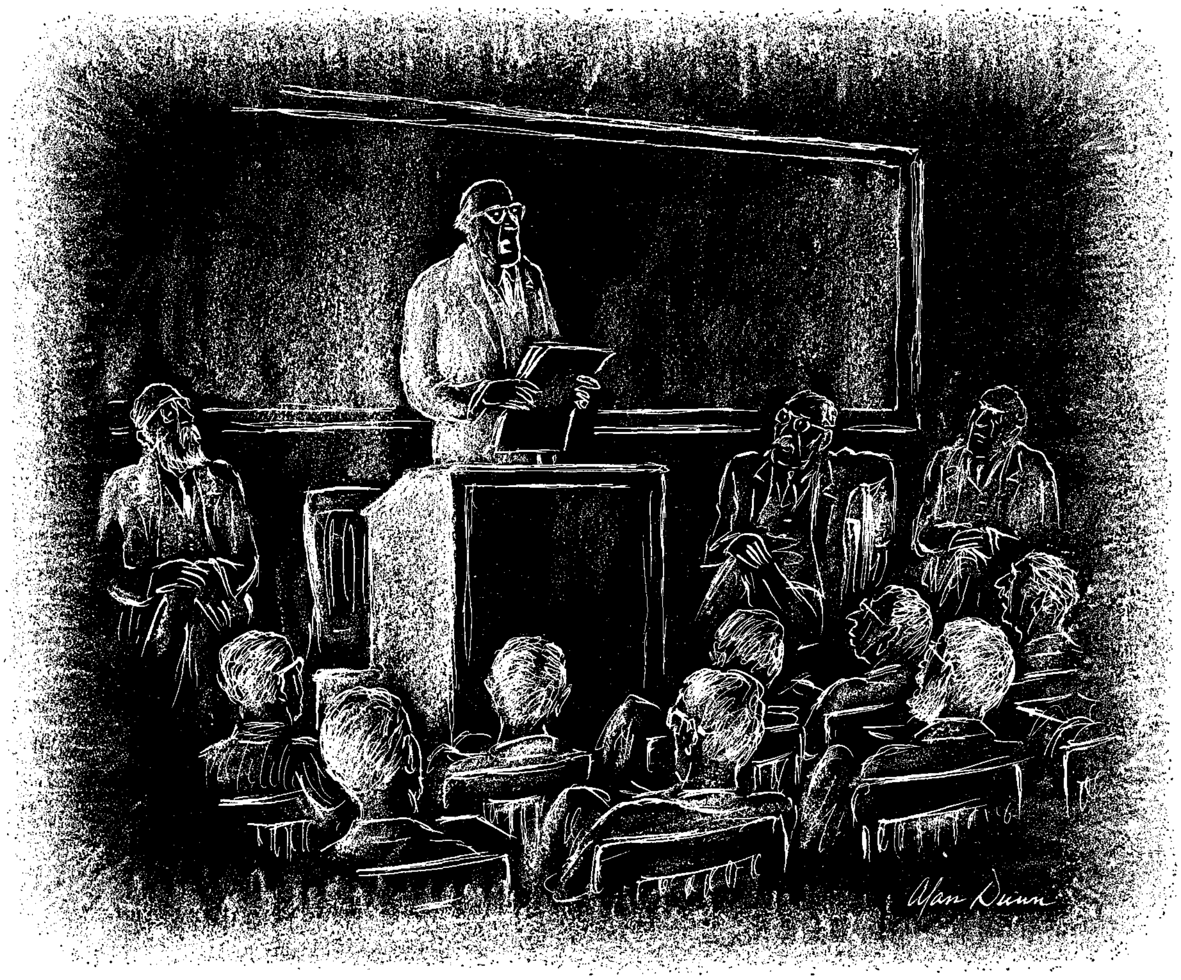

"*Incredible as it may seem to those of us who live in the world of anti-matter, a mirror image exists—the reverse of ourselves—which we can only call the world of matter.*"

• •

He shrugged, displeased with himself. "In this sort of language, opposites can mean the same thing."

"If that's what I saw in him, what did he see in me?"

"I feel you fishing for a compliment."

"I'm not, I'm *not* fishing. I don't want compliments from you, I want the truth. I need help. I'm ridiculously unhappy, and I want to know why, and I don't feel you're telling me. I feel we're at cross-purposes."

"Can you elaborate on this?"

"Do you really want me to?"

He had become totally still in his chair, rigid—she brushed away the impression—as if with fright.

"Well"—she returned her eyes to the brass catch of her purse, where there was a mute focus that gave her leverage to lift herself—"when I came to you, I'd got the idea from somewhere that by this time something would have happened between us, that I, in some sort of way, perfectly controlled and safe, would have . . . fallen in love with you." She looked up for help, and saw none. She went on, in a voice that, since the silencing of the air-conditioner, seemed harsh and blatant to her. "I don't feel that's happened. What's worse—I might as well say it, it's a waste of Harold's money if I keep anything back—I feel the opposite has happened. I keep getting the feeling that you've fallen in love with *me*." Now she hurried. "So I feel tender toward you, and want to protect you, and pretend not to reject you, and it gets in the way of everything. You put me into the position where a woman can't be honest, or weak, or herself. You make me be strategic, and ashamed of what I feel toward Paul, because it bothers you. There. That's the first time today either of us has dared mention his name. You're jealous. I pity you. At least, in a minute or two—I saw you look at your watch—I can go out into the street, and go buy a cheesecake or something at the bakery, and get into the car and drive through the traffic over the bridge; at least I loved somebody who loved me, no matter how silly you make the reasons for it seem. But you—I can't picture you ever getting out of this room, or getting drunk, or making love, or needing a bath, or anything. I'm sorry." She had expected, after this outburst, that she would have to cry, but she found herself staring wide-eyed at the man, whose own eyes—it must have been the watery light from the window—looked strained.

He shifted lazily in the chair and spread his hands on the glass top of his desk. "One of the arresting things about you," he said, "is your insistence on protecting men."

"But I wasn't *like* that with *him*. I mean, I knew I was giving him something he needed, but I did feel protected. I felt like nothing when I was with him, like the—center of a circle."

"Yes." He looked at his watch, and his nostrils dilated with the beginnings of a sigh. "Well." He stood and made worried eyebrows. A little off guard, she stood a fraction of a second later. "Next Thursday?" he asked.

"I'm sure you're right," she said, turning at the door to smile; it was a big countryish smile, regretful at the edges. The white of it matched, he noticed with an interior decorator's eye, her hair, her suit, and the white of her pocketbook and her shoes. "I *am* neurotic."

She closed the door. The sigh that he had begun while she was in the room seemed to have been suspended until she had left. He was winning, it was happening; but he was weary. Alone, in a soundless psychic motion like the hemispherical protest of a bubble, he subsided into the tranquil surface of the furniture.

—John Updike

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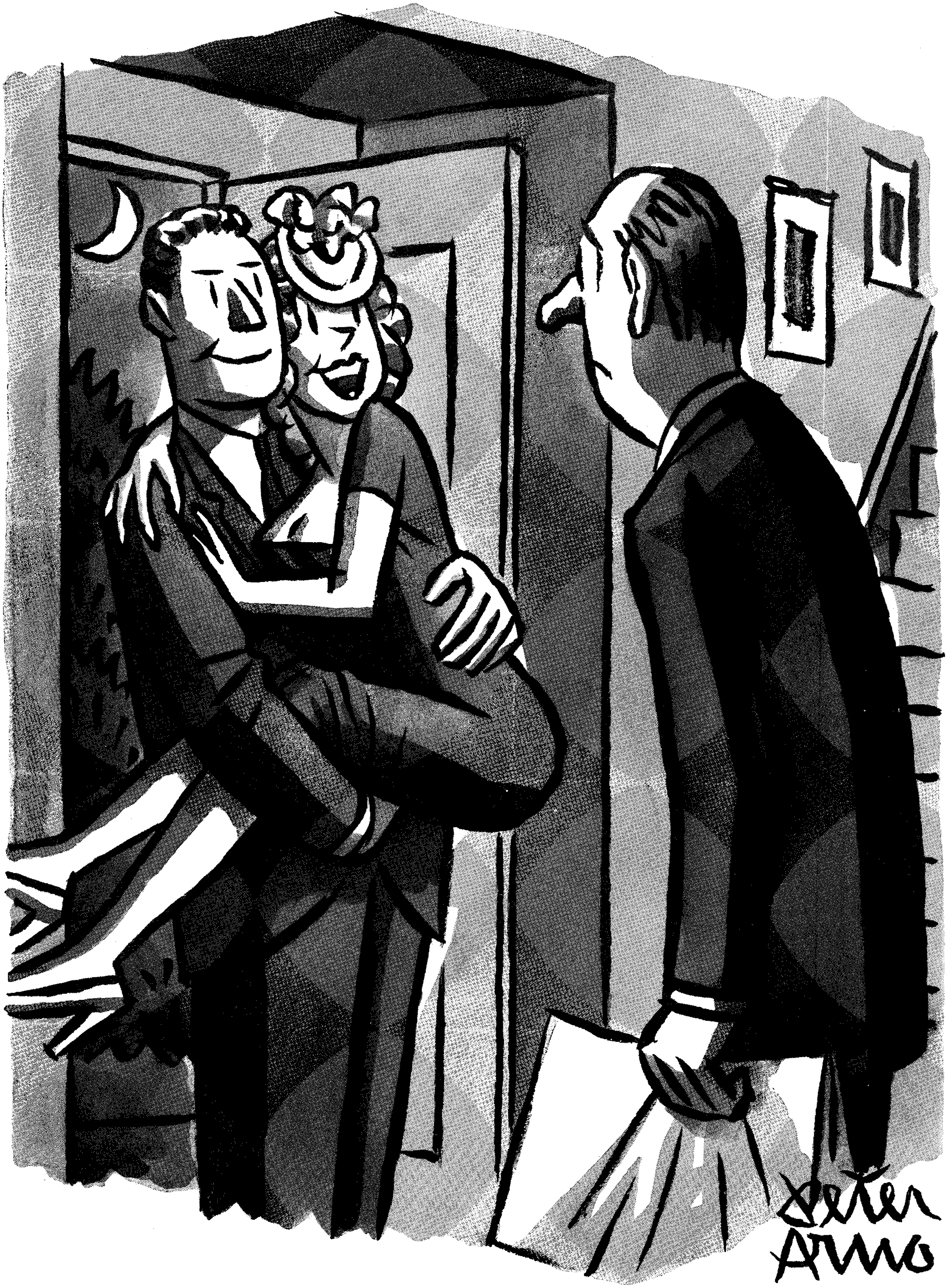
This listener would like to thank Mr. Rubinstein for the "spaces" between the notes. His phrasing was supreme. Orchards to you, Mr. Rubinstein!—*Raleigh (N.C.) Times.*

Be comforted with apples!



"My car broke down, dear, and this gentleman was kind enough to give me a lift."

BOTTLES

Died: Giorgio Morandi, 73, Italian artist, a gentle recluse who cared little for money (he often charged less than $200 for works that brought as much as $10,000 at galleries) and even less for the human figure, becoming famous instead as "the painter of bottles," which were the trademark of his still-life oils; in Bologna, Italy, June 18 [1964].—*Newsweek.*

The true work of art is the one that says less.—*Albert Camus in "Carnets 1937-1939."*

THE air in the room where we await him feels heavy—not with odors but with light. On a shelf in a corner I see a set of pale-blue cups, of an almost phosphorescent blue, lighter than opaline, the color of those beads that are clamped around the wrists of newborn babes.

One of Morandi's sisters, dressed in black from head to foot, has just closed the door soundlessly. She told us to wait, to be patient. Did she speak to us in French? Or, having heard that we came from America, did she try out her hesitant English? No, she did not, because she speaks no English. Who told me about the porcelain cups? And what do we do when Morandi comes in? Must we call him Maestro? The term, the appellation, the title (which *is* it?) is linked to memories of Toscanini, to a black-and-white stage, and to the thunder of drums heard from the first row. In any case, we will not have to call him Cher Maître. The Italian, at least, has a measure of glory in its cadence, and none of the confident servility of the French.

The sister who is dressed in black from head to foot wears a black shawl over her head, which I forgot to mention. This is of course ridiculous, making her look as if she had just walked out of a neo-realist film. (De Sica? A slightly dated Rossellini? I have not yet decided.)

In the silence, in the coolness of the room where we await Morandi, I check the point of my pencil and drop my notebook back into the bottom of my large travelling bag. I feel for, and find, my passport. I handle it for a moment, to assure myself that it has not been lost or even mislaid. I move the zippered plastic case that contains, among other things, powder, lipstick, and aspirin. I am looking for something that would make us disappear.

Why did we come? I look at my husband, who sits by my side on a dark couch. He crosses his legs and sighs. He does not like to wait. Most of the men I know don't like to wait. Sometimes I love to wait. (Right now, for example.) While I wait I can think of Morandi's sisters. He has three. It is not exactly true that I think about the sisters; I think about the one who is dressed in black from head to foot, with the black shawl over her head. Her entire life has been devoted to devotion. Another sister is away. I think she goes away very rarely, but she had to go visit a distant cousin who is sick. When Italian women go somewhere, I imagine they go for family reasons. Morandi's sister did not go away to look at somebody else's painting or to "take in a show." Nor did she get on a train in order to go shopping somewhere else. Perhaps she will return this evening. She will certainly be back by tomorrow. She does not like to be away for any length of time.

When Morandi enters the room, we will speak French. He will be quite fluent; his accent will be musical, and the Italian sonority in his voice will give the French language richness and vitality—qualities that most French people speaking French today appear to have willfully discarded. Morandi's French will be so fluent, in fact, that we will be surprised. But it will not be his mother tongue. Perhaps (although we shall not be conscious of it) he will not feel completely himself when speaking French. Perhaps, in order to find an exact meaning, he will have to make an effort. And what right have we to ask him to make an effort?

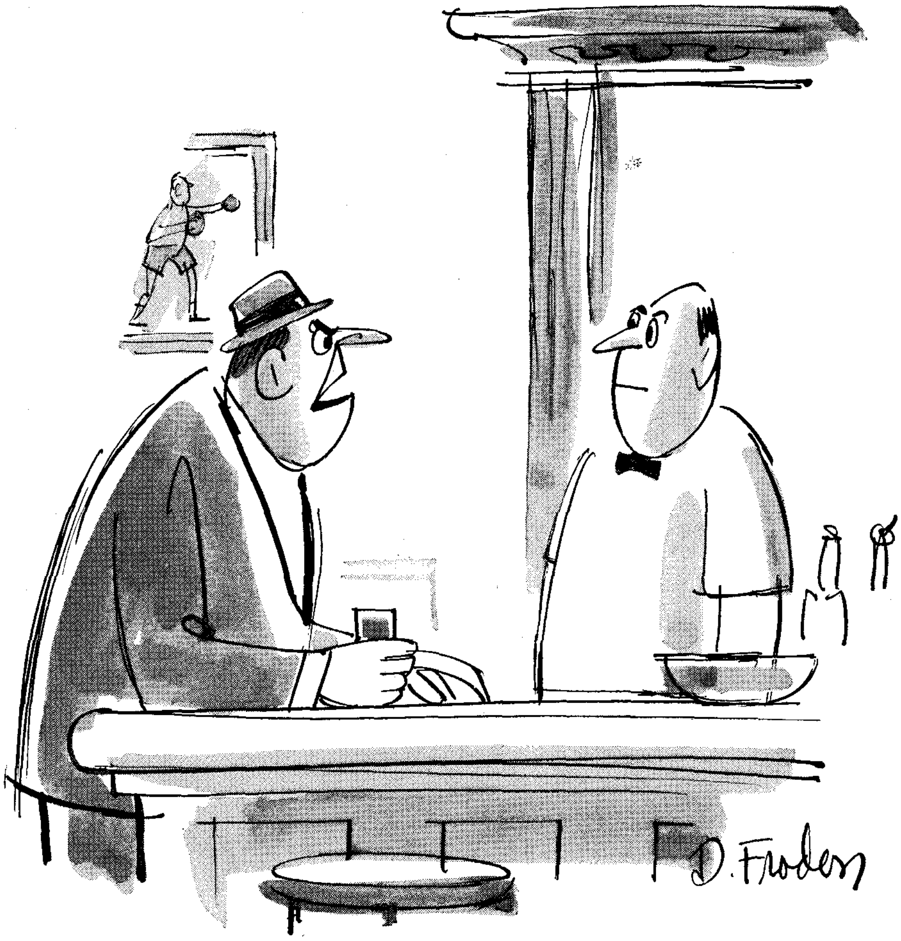
We—our first collaboration. Why did we not think of it before? We must have, but obviously nothing came of it. And why, again, this need to record, this need to take notes and photographs? At this moment, as we sit on the slightly rounded couch covered in black horsehair, the word "reportage" appears to have taken a sinister turn, toward perversion—toward the Peeping Tom. I see my husband's photographic equipment at his side, on the dark wooden floor. But I do not really see it, because it is all fitted into a small suitcase that might belong to a civil servant, except that it weighs a ton. At least I know that Morandi will not be exposed to the vulgar explosion of a flash bulb. Small consolation. Embarrassment, like most other things, can be calculated in degrees, and I would like to disappear altogether. I would like us both to disappear, with our suitcase, our intentions, pencils, notebooks, exposure meters, rolls of film, and eyeglasses.

But it is hopeless, I am afraid. I think we are here to stay. Here we are and here we remain, on the slightly rounded couch covered in black horsehair. My husband sighs and uncrosses his legs. And I know that the suitcase, the pencils, notebook, cameras, and eyeglasses are innocent objects on which we try to unload our guilt. We are guilty of the sin of intrusion.

WILL ALTER
OR
BUILD....
Albert Hubbell

IN 1957, there was a Morandi retrospective at the World House Galleries in New York. Downstairs, water fell into a long narrow basin, and philodendrons grew as philodendrons grow everywhere—that is to say, implacably. Kiesler, who co-designed the gallery, appears obsessed with organic forms, and uses them where they do not seem necessary—at least to me. Here, for example, the space was too small and the ceiling too low to begin to expound ideas, and I was made uncomfortable. The retrospective was upstairs, up the cantilevered staircase and through the arches.

My first impression as I walked through the gallery was one of coolness. I felt refreshed. Then came a sensation of repose and resolve. Blocks and arcs in still-lifes and landscapes have been turned into quasi-human geometrics. So has the squareness of Italian houses on a hillside, the curve of bottles, decanters, and opaque white vases ringed with a simple decorative design from which ephemeral flowers rise—flowers with petals carefully folded, abstract roses not unlike live wads of pink absorbent cotton. I wanted to buy an etching—flowers in a vase—as a birthday present to my husband, but when the young



"How do we know all the Commies in town aren't deliberately leaving their faucets running?"

• •

woman behind the desk gave me the price I realized that I could not possibly afford it. Hemingway quoted Gertrude Stein as giving him and his first wife the following advice: "You can either buy paintings or clothes, but you can't buy both." I had obviously been buying a little of both and getting nowhere with either. The young woman behind the desk spoke to me about Morandi, and as I was about to leave, disappointed and unresigned, she whispered to me, as if allowing herself a bit of gossip, "You can always see the Pope, but Morandi, ah, that is another matter."

That evening, while I watched over the pots, I emptied into the sink a half-full bottle of a liqueur called Fior d'Alpe, drew out the dried and crystallized flower that gave the liqueur its name, then washed the bottle out well with a bottle brush left over from formula-making for the last baby, put the bottle into the dishwasher to dry it, and when it was quite dry, clean, and still warm I filled it with peanut oil. This was the beginning of my still-life. I did not set out to make up a Morandi, but when I placed the tall bottle of peanut oil next to a plump short round one filled with dark wine vinegar, I knew what I was up to. Next, a friend gave me an earthenware bottle filled with vinegar she had made herself in the country. In time, two more bottles were added—a small slender one containing greeny French olive oil, and a rough cut-glass one with a small neck for salt. Someone, I don't remember who, then gave me a tall Italian pepper mill. That corner of my kitchen—white wall, white Formica countertop, and bottles—was a constant joy. And when I left New York to settle in Switzerland, I moved the still-life intact into a friend's kitchen.

ABOUT a year and a half ago, my husband mentioned to an Italian friend his wish to photograph Morandi.

"Oh, that's easily arranged," she said. "I don't know him, but I have a couple of his paintings, and I know his agent, Ghiringhelli, who has a marvellous gallery Via Bigli in Milan." She said this with a particular kind of ultimate generosity that does not mind importuning one friend with the wishes of another. She wrote, she telephoned, she wrote again. Everything had been arranged.

So began an entirely new trend in our matrimonial dialogues—those continuous and infinite dialogues that cannot remember their beginnings, nor possibly anticipate their end.

He said, "What fascinated me at that retrospective in New York was the realization that Morandi had been so influenced by Chirico."

I said, "Chirico? *Chirico?*"

"Yes, it's the same involvement with objects."

"I don't follow. Cézanne, yes, in the beginning, particularly in the landscapes, but *Chirico* . . ."

"Yes, you know, the involvement with the *magic* of objects."

"But Morandi is *not* involved with the magic of objects. His objects are . . . are . . ."

"Never mind."

I could see that he was frightfully bored. I could tell by the way he held his cigarette, between the index and the thumb, and by the way he exhaled the smoke, straight up.

Once, rather discouraged, I said, "Unless it's on tape, an interview is quite invalid. But perhaps certain facts will emerge. I once read that Braque, already quite old and sick, still got up at seven to paint. That seems a valid fact, and important. But do you think it's true?"

Then he said, "The only fact that can be revealed is the method by which the work is accomplished. Then the surroundings must be shown, because it is in them that the artist reached a certain state of mind. . . . It all has to be done by indirection."

The dialogue invariably ended like this:

"But how can I write about painting when I don't know anything about painting?"

"You'll be writing about a painter, not a critical essay about his painting. It's just an interview. Come on. And I want to take those photographs."

A YEAR ago last November, I took the mountain train that goes back and forth between the mountain villages and Montreux. The little train, painted blue as it was in my childhood, slalomed slowly among the vines, through the fog, toward the lake. It was still far to Geneva, and I knew I must change trains twice more, and this offers many possibilities for making mistakes. (I have never been able to trace the *cause* of a mistake, thus eliminating any chance of correcting myself.

The mistake is new each time and a total surprise. The train goes off as I am reading quietly, but I am facing the wrong way, while the train itself is, of course, going in the wrong direction.)

When I finally arrived in Geneva without a mishap and found a taxi and gave the address of the Galerie Krugier, and the taxi stopped at the door, I found the gallery closed. It was a Monday, and on that day most stores and galleries remain closed until three in the afternoon. I had, of course, forgotten. I went into a bar and ordered a cup of tea with lemon, but had to settle, instead, for a glass of Perrier. I put in a call to Ghiringhelli in Milan. The operator had a lot of trouble understanding me. The Beatles, from the jukebox, were screaming, "She loves you, yeh, yeh, yeh . . ." I made desperate signs at the man who was wiping glasses behind the bar, and he hushed the Beatles but did not altogether turn them off.

"You can see Morandi," said Mr. Ghiringhelli, trying to speak above the Beatles from Milan. "He said he would receive you and your husband any time you choose to go. Do you hear me? Any time. You can send a letter or a wire if you want to, but you don't have to. Morandi doesn't move. He will be in his apartment in Bologna. Do you understand me? One thing—very important. He doesn't want to be photographed in his little studio. He probably will not let you see it. He feels he must keep it private, do you understand?"

I said I did, and, terrified that I might have missed something, asked him to begin again. Before he did, there was a moment's silence, but only on his part.

"She loves you, yeh, yeh, yeh."

AT three o'clock exactly, the door to the Galerie Krugier was opened by a young woman who looked very much like the one I had spoken to at the World House Galleries in New York. Again a retrospective; again an impression of extraordinary peace.

I take notes. They are scribbled in pencil:

"A world of myopia, really, very dependent on form.

"Don't like profile of pitcher. [What pitcher? What am I talking about?]

"No. 28. Bottles and three blocks, first a pale salmon, next the palest pistachio green, third pink again; colors distilled to such a purity that they have become delectable, edible, evoking mythological desserts. Mythological, because the colors are quite abstracted. This is not the candy pink of a Boucher but ambrosia.

"A teapot with a shape so worked and altered that it has almost been knocked out of existence, only to enter upon a new life.

"Turquoise and jade green. Blocks again.

"Earth colors that are not earthy." (A personal aside based on private symbolism. Having to do with the fact that I cannot bear the color brown. Brown=Mud. Fatally mistaken interiors by Frank Lloyd Wright. Geometrical prints that date week by week, walls in ochre, burnt sienna, amber. And in case the message has not penetrated, he offers you a view of the desert through the window.)

At the bottom of the notebook page I record a dialogue between two Beats: male and female, beard and sandals, long brown hair and long brown hair; glasses and glasses; brown corduroy and black corduroy. The young man, who looks as enraptured as that type of young man can look, says, "In the end, this is more abstract than Mondrian, and you know why?"

"No, I don't," she says. And then, "Why?" she asks.

And he answers, "Because this painting does not have the metaphysical pretensions that Mondrian's painting has. That's why."

The girl at the desk asks me if I like painting in general and Morandi's in particular. We talk. I tell her that I am going to Bologna to see Morandi and that is why I came down specially to Geneva to see the retrospective.

"Did you know that Morandi is a recluse?" she asks.

A recluse. No, I didn't know. That means that at some point he arrived at certain conclusions about life in general and his own artist's life in particular. (Isn't the life of an artist in a sense the most private of lives, unconsciously chosen and unconsciously guided, often lived helplessly as within a dream, without dispute, but also without power, and certainly without rapture, unlike living in a state of grace?)

NOW the room is growing darker. (How many years since I've been to Italy!) My husband coughs lightly and uncrosses his legs. At that moment Morandi walks in. We are not at all surprised by his appearance. Since the invention of photography, only an immense discrepancy in size can still surprise. As a child I thought the Mona Lisa took up a whole wall, like the Jeanne d'Arc of Bastien-Lepage.

Morandi has thick white hair, brushed forward and cut short just below the hairline. He wears glasses; these have tortoise-shell rims, but he has lots of other pairs of glasses. (I saw a photograph of his glasses at the Ga-

lerie Krugier. They were arranged as a still-life; steel-rimmed, tortoise-rimmed, all different shapes; beautiful objects, necessary, indispensable—photogenic and miraculous objects.)

His eyes are dark, slightly veiled behind the glasses. We both rise. He greets us. He is perfectly at ease. In case we thought we would be confronted with a simple man, we were mistaken. But of course we never thought that. Resolution in art has never been reached through simplicity.

Morandi speaks. He speaks of art. He never intended going *against* a current; he ran parallel to that current. Of course, in the beginning there was Cézanne. (I nod, ever so slightly, in the direction of my husband, but he is intent and does not notice.) Morandi says he never knew, as most artists of his generation did, the Paris of the twenties. His French is excellent. I do not feel we are imposing. I have forgotten myself and my apprehension. We listen. Soon we will take photographs, while there is still enough light. I have a feeling that perhaps we shall be allowed to see the forbidden studio—Bluebeard's closet.

When Ghiringhelli said to me, over the telephone from Milan, "He doesn't want to be photographed in his little studio. He probably will not let you see it. He feels he must keep it private, do you understand?," I understood. A lock, a door, a key above the door, but the key does not really resemble a key; it looks more like an old Spanish roasting fork, only it is a key. In other words, it is an imaginary object, decorative, made of wrought iron, but it does open the door to Morandi's private little studio. The studio is a secret room. It is Bluebeard's closet, where the inanimate victims of his inspiration await his thoughts and his brush. They wait, on shelves and tables—wait for the methodical translation of life into art. They wait like the artificial apples Cézanne finally had to use because the others tormented him by rotting—"*les bougresses*," he called them. These models can wait and gather dust, far from the confusion of human passions. Here in this closet Morandi meditates—because he paints little nowadays, and it takes him a long time to prepare a painting.

He "cared little for money . . . and even less for the human figure, becoming famous instead as 'the painter of bottles.' " Bottles. A pitcher. A box for tea. Two cubes. More bottles. Very dusty? I can't tell. But the late-afternoon light is still warm.

In Morandi's secret studio I find his pitchers and bottles and boxes for tea and cubes and vases, and I recognize them as if I had spent half my life among them. (One summer years ago, I was returning by car to Paris from the South of France. A friend was driving and I had gone to sleep in the back of the car. I awoke to an almost unbearably familiar landscape. I felt I had been there before, but could not remember when. I told this to my friend, who said, "No wonder it looks familiar; it's the Mont-Sainte-Victoire.")

So the still-life stands all arranged in the warm afternoon light, and on the easel I see the beginnings of a Morandi. And it is as if the unfinished still-life suspected its own resolution. There is no need of the human figure. Nor the need of a larger universe.

French children are in the habit of saying "If . . . If . . . If . . ." all the time. It is a habit. Like the direct "Why?" of the American child. And the French mother inevitably comes to chide her child. "Do not say if if if all the time," she says. "Haven't you heard

THE BATHING BEACH

(East Hampton)

As Aphrodite, the mother of love, from the curled sea-wave
Rose, so this one, bikini-clad, goes down to the sea;
The tender budding of the young breasts held firm by the narrow bra,
The hollow of the belly naked, the pale hair
Straight as still rain or over the balanced shoulders blown,
She enters the waters that to receive so sweet a burden
Quiver as they part—the wallowing waters where girls and boys
Shout to each other, battling the breakers, riding
The long chute of the rollers that crumble along the shore.
Beyond, in the farther, quieter reaches, the swimmers move
In rhythm with the sea's motion, the slow swell
Of the billow rises like a great breast, like a great breast subsides,
Under a boundless heaven of wandering cloud—no voice,
No sound is here. But, landward, the tireless combers
Pound and pound, to shatter in surges of foam, sun-glittering spray,
Cannonade and shock of plunging waters; the huge
Serpent of the world there folds and unfolds his monstrous coils
With rustle and drag of interminable masses irresistibly moving,
Shifting position, endlessly shaking the ocean bed,
Drowning the happy shouting of boys and girls, the excited
Shrieks of youngsters rolled in the sea-spume, drowning
Old Triton's horn, perhaps, or the whinny of Father Poseidon's
Stallions, there where his chariot, churning the level brine,
Far out, moves swiftly over stilled waters, drowning
The plaintive radio music from the near beaches:
The choral blues, their savage and sorrowful celebration
Of love's adorable body, its taunting loveliness,
To the brute desecration and sensual mystery foredoomed—
The chant of the praise of life in act, its cruel necessities,
And the ache of desire. This music, before the oceanic thunder
And smash of the sea, falls silent. Light, light,
Along the horizon; on blue-green waters, on dune and foreland,
Light; and on shoulders that gleam through the surf, on gliding
Wing and drifting sea-cloud, while, over all, Helios, father
And god, from his golden lyre pours heavenly harmonies.
Joy, oh joy of the laughing bathers, joy
Of wind and wave, of sea-bird skimming the wave-crest,
Joy of clash and tumult, clamor of conflicting waters
In massive undulation marching, thud of breakers,
Labor of the sea, shuffle and wash of withdrawing surges,
Salt-spume, sea-odor, spindrift, scatter of sea-spray,
Clang and shudder of the sea, rocking the old foundations,
πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης, the sea, the sea!

—John Hall Wheelock

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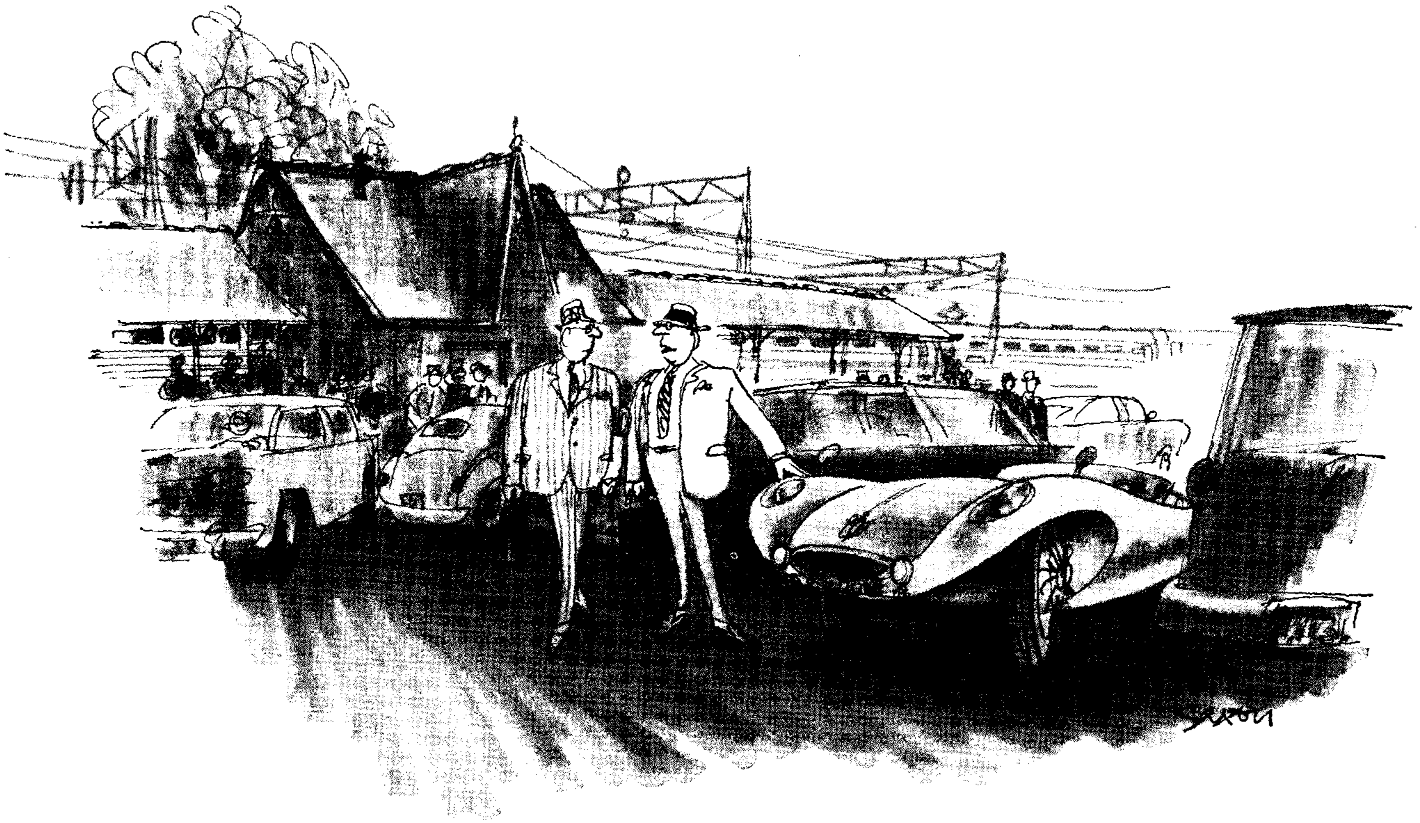

"This is me, here."

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that if Paris was small enough you could put it in a bottle?"

Morandi can fit a universe into a bottle. Nor does he need to shrink that universe, which is one of very subtle relationships between volumes and color. It is very simple. When he paints a bottle, he creates a universe.

Camus said, "The true work of art is the one that says less." The decisive statement, in a work of art, can be the untold one. In Morandi's still-lifes, it is after every object has been stripped, filtered, purified, and purged, in order that the unseen weight and the unfelt volume can give the bottles, the pitcher, the vase, the blocks, the box of tea, and the salmon-colored blocks a final possibility of perfection.

Morandi sits down, and I notice that his white smock is spattered with pale spots of paint. My husband and I sit down once more. . .

BUT why do I go on with this when I know that none of it ever happened? Why do I insist on writing what is simply an imaginary interview? *None* of it happened. We were to go to Bologna, yes, that is true, but the fact is we never went. We never went to Bologna. The first time, our maid took sick. There she lay, in great disarray in her feather bed in the attic, moaning and asking me whether or not I thought she would die. I could not leave her, and two children besides. The second time, one of us (how loyal not to be able to remember, if only for a moment, but I think it was *him*) came down with a heavy feverish cold. The first time, we sent a wire of apology. The second time, we decided to write a letter, because a wire might be delivered at an inconvenient hour, whereas a letter would wait in the mailbox until someone in the household was willing to take action.

We thought, Will we ever have the courage to start again in the fall? "Go any time," our friend encouraged us. "It's all right. I wouldn't tell you that if it wasn't."

Soon after, we read in the papers that Morandi had died.

Why did I write an imaginary interview? Perhaps because of that problem of validity. This interview is real in one way, as the other would have been in another. I would have noted other details, which would not have had any final significance. The sister or the sisters might have worn tapered shoes with thin heels and printed silk dresses from Paris and it would not have mattered very much in the end. And I have become rather attached to the sisters, to the way I see them.

Soon the sister in black will appear (the one whose life has been devoted to devotion) and she will tell us that we must not tire her brother. My imagination has not carried me too far. She will not represent Fate or Death; she will be Morandi's sister and anxious about him. He tires so easily lately. Nothing will be said, but her presence will indicate that we must leave. I look at my husband. I know that he is thinking in terms of layouts and lead photographs. We have five minutes left.

The light is still heavy and beautiful, strong enough (although we did not think it would be) to shoot daylight on fast film. The camera is a Nikon.

Morandi pushes up his tortoise-shell spectacles until they rest on his forehead. The eyes, without their spectacles, look more remote. I don't hear the click of the Nikon. Perhaps because this very photograph has already been taken. And during all this time I have not taken a single note. I find my notebook, and at the bottom of my bag grope for a pencil.

—NATACHA STEWART

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Sheriff Robert J. Horvat said that his life, the livers of his six deputies and the livers of all their families had been threatened repeatedly in the last few days by members of the terrorist organization.—*Detroit News.*

The old Hepatitis mob.

LETTER FROM ALGIERS

JULY 2

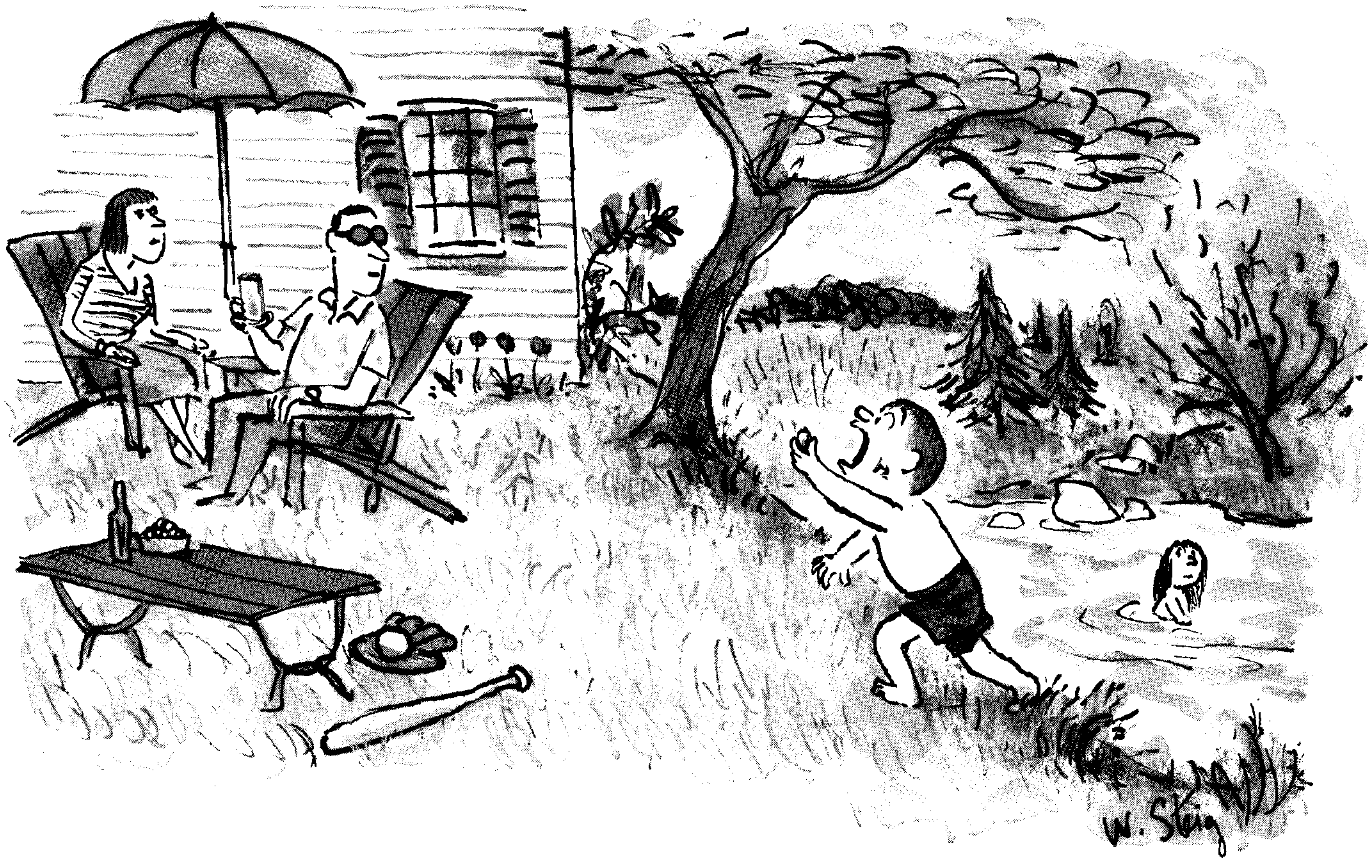
IT is doubtful whether any national capital, even Saigon or Santo Domingo, has undergone more turmoil during the last two weeks than this one. The military coup that overthrew President Ahmed Ben Bella on June 19th, and also overthrew the second Afro-Asian Conference, which was scheduled to take place here between June 24th and July 5th, may have indefinitely delayed the development of an economically independent Algeria and also indefinitely set back the cause of so-called Afro-Asian solidarity—events (or non-events) whose repercussions could affect the relations of the nonaligned African and Asian nations with Peking, Moscow, and Washington for a long time. The conference, which was to have been the first such gathering since the initial one, in Bandung, Indonesia, in the spring of 1955, has been rescheduled to begin here on October 28th, but a considerable number of disgruntled delegates, having come thousands of miles for what turned out to be a fiasco, are not so sure they will try again, and those who prudently decided to stay away this time, including representatives of most of the politically moderate French-speaking African nations and of the African and Asian members of the British Commonwealth, are now highly reluctant to come at all. Beyond the question of whether there should have been any attempt to hold the conference so soon after a violent political upheaval are the question of future relations between the two unwieldy blocs of Asian and African countries, on the one hand, and the question of coöperation within each bloc. What appeared ten years ago to be an international development of considerable historical significance—the bringing together of the old and new nations of Asia with the fledgling nations of Africa to take a stand against the dying colonialism of Western Europe and against "imperialism" in general—has turned into a vague and complicated business that at the moment is creating more political problems than it is settling. For one thing, "imperialism" has acquired new connotations as a term of opprobrium, and some of the new nations now employ it against each other as violently as they once did against their European overlords. Also, the spectrum has shifted as the principles of economic regionalism and bilateralism have been developed, and in this context the color of skin on occasion seems to have become less important than the color of money. Somewhat ironically, Algeria, despite its previous shrill anti-imperialist protestations, was at the time of the coup about to conclude a monumental four-hundred-million-dollar coöperative industrial-development agreement with France—an arrangement that in conventional left-wing circles could surely have been described as the epitome of neo-colonialism. Algeria, one of many African countries that have achieved independence since Bandung, belongs to the large company of "underdeveloped" nations that are now discovering something the Western states learned painfully during the centuries of their own development: that while the equality of nations is a pleasant concept, some nations always turn out to be more equal than others; power and prestige are variable and often treacherous; and man's capacity for divisive debate is greater than his capacity for harmony.

WHAT has been happening in Algiers would make an ideal scenario for the combined talents of Mack Sennett, David O. Selznick, and Alfred Hitchcock. Preparations for the conference were immense and expensive, costing the Algerians eighteen million dollars, and the scenes that preceded its collapse were reminiscent of a Keystone comedy, with delegates dashing pell-mell all over town wrangling about whether the meetings should actually be opened and playing diplomatic bargaining games with each other until all the foreign representatives (there were eight hundred), and all the correspondents as well (five hundred), were thoroughly confused. Then, on June 25th, part of the fancy brand-new conference hall, called Le Club des Pins, was blown up, apparently by supporters of Ben Bella, and the next day the embarrassed Algerians announced that the meeting was cancelled. During this wild week, most of Algiers was playing out its own mystery drama, which might have been entitled "Ben Bella Vanishes." After the deposed President was whisked from his home in the middle of the night, there arose the questions of just what his fate would be and what course the Algerian "socialist revolution" would now take. These matters are not likely to be decided right away; in fact, the consensus is that it may be several months, at least, before the revolutionary path is recharted. Meanwhile, as the city writhes in a summer sirocco, and the hotels, restaurants, and shops curse their luck (especially since a big youth conference set for Algiers late in July has also been postponed), the predominant atmosphere is one of anticlimax and uncertainty.

Some people here predict that the coup, led by the austere and taciturn Colonel Houari Boumedienne, who, as Vice-President and Defense Minister, was Ben Bella's closest associate, may be the first of several upheavals, exposing Algeria to the kind of chaos that has beset South Vietnam in the last two years—although the Algerians, fortunately for them, are not engaged in a colonial or a fratricidal war. Others say that while there is bound to be considerable jockeying for position in the new regime, the Army will easily maintain full control. The new ruling body, the twenty-six-man Algerian Revolutionary Council, insists that the nation's policies, both internal and external, will be no different from what they were under Ben Bella—that Algeria will now simply "implement and rationalize" its revolution and get it back on the track of "democratic centralism." Obviously hurt by the adverse reaction of some Communist countries, notably Russia and Cuba, to their coup, the Algerians are defensively declaring that they won't countenance "interference of any kind" in their affairs from either Communist or non-Communist countries. "We don't need foreign advice," Boumedienne said last Wednesday, in what could be the first sign of an incipient xenophobia. Actually, however, the new regime is likely to move cautiously in international affairs, and so enable the rest of the world to evaluate it. The French will be making a special reassessment of their own. For them, the month of June was in many respects difficult. While one former possession, South Vietnam, broke relations with France, threatening her with sizable economic losses in that part of the world, another, Algeria, was indulging in political gymnastics that could jeopardize a proposed economic arrangement between a former mother country and a poverty-ridden offspring that had, in effect, asked to be taken back into the economic fold.

In losing both the big conference and Ben Bella, Algeria has lost not only national prestige but an impressive international personality. Whatever the truth of the Revolutionary Council's charges that Ben Bella had become a dictatorial charlatan who surrounded himself with sycophants and developed a cult of personality at the expense of economic progress, Ben Bella was a man of some charm and influence who was held in considerable esteem in such diverse quarters as Peking, Belgrade, Havana, and Moscow. His detractors now explain this esteem as being the result of "foreign adventurism," which they define as the exploitation of "a personal style that was full of confusion, improvisation, and contradictions;" what he did, they say, was "use the prestige of his country to push his own prestige." Ben Bella has been described by correspondents as the Sukarno of Africa, and the description has a certain aptness, in that, like Sukarno, he used his foreign involvements as an excuse for not minding the store back home. On the other hand, his policy undeniably paid off in the short run, by keeping him in the limelight not only as one of the most dynamic figures in the Arab world but also as the would-be leader of a worldwide third force—a role he had hoped to assume at the Afro-Asian Conference. But although he offered asylum in Algiers to representatives of a number of revolutionary movements, ranging from the Portuguese African underground to the Vietcong (the new government, incidentally, has emphasized that the policy will be continued), he had not succeeded in winning the acclaim, or even the recognition, of a majority of the other African nations; only about half of them were diplomatically represented in Algiers. It may be that Ben Bella was ahead of his time; while engaged in working out his own power formula inside Algeria, he was simultaneously seeking to project himself onto the Arab-African stage from Yemen to South Africa, but the other players on the stage were too deeply preoccupied with establishing their own national identities to welcome his interference. As one Western diplomat here has put it, "the African pot is still boiling, and Ben Bella tried to serve the stew too soon." Unlike Sukarno, who has had specific, highly emotional issues to exploit, such as those of West New Guinea and Malaysia, the only external revolution that Ben Bella could make use of was the one in the Congo, and even there his help to the rebels had in one way or another been diluted or subverted.

BEN BELLA's removal took place in the third week of June, and I arrived shortly afterward. I have since pieced together what happened. Internally, Algeria had been suffering for some time from what observers have described as political schizophrenia—an attempt by a small group of intellectuals to mix the tenets of Marxism with those of Islam to create, in effect, a Moslemized Socialism. Meanwhile, the Army, a force of almost sixty thousand men, well supplied with Soviet weapons



"Gold!"

and equipment, including several hundred tanks and about sixty jet planes, had evolved into a state within a state. Under Colonel Boumedienne, the soldiers—most of whom received about a hundred dollars a month, or more than many skilled or any unskilled Algerian laborers—became the dominant power group in the country. This supremacy dated back to 1962, when Ben Bella subjugated his nationalist rivals by making an agreement with Colonel Boumedienne whereby, in return for the Army's support of the regime, the Colonel would have control of three key Ministries—Defense, Foreign Affairs, and Interior—and of two lesser ones. The alliance between Ben Bella and Boumedienne was consolidated during 1963 and 1964, when some of the rebel leaders who were fighting the government in the Kabylia Mountains were neutralized or captured and others were persuaded by Ben Bella to surrender. At a congress of Algeria's only party, the National Liberation Front, last year, Ben Bella sought to remold it in his own image, but in order to carry this off he had to accept stronger Army influence in its seventeen-man leadership. Thereafter, he began moving toward a showdown with Boumedienne. He reshuffled his Cabinet so that it would be dominated by men of his choosing. He took over the Interior Ministry himself, in violation of his agreement with Boumedienne, and he assumed greater personal control of the Ministry of Economics and Finance by splitting it up and placing obedient technicians in charge of the various departments. Next, he put trusted friends at the head of the country's fifteen regional prefectures. However, as the trend toward government by crony and by loyal civil servants continued, the influence of Ben Bella's old Marxist friends gave way to that of Moslem elements—a development that was the result of a concession Ben Bella had reluctantly made to Boumedienne. Eventually, Ben Bella seemed to realize that he had gone too far in eliminating political rivals, and began some attempts at reconciliation, most notably with Hocine Ait Ahmed, who had once been his friend, had later joined the Kabylia rebels, had been captured and sentenced to death, and had then been reprieved. This did not sit particularly well with Boumedienne, whose men had fought hard against the rebels. Boumedienne also had scant regard for Ben Bella's brand of "scientific Socialism," dominated largely by technicians; instead, he favored still more Moslemization of the government.

"If anything, he's even more crabby since he kissed the Blarney stone!"

Apparently, Ben Bella, aware that he and Boumedienne were now on a collision course, decided to seize the occasion of the Afro-Asian Conference for a daring maneuver. On the eve of the conference, it is said, he planned to announce the dismissal of Abdelaziz Bouteflika, the Foreign Minister, and thus deprive Boumedienne of control over another of the three major posts that were supposedly in his domain. Ben Bella had been handling most foreign affairs himself anyway, including preparations for the conference, and he seems to have concluded that, with so many distinguished visitors in Algiers, and with the final session of the conference falling on the national Independence Day, July 5th, Boumedienne would not dare to strike back. Boumedienne, however, got wind of Ben Bella's plans, and moved first. The man who tipped Boumedienne off was Colonel Tahar Zbiri, the Chief of Staff of the Army and an old friend of Ben Bella's. He had been assigned by Ben Bella to Boumedienne's office a year earlier, to keep an eye on the Defense Minister, but then Boumedienne and Zbiri became secret allies. (Zbiri's affection for Ben Bella had been appreciably diminished when Ben Bella dressed him down for a minor offense in front of some fellow-officers.)

In the coup, Boumedienne, though he is not regarded as much of a politician, proved himself a subtle tactician. He employed the Trojan-horse trick, subverting the security guard around Villa Joly, Ben Bella's Presidential residence. The chief of the guard, a man named Draia, was persuaded to join in the plot, and he gave the conspirators the password used when the guard detachments at the gates and around Ben Bella's house were changed. Shortly after midnight on June 19th, Boumedienne's soldiers, dressed in uniforms of the sort worn

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by the guards, moved in. At the same time, Boumedienne deployed a dozen tanks around the Villa Joly and zeroed the guns of four of them in on the house. About 1 A.M., Colonel Zbiri and three regional Army commanders, with about fifty soldiers, came to the gates and were immediately let in by their disguised confreres. Ben Bella was asleep. Zbiri shouted up to him that he was under arrest "in the name of the Revolutionary Council." Ben Bella shouted back an Arabic phrase that can be translated as "To hell with the devil!" and then got dressed and came down. He insisted that he be escorted only by Zbiri, apparently fearing that any of the three regional officers might kill him on the spot. "History will not forget your actions," he said bitterly, and as he passed the phony guards, whom he took to be his own men, he said sarcastically, "I thank you for your loyalty." He was led across the street to the Palace of the People, which had been the residence of Algeria's governors-general under the French and had been converted into a reception building for state functions, and two hours later he was driven to Admiralty Headquarters, not far away, where four Russian-made patrol boats were waiting, at Boumedienne's order. One of them carried the captured President a few miles farther, to a deserted beach. That is as far as he can be traced. According to one story, he was then taken to a nearby airstrip and flown to Tamanrasset, a post, deep in the Sahara, that had previously been used for the detention of political prisoners. A more likely story has it that he is being held in an Army prison somewhere near Algiers. There have also been conflicting reports on whether Ben Bella was beaten; two of his top aides, who were arrested with him, are known to have been hurt, and one of them is said to have died. At the moment, it is generally agreed that Ben Bella is still alive.

Although there has been some trouble here and there in the country since the coup, particularly in the cities of Oran, Bône, and Constantine, only about a dozen people have been killed. Certainly there have been no "massacres," such as were reported abroad by segments of the left-wing press—especially the Parisian Communist paper *L'Humanité*, whose correspondent was expelled from Algiers at the end of June for spreading such stories. The fabrication and dissemination of exaggerated reports of this kind has become known in Algeria in recent years as *intox*—short for *"intoxica-*

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tion"—a game in which false rumors are spread as a means of whipping up public reaction. While the Revolutionary Council lost no time in denouncing Ben Bella for "high treason," "morbid love of power," "narcissistic policies," "blackmail," "political charlatanism," and "sordid calculations," among other sins, it is not likely to rush him to trial. For one thing, his friends abroad, including Nasser, Tito, and Castro, have either openly defended him or privately expressed dismay at his overthrow. Of all the Communist nations, only China was quick to recognize the Boumedienne regime, and this action was motivated by a desire to see the Afro-Asian Conference take place on schedule. The Chinese hoped to make the conference a forum for attacking both the Americans and the Russians and for renouncing the principle of nonalignment, enunciated ten years ago at Bandung, in favor of a tough offensive against both "old" and "new"—that is, American, Russian, Indian, and Malaysian—"imperialist reactionaries."

AFTER Ben Bella's downfall, the lack of knowledge about Boumedienne and his politics inevitably gave rise to rumors that other nations, from China to the United States, were behind the coup. Actually, the Americans had been so thoroughly snubbed by Ben Bella toward the end of his regime that our embassy here was obviously glad to see him go, and it was this unconcealed jubilation that led the Communists, among others, to accuse the Central Intelligence Agency of having had a finger in the pie. The fact seems to be that no foreign nation had any advance notice of the coup, and in that sense it was, as the Algerians have insisted, a purely internal affair. To all the other powers, with the possible exception of the French, Boumedienne is an enigma. There are broad gaps in his known personal history, as in that of many another Algerian revolutionary who was underground or in exile in Tunisia, Egypt, Switzerland, or somewhere else for many years—a situation that provides these men with a chance to fill in their biographies as they see fit. As it happens, Boumedienne appears to have done less of this than some of the others, but that in itself is no help in solving the mystery of his personality. A painfully shy man who feels most at home with Army people, the Colonel is sandy-haired, blond-mustached, and relatively tall for an Algerian. He has sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, which give him an ecclesiastical look when he is

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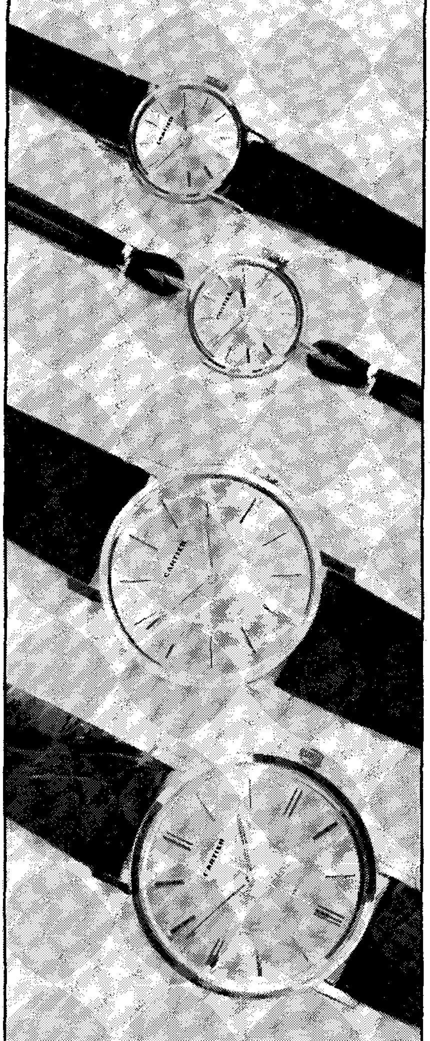

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silent and abstracted, as he often is; when he is talking, he sometimes suggests a younger version of the North Vietnamese leader Ho Chi Minh. Boumedienne, the son of a poor farmer, never went beyond high school, except, according to most reports, for five months at a second-rate Egyptian military academy. (Some people, though, say he attended but did not graduate from Al Azhar University, in Cairo.) Contrary to numerous stories, he did not receive military training in either Peking or Moscow. He is a left-wing revolutionary of a decidedly Moslem, rather than Marxist, cast, and, doubtless in consequence, his coup has so far been looked at askance by most Communist nations as "rightist." Whereas Ben Bella was someone the Communists felt they could deal with in both ideological and practical terms, Boumedienne is as much of a question mark to them as he is to everybody else. He is generally regarded as anti-intellectual, and ideology seems to mean little to him, except as it refers specifically to the Algerian revolution. He joined the revolution at the outset, in 1954, and operated in exile in Cairo until 1957, when he returned to command the rebels in the Oran sector. The Colonel's dress is as anomalous as his politics; since the coup he has put away his uniform, which he previously wore without insignia, and now appears in poorly fitting, unmatched trousers and jackets, with no tie. He is ruling, at least for the time being, simply as head of the Revolutionary Council, which consists mostly of regular Army men, plus four or five top political holdovers from the Ben Bella regime (including Foreign Minister Bouteflika) who are actually military officers in civilian jobs.

Almost as soon as the coup was over, several former political leaders who had been ousted by Ben Bella returned to Algiers, and several who had been living in seclusion here surfaced. Among the latter was Ferhat Abbas, one of the most prominent moderate nationalist leaders; Boumedienne has been making overtures to Abbas to join the government, but Abbas has refused to do so unless the Army returns control of the country to civilians. This foreshadows a struggle of the kind that has been taking place in South Vietnam in the last two years. Over the next several weeks or months, behind-the-scenes negotiations between Boumedienne and the prominent former revolutionaries will undoubtedly continue, but there is little chance that Boumedienne will be willing to relin-

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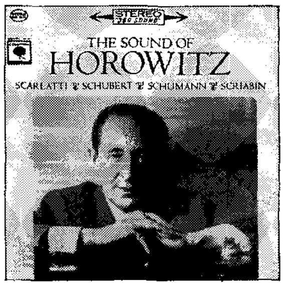

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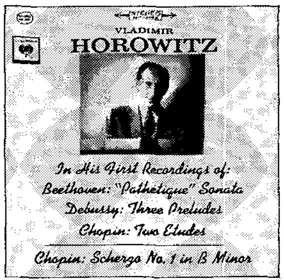
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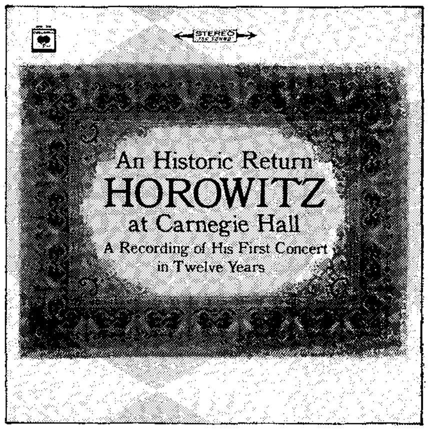
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quish the Army's hold on the government. In the meantime, observers here say, two internal courses will be strongly pursued—the continued Moslemization of the government, through the elevation of religious leaders to greater prominence, and the economic-development program. As for the latter, even if the French will still agree to underwrite it, they are not apt to implement it until they are persuaded that Boumedienne is a responsible leader, that the administrative machinery of the country has not been impaired, and that any counter-revolutionary elements can be controlled. So far, the only disturbances have been relatively minor Communist-directed street demonstrations by students, which the police, treading softly while the Asian-African delegates were still here, dispersed with fire hoses, brief bursts of tear gas, and a few shots fired into the air. Now, however, the radical student elements could become more bold, and so could the police and the soldiers. Another unknown factor here is the future behavior of the labor unions, which have been essentially pro-Ben Bella—although, like every other group, they had been increasingly alienated by his growing hunger for power in recent months. Ben Bella's residual popularity is hard to gauge, partly because highly vocal pro-Ben Bella elements, consisting of perhaps seven hundred university students out of nearly six thousand, and some other left-wing intellectuals, have tended to drown out the far more numerous moderate voices. The fact is that the average Algerian, whether urban worker or merchant or peasant, cared very little one way or the other about Ben Bella, being mainly preoccupied by the arduous daily business of squeezing out a living from a country where half the labor force is unemployed. If Boumedienne is to make good on his promises of "resurrecting" the Algerian revolution and reëstablishing its basic Socialist principles, these are the people to whom he will have to appeal, and it is hard to see how he can do so except by improving their lot.

THE new regime scarcely put its best foot forward at the start. To make the first presentation of its case to the world, it chose Major Si Slimane, a staff officer, and on the afternoon of June 23rd, the day before the visiting Foreign Ministers were scheduled to meet to plan the subsequent gathering of chiefs of state, he harangued the foreign press limp for two hours. He repeated a long indictment of

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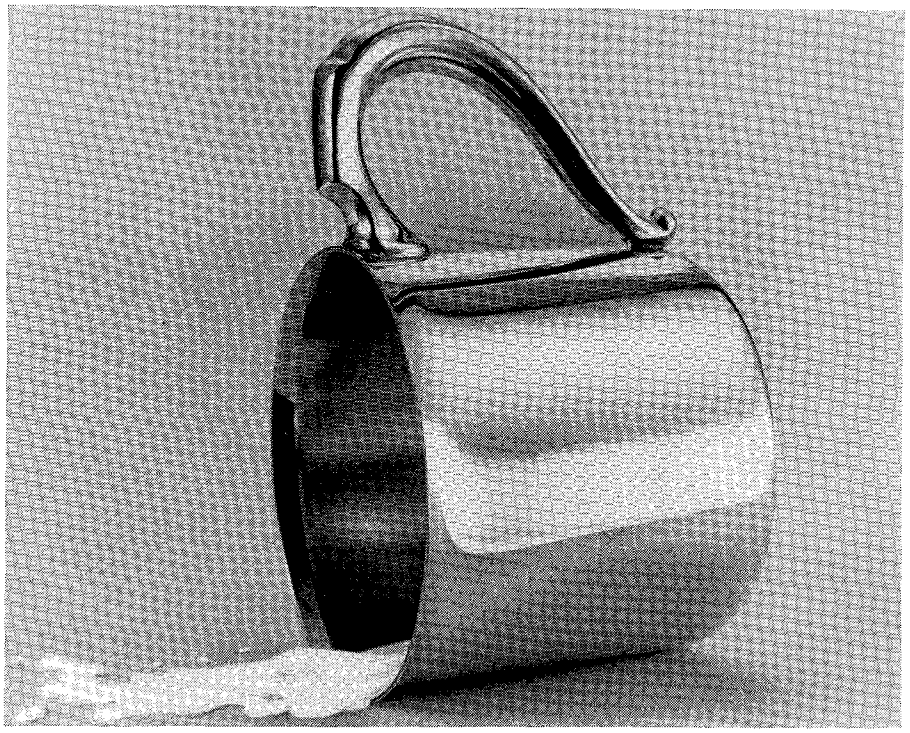

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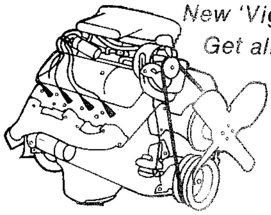

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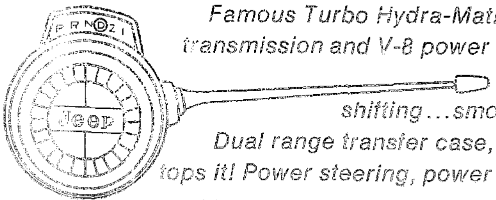

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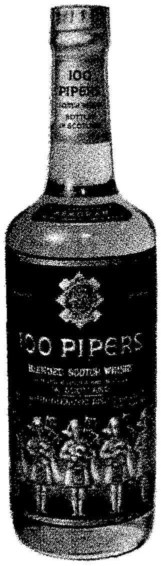

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Ben Bella that had already been released by the Revolutionary Council, and took the correspondents to task for having spread lies about the nature of the coup and of the new government. His manner was arrogant, pedantic, and supercilious, and afterward even Algerian officials privately described his performance as "disastrous." The correspondents had hoped for a discussion of plans for the conference, but all that Slimane could reveal was that Algeria intended to go through with it, "because it wants to."

Now there began what more than one delegate has described as a circus. While the Algerians, unwilling to lose the prestige of being hosts to the conference, insisted that the coup made no difference as far as it was concerned, the foreign nations obviously thought otherwise, if only because they feared that their delegates' mere presence in Algiers would imply approval of the new regime. Ultimately, only thirty-six of the sixty-four countries invited sent delegations, and not all of these stayed through the week of preliminary discussions. Not a single chief of state got here, and many of the Foreign Ministers who were scheduled to forgather appointed their ambassadors to Algeria to serve as their representatives. A grand total of fourteen African delegations showed up, six of them from Arab states.

The conference probably received its most serious blow on June 21st, when the representatives of British Commonwealth nations meeting in London—including thirteen of the African and Asian states that were expected to send delegates—suggested that it be postponed indefinitely; the Algerian Foreign Ministry quickly sent two emissaries to London, and the Chinese sent one, too, to get these nations to change their minds, but to no avail. The Arab states, led by Egypt, initially wanted to support Algeria in the interests of Arab unity, but the leaders of several of them, most notably Nasser, did not care for the way in which Ben Bella had been deposed and imprisoned, so they quietly began trying to persuade the Algerians to postpone the meeting. When that failed, the leading Egyptian newspaper, *Al Ahram*, of Cairo, warned Boumedienne sharply against "harming one hair of Ben Bella's head" and went on to say that conditions in Algeria were too confused to permit the conference to be held. At the same time, the Indians, the Ceylonese, the Japanese, the Filipinos, the Mongolians, and the Thais drafted a resolution to present to

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"Our compliments to stateroom stewardess Anna Møller, who extended herself beyond the requirements to make our trip the enjoyable one it was. We look forward eagerly to other Norwegian America Line cruises!"

(FROM A TEANECK, N.J. PASSENGER . . . NAME ON REQUEST)

Nice tributes like this to individual crew members come with welcome frequency from cruise passengers aboard the *Bergensfjord* or *Oslofjord.* Anna Møller's luminous smile reflects a warmth and dignity that are shared by the others who staff our ships. To these men and women, service at sea is a proud and happy calling, bound up with age-old traditions which have made Norway the seafaringest nation on earth. How much that means to you in extra enjoyment is one of the many pleasant discoveries awaiting you on your first NAL cruise. Here's the list to choose from, including four by our beautiful new flagship *Sagafjord,* which enters service this fall. Ask your travel agent:

CAREFREE CRUISES 1965-66

Oct. 1	W. INDIES-S. AMERICA	Oslofjord	24 days	Dec. 22	CHRISTMAS-W. INDIES	Oslofjord	12 days
Oct. 20	FALL MEDITERRANEAN	Bergensfjord	47 days	Jan. 7	CARIBBEAN GRAND	Oslofjord	24 days
Nov. 10	THANKSGIVING-W. INDIES	Sagafjord	19 days	Jan. 8	AROUND THE WORLD	Sagafjord	93 days
Dec. 3	EARLY WINTER-W. INDIES	Sagafjord	15 days	Jan. 19	S. PACIFIC-S. AMERICA	Bergensfjord	77 days
Dec. 20	CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY-W.I.	Sagafjord	17 days	Feb. 2	MEDITERRANEAN	Oslofjord	54 days

Regular sailings from New York to Copenhagen and Oslo: Aug. 10, 17; Sept. 3, 10; Oct. 15, 27; Dec. 8.

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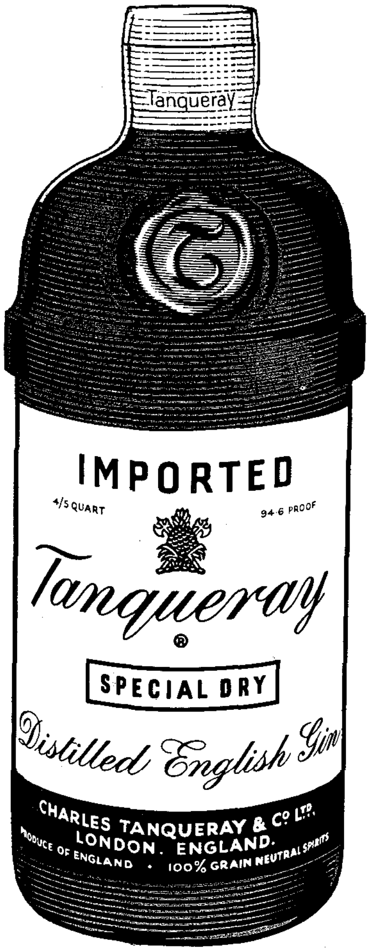
the Foreign Ministers—if they ever met—suggesting that the conference be postponed, but then couldn't agree among themselves on who should sponsor the resolution. Then, as the Foreign Ministers' meeting was postponed for forty-eight hours, and the Indian and Arab groups went into separate huddles to work out some face-saving formula, the Chinese issued a statement insisting that the conference be held and charging "the imperialists and reactionaries" with trying to sabotage it. It was apparently the hope of the Chinese to keep the ball in the air for a few more days, but they succeeded only in offending most of the other nations. The Indians rounded up a new group of moderate African and Asian countries to draft another postponement resolution, and the Arabs continued their search for a face-saving way out. The coup de grâce came at nine o'clock on the evening of June 25th, when the lounge of Le Club des Pins was blasted by a bomb, which had apparently been planted by pro-Ben Bella Egyptians employed there as construction workers. Some fifty Egyptians were arrested on the site and in town, and the police invaded the Egyptian Embassy in the middle of the night to check the diplomats' papers. Though the explosion injured only a few people and killed no one, it killed the conference once and for all. One diplomat from a small African nation remarked to me the next day, "Which of us can take the chance of riding out here in a car when a single bomb might destroy the leadership of a whole country? We don't have any leaders to spare, you know."

The last act took place on Saturday, June 26th. As the diplomatic cars rolled out to Le Club des Pins, which had been hurriedly patched up during the night (though some "Vive Ben Bella" scrawls had not been fully removed), the delegates were unaware that the show was off. Foreign Minister Bouteflika had wanted to go through the motions of opening the meeting, so that it could then be adjourned to a later date, but now Boumedienne stepped in. He told Bouteflika to stay in town and summon a standing committee that had been charged with preparing the conference. Even the nations that had been most eager to see the main event go on, including China and Indonesia, were by this time resigned to a postponement, so they switched their attention to gaining control of the standing committee. Out at Le Club des Pins, the delegates stepped from their cars onto the bright shore of the Mediterranean, passed through a low rotunda



If this were
an ordinary gin,
we would have put it
in an ordinary
gin bottle.

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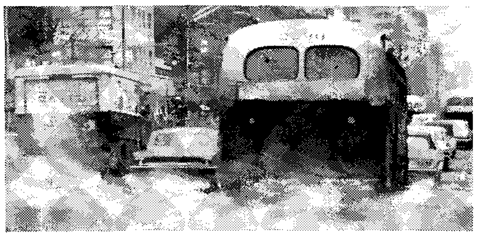
Swimmers Swingers Sailors Sightseers

IT WILL GO TO YOUR HEAD . . . BERMUDA'S LOVELY, LIVELY NEW CASTLE.

SWIMMERS. Olympic pool, two garden pools, waterfall pool, ½ mile private white sand beach. SWINGERS. Britannia Bar Trio, Castle Night Club, Camelot Calypso Bar, floor shows nightly. Swingers (the other kind)—18 hole, 6122 yard, 71 par championship golf course, first tee across from lobby entrance, power carts (30), rental clubs. Golf privileges at St. George Golf Course. SAILORS—Full fleet of rental sailboats, waterskiing, snorkeling, island cruises from our docks at the hotel yacht club. SIGHTSEERS—5 beautiful carriages, island tours, motor bikes (300), our own cable car on grounds, shopping arcade.

For reservations and information, see your travel agent or our representative, Leonard Hicks, Inc., New York. Special Castle number: MU 8-7333.

Castle Harbour HOTEL, GOLF AND BEACH CLUB *Bermuda*
GEORGE J. STOBIE, PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER



Take a deep breath.

Then run to your nearest travel agent and ask for Swiss air.

The air is clean in Switzerland. The summer sun is bright.

Fine place to swim and tan. There are hundreds of spots to do it in. From luxury hotel pools to nifty little lakes hidden away in remarkable Alpine settings.

A drive or walk is an experience there. You can fish. You can golf. You can relax. Switzerland is small for a country, but very big for a summer resort.

There are 20,000 hotels and guest houses in Switzerland. You'll have to struggle to be disappointed in one. Old Europe hands will tell you that no one has matched Swiss service yet.

Bring your appetite. The cuisines of three nations are at home in Switzerland. All with surprising Swiss twists.

And bring your shopping shoes. The country is one of the world's great mercantile centers. Prices are now among the most reasonable in Europe.

Switzerland is a good place to *start* your European trip. Swissair jets home from New York and back every day of the week. Non-stop. Direct from Chicago on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Swissair also flies to 27 European cities from Switzerland with commuter-train regularity.

Round-trip fare from New York is $379.80.* From Chicago, $454.80.* Call your travel agent. Or Swissair.

And start breathing easy.

*21-day economy excursion fare, valid Mondays through Thursdays.

SWISSAIR

SWISS-CARE WORLDWIDE ON THE PRIVATELY OWNED AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND.

into the auditorium—also round, with marble floors and mosaic tile walls that sparkled in the sun—and were escorted to their seats by pretty Algerian hostesses in pale-blue uniforms. The final announcement was made at five o'clock at Le Club des Pins. It was brief. An Algerian spokesman, Mohammed Bejaoui, apologized and said that there would be no conference but that the standing committee was then meeting. There was no translation of the statement from the French, and an annoyed Nepalese delegate muttered, "They got us to come halfway across the world. They could at least tell us in English that the darn thing won't take place."

Back in town, the standing committee met until ten in the evening and then issued a resolution, sponsored jointly by Ethiopia and Pakistan, that paid high tribute to the Algerians for all the fine arrangements that had been made, and declared that the conference was being postponed because not enough African nations were represented. After it was all over and the visitors had begun scrambling for planes to take them home, the Indians and the Pakistanis held press conferences—something they always love to do, in order to take sideswipes at each other—and the Algerians issued a statement in which they said they hadn't really been completely in favor of holding the conference now—the implication being that the Chinese had been twisting their arm from the start. Presumably, the posters all over town hailing the conference and the multitudinous flags along the avenues will be left up at least until October, but Afro-Asian solidarity may never be the same again.

—Robert Shaplen

•

I intend to obtain an SLR for clinical as well as personal use. Would the Nikon F have any real advantages for my purposes over the Nikkorex F?—Dr. O. J. White, Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada.

Yes, it would. First, the Nikon F has interchangeable prisms and ground glasses which we find quite useful in technical photography. This would certainly be an advantage for clinical work where close-up shooting is so important. Second, and perhaps just as important, in our opinion the Nikkorex F is the better made camera.—*Modern Photography.*

Next question.

•

Leonard Gersh has turned in the first draft of the script, said Freed, and "the main romance will be between two people."—*Hollywood Reporter.*

What now? A return to clean pictures?

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Alex told Geoff who told his wife who told her editor who told Harry who told his golf partner who told Ellen who told Jonathan who told his secretary who told the art director who told Kathy who told her roommate who told

The World's Lightest Scotch is *on the move!*

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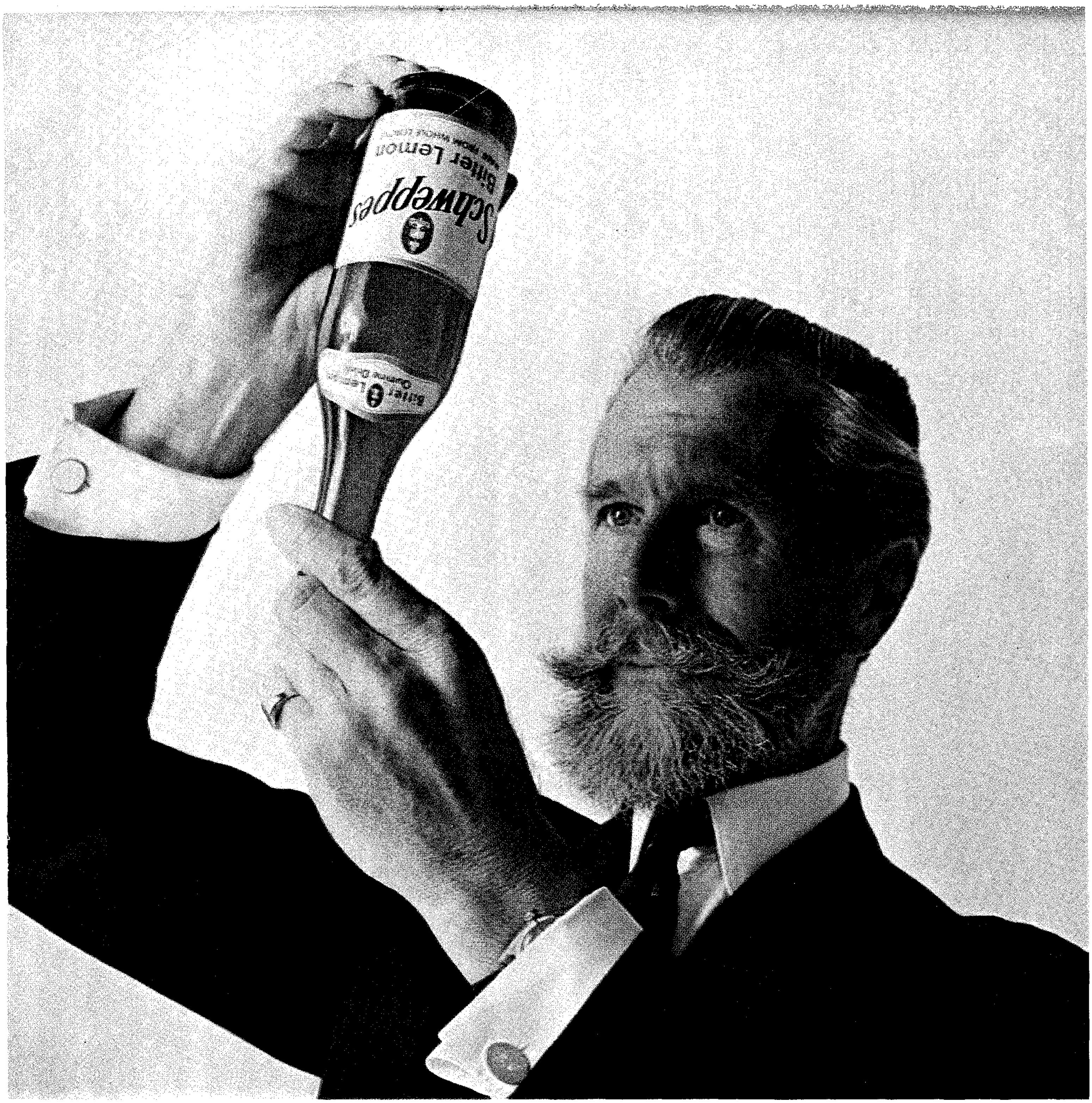


Schweppes is the original Bitter Lemon, invented in England in 1956.

"You can see the lemon in Schweppes Bitter Lemon. That's because Schweppes uses whole, fresh lemons. Juice, pulp, peel, everything."

So says Commander Whitehead, President of Schweppes (USA) Ltd.

"Schweppes *invented* Bitter Lemon," he continues. "It was our first new product in one hundred years, and we did not stint."

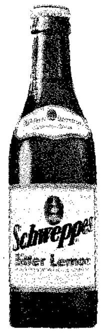
Schweppes uses whole, fresh lemons in making Bitter Lemon. Juice, pulp, peel, everything. Thus its tart, grown-up taste.

"Schweppes Bitter Lemon is the first *adult* soft drink," declares the Schweppesman, "the only one you can order without feeling like a *yokel*."

There are at least two more uses for Schweppes Bitter Lemon. It is an unobtrusive way to sit out a round or two. It is also the most versatile new *mixer* since Schweppes Tonic itself.

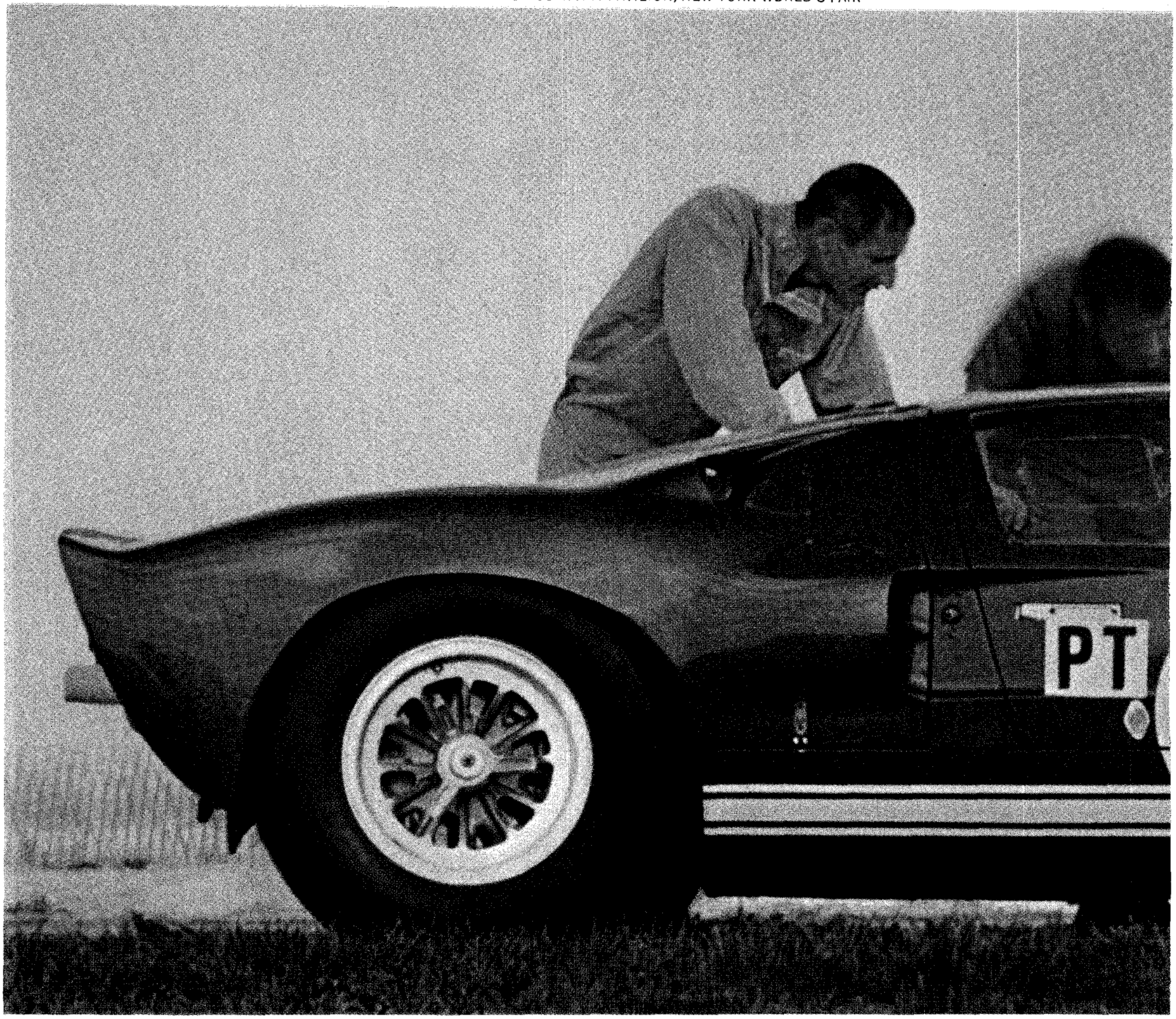
No matter how you use Bitter Lemon, always turn the bottle upside down before you open it.

That way, everyone gets his fair share of lemon morsels.



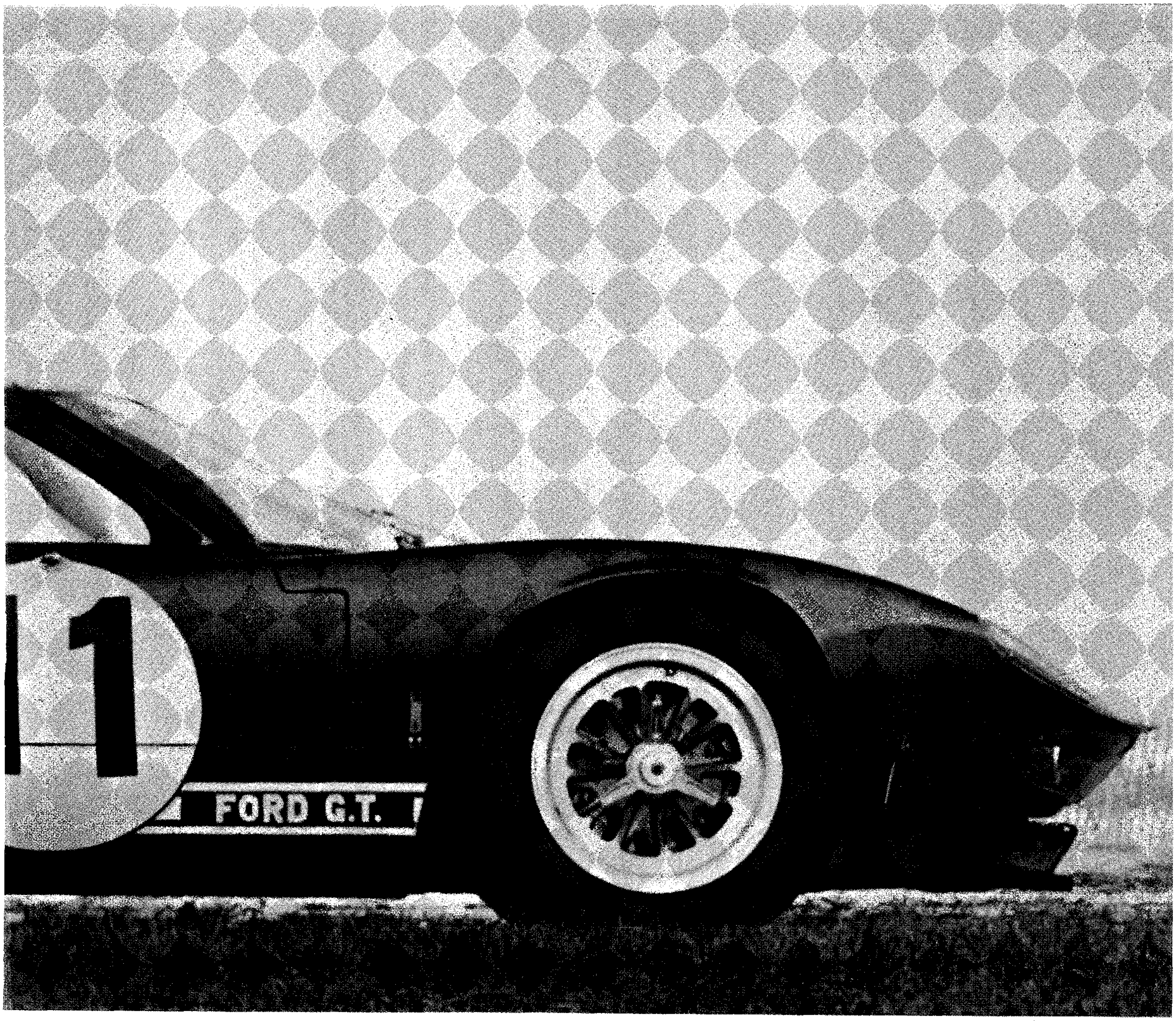
Ford Motor

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY PAVILION, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR



running a beautiful experiment

Company is:



It's the Ford G.T.—our lab on wheels.

This is the car that probes the future and brings back knowledge about aerodynamic styling, engine durability and new-way suspensions.

It even explores far-out concepts like forced air cooling of seats and adjustable foot pedals.

Bold research like this is part of our aggressive approach to quality—the kind of quality you find in our better vinyls, smoother stickshifts and safer disc brakes.

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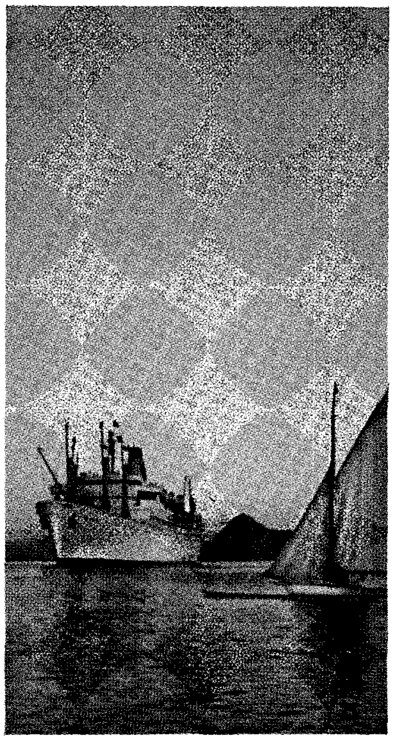
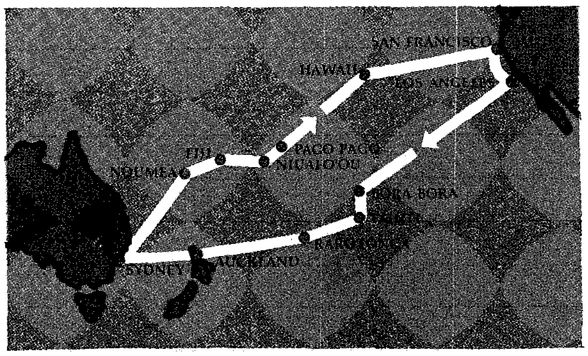
South to a tropic sea and on to the world's friendly lands of romance and enchantment. Only Matson's gracious MARIPOSA and MONTEREY offer the full spectrum of South Seas' color and adventure in exclusively First Class comfort. During your 42-day cruise you visit ten of the world's most enchanting ports of call. Between them lies a daily round of shipboard activities, entertainment and relaxation in any proportion you choose. A limited guest list assures pleasant companionships. Staterooms — each with private bath — are unusually spacious and privacy is yours when you wish. Public rooms emphasize quiet elegance and Polynesian charm. The cuisine is memorable. Services are swift and responsive. To cushion this world's fairest weather route still further, both liners are completely air-conditioned and gyro-stabilized.

You'll discover new facets of Nature — in the velvet waters, in a warming smile, in the prodigal scent of frangipani, in the luster of a pearl, in the march of dawn across a tropic isle. You'll discover, too, the magic clarity of nights that reflect stars in the sea; you'll read by the light of the moon.

These are only a few of the considerations that make this the cruise experience that is truly unique, for no one equals Matson's way in this fabled, favored realm. Sailings every three weeks from San Francisco and Los Angeles. To select your stateroom and sailing date, see your travel agent or write Matson Lines, 215 Market Street, San Francisco, California 94105.





Matson Lines®

Cruise News From Matson

In all the world there are no more peaceful lands than those that grace our South Seas' route: Bora Bora, Tahiti, Rarotonga, Auckland, Sydney, Noumea, Fiji, Niuafo'ou, Pago Pago and Hawaii. Among these untroubled, friendly islands there is nothing to intrude on the pleasure of your cruise experience. Here are some of the special opportunities you can choose from in 1965 that will add to the enjoyment of your cruise vacation.

6 SPECIAL INTEREST CRUISES

Each highlights a lively bonus feature for those who wish to participate: complimentary instruction in a favorite leisure activity. Each offers the excitement of participation and the pleasure and contentment of the South Seas. All courses are conducted by leading professionals in their fields.

Art Cruise (August 8). Develop your artistic talents as you cruise a world of Nature's own unmatched artistry.

Photography Cruise (September 2). Discover the secrets of professional photography amidst a photogenic paradise.

Flower Arranging Cruise (September 23). Where else could you find such a floral extravaganza on which to practice?

Navigation/Seamanship Cruise (October 17). Learn all you need to know for an ocean cruise, or just a Sunday sail.

Golf Cruise (November 7). Shave your handicap as you practice aboard and play exotic South Seas courses.

Bridge Cruise (December 2). A championship bridge teacher will sharpen your game whether you're a novice or expert.

2 HOLIDAY CRUISES

Share the exciting tradition of Christmas and New Year's in the South Seas with new friends. Enjoy new pastimes; participate in new adventures. Holiday cruises leave December 2 and 22.

Whatever your interest—leisure, adventure or hobby—you'll find fulfillment in this variety of Matson's 1965 cruise plans. Call your travel agent for the cruise opportunity just right for you.

P.S. Sailing dates are from San Francisco; ships depart Los Angeles one day later.

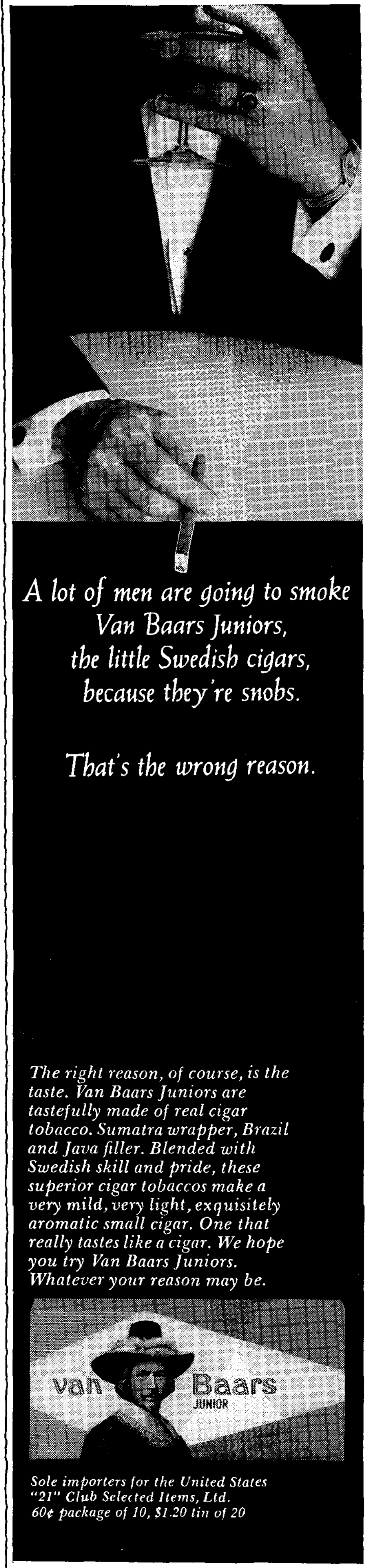
Matson Lines®

THE CURRENT CINEMA

War Is H—l, or, "Holy Codfish, Herr Oberstuhrmführer, the Prisoners Are Escaping Again on the 1:02!"

TO judge from most of the World War II movies that have been tumbling out of Hollywood in the past few years, it's a wonder the German Army was smart enough to find its way to the Belgian border in 1940, let alone figure out how to get across. A difficult sort of operation to bobble, you might say, given the, ah, circumstances of the time. Hopeless, even, from the Allied point of view. Gloom in Downing Street and all that. But *wait!* What about that tall, handsome, athletic, resourceful, intrepid, yet somehow soft-spoken and thoughtful young Lefftenant who's been hanging around the War Office spooning with the Field Marshal's daughter and talking of some harebrained scheme to tunnel three hundred and seventy-five miles into downtown Bremerhaven and reset the German Naval Observatory's watches? Instead of tunnels and watches, what about— Yes, yes, Taggart! What *fools* we were not to think of it sooner!— What about sending the fellow by box kite ("By your leave, sir, 'e mentioned 'e was an expert kite flyer at Balliol before the war") five hundred feet across the Belgian frontier and have him *rearrange the signposts*? A master stroke! Eighteen crack Panzer divisions, to say nothing of twenty-seven run-of-the-mill Panzer divisions, are diverted unknowingly into suburban Zurich, or, better still, back into Germany. Belgium is saved. Laughter in Downing Street. Consternation in Berlin. Such confusions— Oh, such larks as we all had then.

Well, the World War II Boys (You loved them in "The Guns of Navarone"! You thrilled to them in "Operation Crossbow"!) are with us again, this time in the persons of Frank Sinatra and Trevor Howard, in a movie about escaping prisoners called "Von Ryan's Express." Escaping prisoners indeed. Six hundred (600) escaping prisoners. Trains. Pursuits. Masterly ruses. The slaying of helpless wounded by filthy Germans. The



A lot of men are going to smoke Van Baars Juniors, the little Swedish cigars, because they're snobs.

That's the wrong reason.

The right reason, of course, is the taste. Van Baars Juniors are tastefully made of real cigar tobacco. Sumatra wrapper, Brazil and Java filler. Blended with Swedish skill and pride, these superior cigar tobaccos make a very mild, very light, exquisitely aromatic small cigar. One that really tastes like a cigar. We hope you try Van Baars Juniors. Whatever your reason may be.

Sole importers for the United States "21" Club Selected Items, Ltd. 60¢ package of 10, $1.20 tin of 20

Fortrel, the fiber that makes broadcloth little or no iron

By Bill Atkinson for Glen of Michigan, the ever-perfect little shirtdress. Fortrel makes it even better, lets it machine-wash, tumble dry. The tiny garland print broadcloth by Fabritique in Fortrel polyester and cotton. Wheat, cranberry or blueberry. 8 to 16. About $35. At Abercrombie & Fitch, New York; Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Sakowitz, Houston.

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Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

sympathetic garrotting of filthy Germans by prisoners. Gunfire. Grenade-throwing. And if you think it has become any easier for your average German High Command to stop a trainload of six hundred unshaven movie extras racketing four hundred and fifty miles through occupied Italy since those grim years when Helmut Dantine ran the Wehrmacht for Warner Brothers, you are sadly mistaken.

Frank Sinatra, wearing a war-surplus flying jacket (issued to him, *apparently, with the idea of his later* growing into it), plays an Army Air Corps Colonel Ryan, who is shot down over Italy and packed off to an Italian-run P.W. camp. Trevor Howard, outfitted in authentic River Kwai regalia, including Alec Guinness's shorts (or what certainly appear to be Alec Guinness's shorts), a number of his best lines, several of his jaw positions, and six hundred men from his old regiment (also wearing shorts), is the old-school British major who has been senior officer among the prisoners until Frank Sinatra swings in. You can imagine the bristling confrontations that take place between these two splendid players—the proud, knobby-kneed British disciplinarian and the shrewd, easygoing, fully trousered Yankee airman—as they eventually break out of the camp and attempt to take their men, by fast surface transportation, through Italy into Switzerland. Later, there are some nifty aerial views of the Alps, some grand three-quarter views of Edward Mulhare (who plays a chaplain), lots of exciting moments (Will that snoopy chap from the Gestapo figure out that the fellow over there wearing a German uniform and looking like Frank Sinatra actually *is* Frank Sinatra?), and plenty of gunfire, which tends to keep one fully awake.

MEANWHILE, from those kindly old movie craftsmen of present-day Italy comes a heady little item called "Bambole!," a mixed grill of four separate stories, starring the likes of Virna Lisi, Elke Sommer, Monica Vitti, and Gina Lollobrigida, and put together (maybe after a shy glance in the direction of the eyeball-rolling American audience) with no clearly recognizable thought in mind other than that growing boys really like very much to look at gorgeous girls. Professional duty compels me to state that, as moviemakers' thoughts go, this one is accurate and stunningly intuitive, and, in any case, who am I, a growing boy, to knock it?

Matters get off to a suitable start

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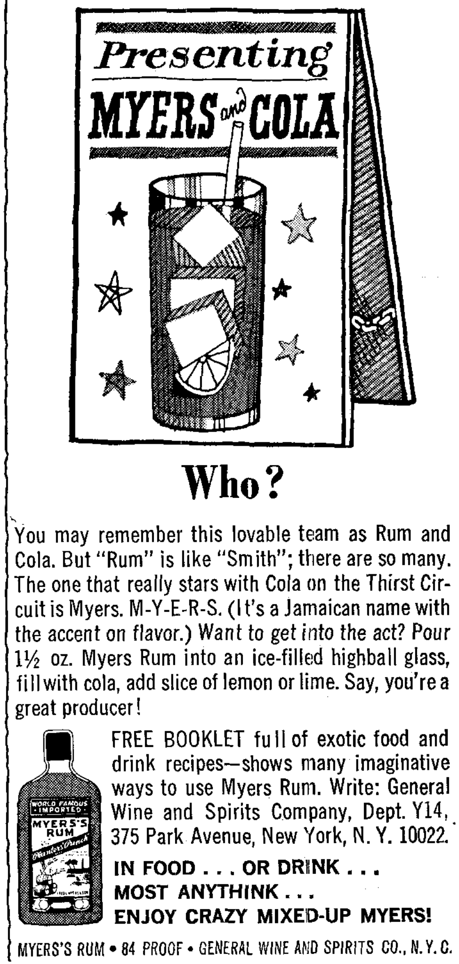

Presenting
MYERS and COLA

Who?

You may remember this lovable team as Rum and Cola. But "Rum" is like "Smith"; there are so many. The one that really stars with Cola on the Thirst Circuit is Myers. M-Y-E-R-S. (It's a Jamaican name with the accent on flavor.) Want to get into the act? Pour 1½ oz. Myers Rum into an ice-filled highball glass, fill with cola, add slice of lemon or lime. Say, you're a great producer!

FREE BOOKLET full of exotic food and drink recipes—shows many imaginative ways to use Myers Rum. Write: General Wine and Spirits Company, Dept. Y14, 375 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022.

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with a little episode about an amorous (what a nice old word) husband who wants to make love to his new wife, who keeps getting sidetracked—first by a book, then by a phone call from her mother. That's right, from her mother. Nino Manfredi is the man. Virna Lisi is the girl, and there is no doubt about *that*. Elke Sommer comes on in a thing about a lady eugenics nut who is prowling around Rome poking and measuring the menfolk in an attempt to find a perfect Italian male by whom she can have a child, and everybody knows the kind of droll, suggestive misunderstandings that can arise from a weird undertaking like this. Gina Lollobrigida appears in a hipped-up Boccaccio story about a lady hotelkeeper and how she finally snares the chaste young secretary of a visiting monsignor. Akim Tamiroff plays the monsignor, and it is a pleasure to report that Mr. Tamiroff's smile is as crooked and Gothic as ever. And the best of the lot, I thought, was a funny bit of fluff in which Monica Vitti, wearing not only all her clothes but what appears to be an Anna Magnani fright wig as well, plays a wonderfully bedraggled and self-pitying young wife who keeps trying unsuccessfully to have her wretched husband bumped off. A simple plot line, you say. But then it's all in how these things are done. You'll see. Monica Vitti is very nice.

—M. J. ARLEN

◆

DEPARTMENT OF STRAIGHT THINKING

HOPATCONG—A $25 savings bond—first prize in a contest to name the new elementary school here—last night was awarded to Terrence O'Donnell Jr., 6, of Stone Avenue.

The youngster's selection of "Hopatcong School" was selected as the best of 50 entries in the contest.—*Newark Evening News.*

Winner of Texas AFL-CIO's "Name the Building" contest was F. L. Kirtley, member of Houston CWA Local 6222.

His entry, chosen by an Executive Board subcommittee from 40 suggestions, was: "Texas AFL-CIO Building."

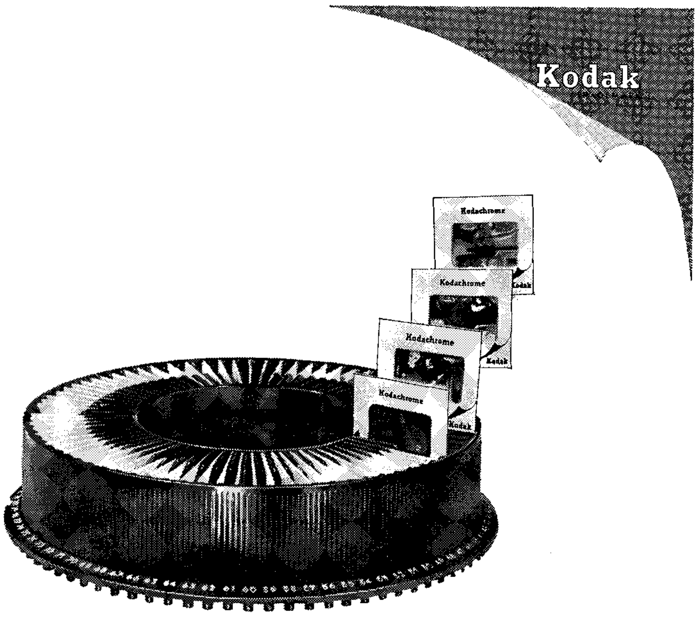
—*Texas AFL-CIO News.*

◆

Consequently, about 20 fellow members of the Connecticut Parachutists, Inc., will skydive their way to the ground. . . .

For further edification, groundlings can watch as several club members go through the routines the sport enthusiasts have dreamed up to pass their free-fall time, such as passing patrons back and forth and engaging in acrobatic maneuvers.—*New London (Conn.) Day.*

Here's *one* groundling they can count on.



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Price subject to change without notice.

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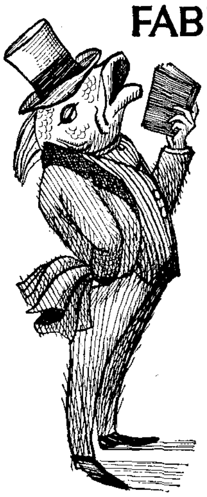

FABLES FOR THE VERY RICH
(and those who would like to be)

THE FISH AND
THE FRIENDLY ONE

A cold Fish on a train became increasingly annoyed at the efforts of a too exuberant stranger to fraternize. Finally despite several rebuffs, the stranger stuck out a hand and boomed, "My name's McGillicuddy." "Indeed?" murmured the Fish haughtily. "Mine isn't."

MORAL: too much reserve doesn't make the heart grow fonder . . .

Maintaining reserves, however, is an excellent objective to have when investing. We recommend it. Which is why, after weighing a client's financial ways and means, we often suggest Mutual Funds.

Our booklet "MUTUAL FUNDS" may indicate to you several ways your reserves can be made to work harder . . . earn more . . . and at reduced risk. Like a copy? Simply pick one up at our nearest office. Or write:

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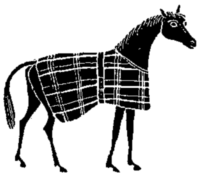
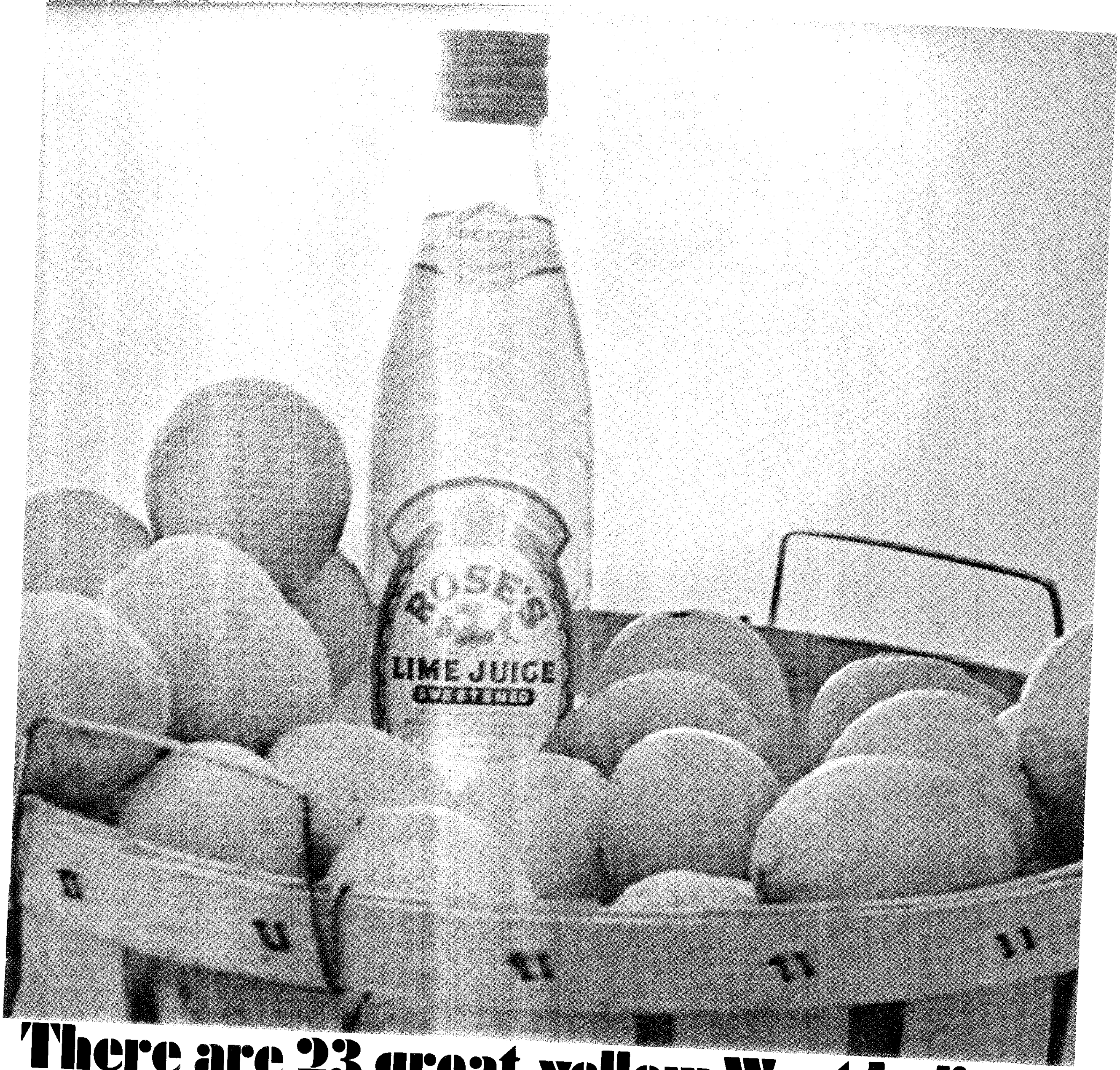
You'll never recognize New York's Warwick Hotel!
Ellen Lehman McCluskey, world famous designer, is giving it a brand new look. She's doing everything! Not just wallpaper, but drapes and dinner napkins, paint and pillows, furniture, forks, beds, blankets, carpet and closets. Everything brand new! It's all happening right now (so quietly and efficiently our guests don't even realize it) at the Wonderful New Warwick, 54th Street on the Avenue of the Americas, New York, Circle 7-2700
A LOEW'S HOTEL • Preston Robert Tisch, President

THE RACE TRACK

Blooey!



THOUGH the failure of great expectations is a familiar story in horse racing, it was flabbergasting to see Gun Bow, Kelso's close rival, among the also-rans in the Suburban at Aqueduct on the Fourth of July Monday. Even so, the race was as enthralling as the Suburban always is, with Pia Star winning it from Smart in a driving finish, and Tenacle a distant third. Only seven runners came out for the famous old handicap, which the swells of the nineties used to drive down to Sheepshead Bay to watch from their four-in-hands. From a quick start, Malicious set an unusually headlong pace for horses going a mile and a quarter. Closely followed by Cachito, a winner over hurdles a few weeks before, he reeled off the first quarter in 0:22⅘, and the half mile in 0:46⅗, with Pia Star and Affectionately not far behind. As they passed the six-furlong mark in 1:11⅕, Affectionately made her final try to take the lead and the crowd roared approval, but then she began to fade. Presently, Malicious began to shorten stride, and as he fell back, Pia Star kept on, full of running—too full for Smart to catch him—and passed the post a length and a half to the good. The time was 2:01. Gun Bow was fifth, beaten by twenty lengths. In the paddock before the race, he looked handsome and as sharp and fit as ever, but he left the gate sluggishly, bore out on the turns, and was a bad last until he passed Affectionately and Cachito in the stretch. Nobody seems to know the cause of Gun Bow's abject failure. Veterinarians have done everything except psychoanalyze him and have found nothing seriously wrong. It's unlikely, though, that we'll see him in action before Saratoga next month. Obviously, the Suburban was too large an order for Affectionately, and it was a bit unfair of her stable, if I may say so, to send her against some of the better members of the opposite sex at a distance beyond her powers. Next to his victory in the Suburban, the most notable achievement of Pia Star, who is a strong and workmanlike dark bay colt owned by Mrs. Ada Rice, was in the Equipoise Mile at Arlington Park, Chicago, last month. He rolled home



There are 23 great, yellow West Indian limes in this bottle.

which should come as a surprise to those of you who thought all limes were green.

Surprise.

Limes grown in Dominica by Rose's aren't green. They're a hot tropical yellow. They're fatter than untropical limes. They have an exquisite tart-sweet taste. And Rose's puts the juice of at least 23 of them in each large bottle. No wonder tropical drinks made with golden tropical lime juice are so dazzling. Like the Rose's Collins: 3 parts gin, vodka or rum to one part Rose's. Pour into a tall glass with ice, add soda, stir.

Or the classic Rose's Gimlet: one part Rose's to 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka, stir with ice, pour into a cocktail glass, or serve on the rocks.

Or the equally excellent Rose's Daiquiri: to two parts of light rum add one part Rose's and a dash of sugar. Shake with cracked ice, strain into a cocktail glass.

The golden difference in them all is Rose's: the lime juice made from golden limes.

For golden cocktail hours.

Vodka 80 Proof • Distilled London Dry Gin 90 Proof • Both 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • W. & A. Gilbey Ltd., Distributed by National Distillers Products Co., N.Y.C.

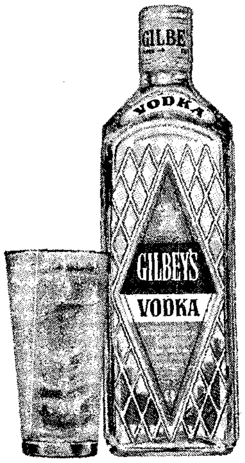
The people who made vodka smart have now made Gilbey's the smart vodka. They have found it imparts delightful spirit while it brings delicious smoothness to every vodka drink. This real difference is why Gilbey's Vodka is being asked for more and more. You'll find it's sensibly priced, too.

VODKA COLLINS*—fresh lemon juice, 1½ ozs. Gilbey's Vodka, teaspoon of powdered sugar if desired sweet. Shake vigorously with cracked ice. Strain into tall, chilled glass. Fill with club soda. Garnish with lemon slice and cherry.*

Smart,
smooth,
spirited...

Gilbey's Vodka

by the makers of Gilbey's Gin



by five lengths in 1:33⅕, equalling the world's record.

KELSO came through in fine style in the Diamond State Handicap at Delaware Park last Saturday. Kilmoray, whom he spotted twenty-one pounds, led at a fair pace for three-quarters of the mile and a sixteenth, and then Valenzuela clucked to Kelso, who had been second all along, and the old boy surged ahead to win by slightly more than three lengths. In his first start of the season, a six-furlong affair at Monmouth a week before, Kelso finished third after stumbling as he came out of the starting gate, but everything went just right for him in the Diamond State, which was his winding-up gallop for the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct a week from Saturday. If he wins it—and why shouldn't he?—his prize money will be close to two million dollars. It's $1,908,064 now.

QUADRANGLE hasn't been as successful at Hollywood Park as I thought he might be. In his first start there, in the Californian Stakes early last month, he was second to Viking Spirit, with Tronado third. In his next, the Inglewood Handicap a fortnight later, he finished fourth to Tronado, Hill Rise, and Viking Spirit, but was placed third when Viking Spirit was disqualified for failing to keep a straight course. He was fourth again in the American Handicap a couple of weeks ago, this time behind Native Diver, Tronado, and Hill Rise, and I suppose he'll run for the Hollywood Gold Cup this weekend. Looking over the order of finish in those three races, I'd say it was a merry game of musical chairs if I didn't know how strictly racing is run at Hollywood Park. By the way, Native Diver, like Pia Star, is a speedster. In the Los Angeles Handicap earlier in the meeting (Viking Spirit was second and Tronado third that day), he ran seven furlongs in 1:20, equalling the world's record; he did the first quarter in 0:22⅕, the half mile in 0:44, and six furlongs in 1:07⅘. Wow!

THE better fillies and mares have been unusually active. One reason for this is that a number of them are limbering up for the Delaware Handicap, with a purse running into six figures, at Delaware Park on the 31st. A fortnight ago, Miss Cavandish, second in the Delaware last year, won the Molly Pitcher Handicap at Monmouth Park from Beautiful Day, Snow Scene II, and eight others, and on the Fourth

When the new Tel Aviv Hilton opens on August 1, we won't forget the old traditions.

On opening day, for instance, we'll be sure to remember the old Israeli custom of bringing bread and salt into a new home. For with it, you bring peace and welcome.

We've borrowed other things from this beautiful country too.

For one thing—an incomparable view of the blue Mediterranean. Our hotel is built right on the shores of it. Set in the middle of Tel Aviv's beautiful Independence Park. And our lavish swimming pool is shaded by Israel's lush palms.

There's a pool in one of our cocktail lounges, too. But it's purely decorative, and made more so with coral brought from the Red Sea.

For the paintings you'll find in your spacious room, you can thank the local modern artists. But for the breathtaking view of *both* the city and the sea, you can thank the whole country.

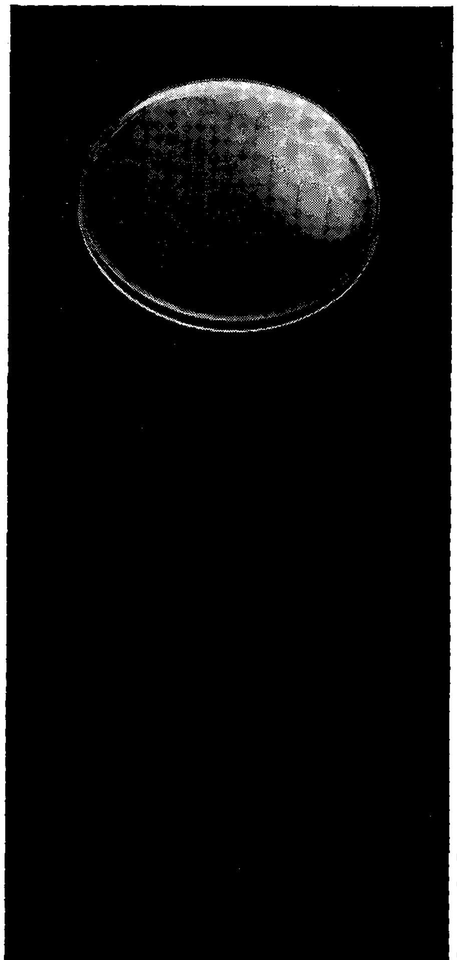
Our main dining room is so splendid, it was named after King Solomon, a man who really knew how to dine. And just for fun, our night club looks like an exotic desert tent.

But come. Just like anyone who has a new place to show off, we can't wait to have you see it. It's right in the embassy section, about a ten-minute ride from the center of the city.

Shalom. TEL AVIV HILTON

For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office. In New York, call LO 3-6900.

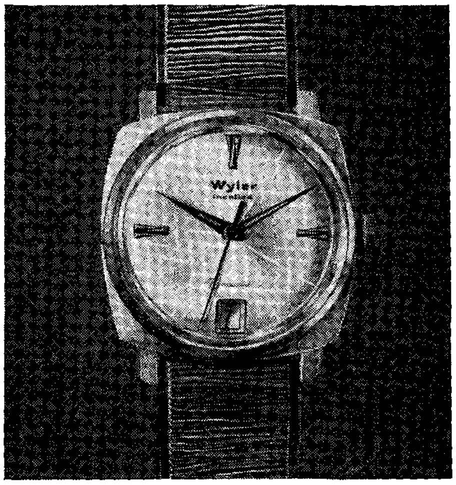
Go International-with all the comforts of Hilton.



Guaranteed to Shrink

A waterproof watch crystal can't be labeled "Sanforized"—it is bound to shrink "away" from the case wall. Result: Water seeps through. But in a Wyler waterproof, the crystal locks *over* the case wall. The more it shrinks, the tighter the fit. Our written waterproof guarantee is renewable for the life of the watch, as long as crystal is intact and genuine parts used.

Gold-filled, Self-Winding, Date. $89.50



Wyler incaflex

WYLER WATCH CORPORATION, NEW YORK 10

of July Monday, Summer Scandal brought off a 10–1 chance in the Monmouth Oaks, beating Terentia, Marshua, and seven others. The Oaks was run in the rain, which accounts for Marshua's dull effort; she doesn't like to get her feet wet. At Aqueduct last Saturday, Snow Scene II came around the leaders in the stretch to win the Sheepshead Bay Handicap from Treachery, Steeple Jill, and eight others. Snow Scene II should go well in the Delaware. Incidentally, the Sheepshead Bay is one of the few fixtures over a turf course exclusively for fillies and mares.

ONCE upon a time, when a race ended in a dead heat the principals met later that afternoon in a run-off at the same distance for first money. Nowadays, the stamina of racers being what it is, their owners divide the purse and wait for the next time around. As you know, Buckpasser and Hospitality wound up in a dead heat for the National Stallion Stakes at Aqueduct recently. Well, they hooked up again in the Tremont Stakes last week, and this time Buckpasser won easily, Hospitality finishing third, two and a half lengths behind him. It's still too early to say whether Bill Winfrey, who trains Buckpasser for Ogden Phipps, has another Bold Lad coming on, but there's no doubt that the colt is a runner. Although he left the starting gate slowly, and was last of the six two-year-olds for the first quarter of the five and a half furlongs, he mowed them down in the stretch to win by a neck from Spring Double in 1:03$\frac{4}{5}$—the fastest time for the distance at the meeting. And if you want to make anything of it, Tom Fool, Buckpasser's papa, won the Suburban in 1953, and Busanda, his mama, won it in 1951. Something to remember, come, let's say, 1967.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

In case of atomic attack, assuming you are not killed immediately, you will want to get to a place of safety if you can, and in any event your normal pattern of life will be disrupted. Normal means of security may not be available—the bank's records may be destroyed, your house may be demolished (and who would be buying real estate at the moment?), and there may be no time for complicated preparations. But, if you own diamonds you still have security. You can carry them with you easily, and they can be sold without trouble at any time.—*From "Buying a Diamond? Know How!," by Lewis S. Weber.*

Yeah, but they'd be *hot* diamonds, don't forget that.

BOND STREET

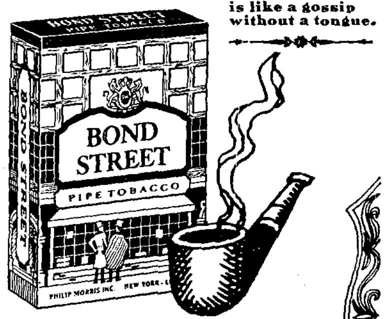
THE PIPE TOBACCO THAT STAYS LIT

Bond Street keeps burning because of its old English cut—a combination of flakes for even burning, and cubes for slower burning. You'll like its aroma of fine domestic and imported tobaccos, too.

A word to novice pipe smokers

Don't overwork your new pipe. Fill it half full for the first few smokes. Then let your pipe cool off. If you try to take it apart when it's hot—it can easily break.

A philosopher without a pipe is like a gossip without a tongue.



A product of Philip Morris Inc.

Imagine a private sugar-white beach.

Almost as long as Central Park is wide. Over two times as long as the longest crosstown block. Over five times as long as the Statue of Liberty stands high. Almost twice as long as the longest ocean liner in the world.
Then, imagine having your own private villa on this 1700-foot long private sugar-white beach of a hotel called Bay Roc. On the Caribbean. At Montego Bay, Jamaica. See your travel agent or call Utell International, New York. Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Miami. In N.Y.: JU 2-3226

BAY ROC
Jamaica

(*Advertisement*)

DINK STOVER AND HIS FIRST ACCOUNT

OR "ONWARD AND UPWARD!"

In which our hero pulls off a new-business coup in a rather unorthodox manner, much to the delight of his superiors and consternation of his associates — many of whom naturally view his victory with mixed emotions.

As the curtain rises on this particular scene, the President of the agency walks into Dink's office without knocking (though he was welcome to do so at any time, as Dink had reminded him on more than one occasion).

"DINK," began the President, "you have done well in the short time you have been with us and we are pleased with your work in the Media Department." (It was a sincere tribute, honestly given and not an attempt to curry favor.)

Dink reluctantly put aside the latest 'Profile of Boston Newspapers' he had been studying (which, incidentally, establishes The Boston Globe's pre-eminence in Boston in no uncertain terms), and accepted the remark graciously. Had he ever given anything but his best?

"As a reward for your efforts," went on the President, "I am going to let you help me fight for one of the biggest accounts in the country, though I warn you —" here he held up his hand — "the odds against us are great and the competition keen."

"You can count on me, sir!" cried Dink exuberantly, "You know how I like a good, hard fight!"

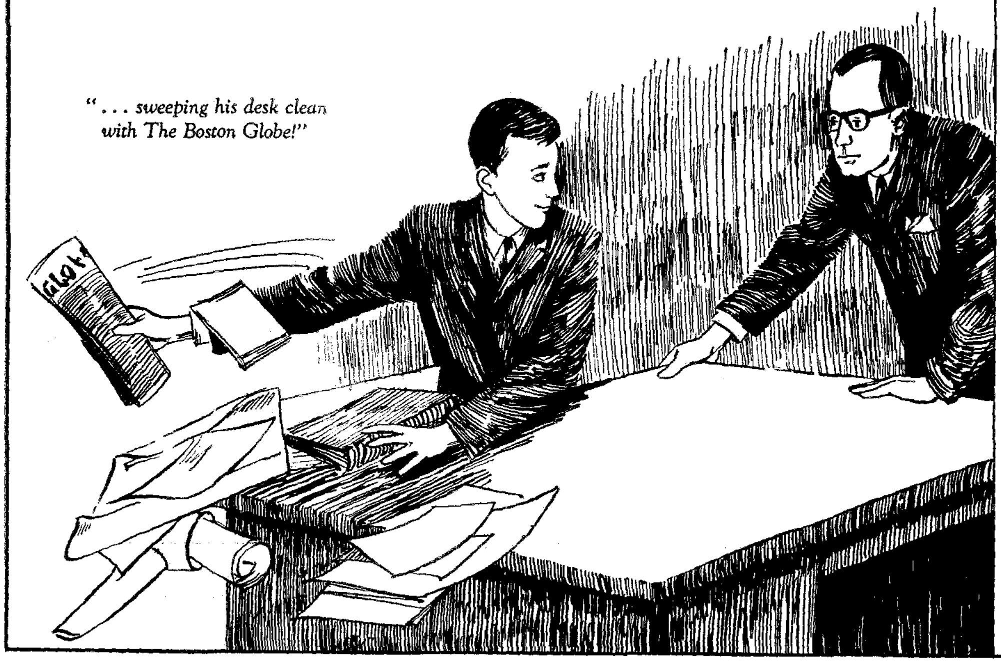
"Plucky lad," breathed the President softly, "I knew I could count on you. However," he added solicitously, "I do not wish to burden you with too much work or take you away from other pressing problems."

"My decks are cleared for action, sir," Dink assured him valiantly, suiting the action to the words by sweeping his desk clean with the Boston Globe he had been studying. Then, quickly getting down to specifics, he asked, "Now tell me, sir, what is the name of the account we are to go after?"

"Between you and I," whispered the President in confidential tones, speaking more dramatically than grammatically, "the name of the company is . . ." (and here he named a very large company indeed, and one which is well known to all our readers but must remain a secret between Dink and his President at this point).

"By George!" ejaculated Dink in happy amazement, "what a coincidence! That's Dad's company!"

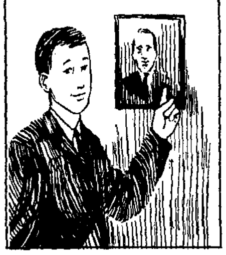
The President looked at Dink for a moment, then his face assumed an expression that can best be described as utter disbelief, with overtones of surprise and disappointment. Then he covered his face with his hands, the better to disguise his true feelings. "What rotten luck," he mumbled.



"*. . . sweeping his desk clean with The Boston Globe!*"

(For the benefit of those of our readers who missed a previous installment of this series, we will pause for a moment and explain that during Dink's interview for the job he now held, it became known that his father was the advertising manager of a large company which was *not* a client of the agency. However, Dink was assured that this would not be held against him.) Now continue . . .

"*. . . true-blue!*"



"What rotten luck," repeated the President. "This sort of takes you off the team and the agency out of the game, doesn't it?"

"But why, sir?" questioned Dink, appalled at such a thought.

"Well, we can hardly solicit the account of a man whose son works for us, can we?" asked the President, keenly.

"We can and should!" declared Dink vehemently.

"But can your father judge us fairly and squarely in competition with all others?" went on the President doubtfully.

"Yes, he can!" cried Dink loyally. "I know my father, he is true-blue!"

"All right, then," concluded the President, satisfied. "But why don't you talk to him about it first?"

"I will!" promised Dink passionately, pounding his desk so hard that he skinned his knuckles. "I will discuss the matter with him tonight!"

The next morning Dink walked into his President's office.

"We have Dad's account," he announced quietly.

The President was visibly moved and did not trust himself to speak. Finally he arose from his desk and put his hand on Dink's shoulder.

"Dink Stover," he pronounced, in august and stentorian tones, "I predict a great future for you in this agency."

"Thank you," Dink answered simply, "but I only did what was expected of me."

ATTENTION STAUNCH ADMIRERS OF DINK STOVER! Follow the stirring adventures of our hero faithfully — as recorded in this journal by the number one newspaper in Boston — The Globe (which has more readers and carries more advertising than any other Boston newspaper). The Boston Globe. Morning, Evening, Sunday. A Million Market Newspaper. New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

STOP THE GREASEPAINT, I WANT TO SMELL THE CROWD!

(A DRAFT OF A LIBRETTO FOR STILL ANOTHER MEANINGFUL MUSICAL BY LESLIE BRICUSSE AND ANTHONY NEWLEY)

(The curtain rises on a stage painted to look like a map of the world, divided into grids. It is bare except for a large staircase that curves upward and disappears into a starry sky. After the first few notes of "One, Two, Three" from the orchestra, The Girls skip on and arrange themselves along the staircase. The Girls, dressed like female angels, are played by teen-age boys whose voices have recently changed.)

Song: "One, Two, Three"

THE GIRLS:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.
Eight, nine, ten, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, eleven.
Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty.

(Repeat.)

(Enter Half-Cocked, a young U.N. courier. He wears a Sam Spade raincoat, smokes a cigarette, carries an attaché case, and is made up to look like Humphrey Bogart, except that his face is painted white and has clown marks around the eyes. He speaks and sings in Cockney.)

HALF-COCKED *(snarling, to orchestra leader)*:

Play it again, Sam. *(He winks at audience.)*

THE GIRLS *(singing)*:

One, two, three, four, *etc.*

(Half-Cocked saunters right, smoking; saunters left, smoking; throws cigarette into orchestra pit.)

Song: "Average U.N."

HALF-COCKED:

I'm an average U.N. worker
With an average one-world face
And this U.N. life is just my cup of tea.
I solve average U.N. problems
In a none-too-average way *(He pulls revolver from coat pocket.)*
And I'm ready when the U.N. calls on me!

(The stage goes dark. There is the noise of gunfire, followed by a heavenly choir humming "Average U.N." When the lights come up, Half-Cocked's revolver is smoking. He throws it into the wings and goes down on one knee.)

HALF-COCKED *(singing)*:

I'd walk a million miles for one of their smiles.
I'm Half-Cocked. *(Aside)* But my gun isn't.

(Enter Sir Vile, a diplomat from an unknown country. He has a large nose and a red face, wears a tramp costume and a monocle, and manages somehow to talk like W. C. Fields with an Oxford accent.)

SIR VILE:

I say, what's all this?

HALF-COCKED:

What's all this?

SIR VILE:

Yes, what's all this?

HALF-COCKED:

And who might you be?

SIR VILE:

Who might I be?

THE GIRLS *(shouting)*:

Yes! Who might you be?

Reprise: "Average U.N."

SIR VILE:

I'm an average U.N. member
From an average U.N. land.
I've a face more Red than average, if you will. *(He winks at audience.)*
I support the U.N. fully
In my country's average way.
That is, presupposing others pay the bill!

HALF-COCKED:	SIR VILE:
I'm an average	I'm an average
U.N. worker, *etc.*	U.N. member, *etc.*

(They dance a soft-shoe, a buck and wing, a shuffle off to Buffalo, and a Charleston, while The Girls Twist and Frug.)

SIR VILE *(pointing to map)*:

Let's go, Half-Cocked.

HALF-COCKED:

Go, Sir Vile?

SIR VILE:

Yes, go. Or, in Latin, *vadis, quo pro quid*—er, grid. *(Aside)* Alas, poor Half-Cocked. I knew him when.

(Half-Cocked pulls second revolver out of raincoat and shoots him. Sir Vile falls.)

Song: "The Wise Guy"

HALF-COCKED:

There's always a wise guy on the map.
There's always a clown you can't trust.
There's always a chap we can do without.
We all laugh when he bites the dust.

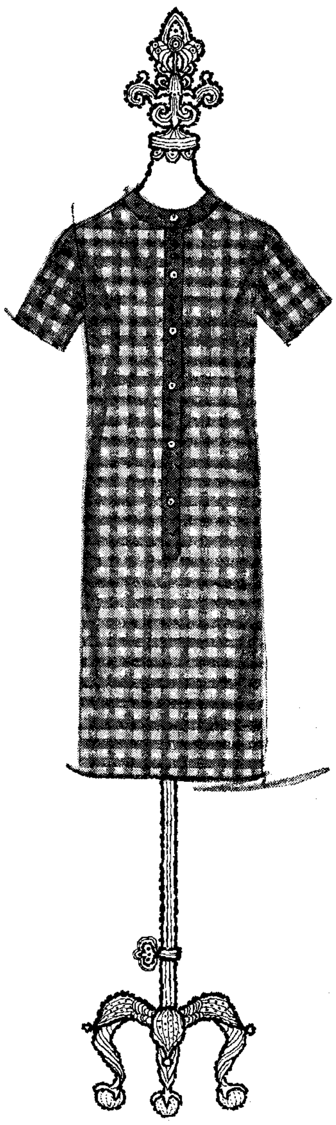
(The Girls laugh, scoop up the body, and carry it offstage, singing "One, Two, Three" as they go.)

Song: "Once Every Tuesday"

HALF-COCKED *(pointing gun at audience)*:

Just once every Tuesday,
A man knows an instant,
One glorious instant
When fate fires his gun.

(Gun fires. Half-Cocked does a dou-



PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Danger

An unobtrusive charm marks this quiet VILLAGER® . . . the dangerous sort of charm that works quietly, becomes indispensable almost before you've noticed it. Neat square checks of Green/Blue or Blue/Red or Rust/Olive . . . the sash and the banding are solid-color. The blend of cotton and Vycron polyester feels most pleasant, never wrinkles at all. Sizes 6 to 16.

About eighteen dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

©THE VILLAGER, INC., 1965. MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Is this the No. 1 quinine water just because you can buy it anywhere?

No, but it doesn't hurt.

You'll recognize this best seller anywhere, too. By its cool, glacier-blue hue. Canada Dry Quinine Water is less bitter, so it makes better-tasting drinks. And pinpoint carbonation keeps those tall drinks livelier longer. That goes for Canada Dry Quinine Water wherever you buy it.

QUININE WATER
TONIC
TURN EMPT
THIS CART
QUINAC
CANADA DRY
CANADA DRY
Quinine Water

In Bermuda, fun is just a step–or a splash–away!

Sailboats race by your breakfast table, in Bermuda. And if you'd like to sail one, you can rent it where you're staying–or a few paces down the shore.

That's Bermuda for you. Every sport, every pleasure is within reach–and organized for your convenience. You won't have to scout around and make your own arrangements. They can all be made for you.

Annual fishing tournament! You may win a trophy–you may not. But you'll find real sport, fishing in Bermuda, whether you go for deep-sea fishing or light tackle fishing on reef or shore. Plenty of boats for charter, plenty of equipment at hand. No license needed!

Swimming and sunning are at your doorstep. With scores of pink beaches (and pools galore), you won't be crowded, ever.

Gentle surf, interesting activities in a foreign country make Bermuda a perfect place for all the family. And trustworthy babysitters let you go night-clubbing by yourselves.

Do you water ski? Snorkel or skin dive? Revel in these and other water sports–at convenient spots all over the island.

Golf–challenging golf on a waterside course–is never more than ten minutes away. Our seven courses, some internationally famous, are scattered handily across Bermuda.

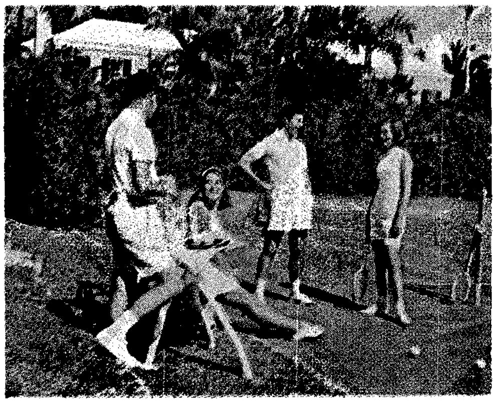
If sight-seeing is your favorite sport, Bermuda is the place for it! A ferry boat, a fringe-topped taxi or a flightseeing plane will take you about. Or you may prefer a motor-assisted cycle.

You can gaze at strange and wonderful sea gardens by glass-bottomed boat. Even our underwater sight-seeing is a joy! But some of the most rewarding sights are to be seen in our shops. Here the man-made treasures of the world–silver, china, perfume, watches, woollens–are for sale, at amazingly low prices. And in our easy-going island, shopping's a pleasure!

If you've heard Bermuda calypso, you've got the beat of Bermuda. A little less frenzied than the beat of other islands. A bit more British. But filled with friendly laughter.

Bermuda

Follow your favourite singers from one hotel to the next. Or stay at one hotel and hear them all. And don't think it's all calypso here–we import some fine American and continental entertainers. Our newspapers and magazines will keep you posted on the night life.



Tennis, everyone! Many hotels and cottage colonies have courts, and there are splendid public courts besides. Then there are picnics and moonlight sails. Cricket and soccer to watch. So much to do–so easy to join the fun. Or to relax on sun-blessed shores.

A Bermuda vacation is just a phone call away. Call your travel agent. Tell him whether you want to go by air or sea–you'll be surprised how near Bermuda is. Ask about the posh hotels, the cottage colonies, the private cottages and the unique Bermuda guest houses–accommodations to suit any budget!

Or write to us. Bermuda, 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20. 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 2. 111 Richmond St., West, Toronto.

ble take, dances a cakewalk, and resumes.)
And this was my instant,
My once-every-Tuesday,
When I felt the thrill
Of my weekly bit of fun.
(*The Girls troop back on, carrying small pistols. They sing at the top of their voices.*)

THE GIRLS:

Just once every Tuesday,
A girl knows an instant,
One glorious instant
When fate fires her gun!
And this is our instant,
Our once-every-Tuesday,
When we feel the thrill
Of our weekly bit of fun!
(*They pair up, shooting each other in the head and falling dead, then scramble up and offstage, singing "One, Two, Three." Half-Cocked, alone onstage, sits down cross-legged before footlights. The stage goes dark except for a pink spotlight on him.*)
Song: "What Kind of Fool Have I Turned To?"

HALF-COCKED:

What kind of fool have I turned to,
That you can't adore me?
My heart asks me why. I'll give it a
try.
But don't wait up for me.
With no moon above me
And no one to love me
(*He begins putting on blackface.*)
I'll shuffle along and without a song
I'll make the best of me.
So good night, my sweet prince.
Let's search for a bluebird.
He's got to be out there. What's he
about there?
Gone is the new bird.
With him I'd have learned to.
Tomorrow's another day.
But what kind of fool have I turned to,
anyway?
(*He keels over. An atomic cloud appears above curved staircase. The Girls enter, pick up Half-Cocked's recumbent form, and carry it up the staircase as fallout drifts down on them and a heavenly choir hums "What Kind of Fool Have I Turned To?" Sir Vile emerges from the cloud and waits for Half-Cocked with outstretched arms.*)

—EMERSON BEAUCHAMP

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Juan (Puerto Rico) Star*]

CAPE KENNEDY, FLA. (AP)—There's a swindler working in the accounting and finance division of the Comptroller's Office here, but the Air Force doesn't mind.

No Scotch improves the flavour of water like Teacher's

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM

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THE SPORTING SCENE

FOREIGN ACCENT

AS a general rule, the annual meeting, in January, of the United States Golf Association is a rather quiet affair. The previous year's activities are summarized in a fastidious report, followed by a few announcements about the coming year, which usually contain nothing more pulse-quickening than, say, the news that the Public Links Championship will be held in Hawaii for the first time, or that the most recent amendment to the flagstick rule has been rescinded and a new amendment adopted experimentally. This year, however, at its meeting on January 30th, the U.S.G.A., with no advance flourish, dropped the loudest bombshell in the seventy years of its existence with the disclosure of drastic changes in the setup of two important national championships: In one, the United States Amateur, which since its inception in 1895 has been a match-play elimination tournament—a series of man-to-man contests in which the winner of each match is the man who wins the most holes—would, starting in September, 1965, become a seventy-two-hole stroke-play tournament, in which the winner is the man with the lowest total score; in the other, the United States Open, which has been conducted at stroke play over seventy-two holes since 1898, would, starting in June, 1965, be held not as a three-day event with a double round of thirty-six holes on the last day but as a four-day event with a single round of eighteen holes on each day. Among the game's traditionalists, opinion was divided on which was the more misguided—the kissing off of the last remaining American match-play championship of any real significance, or the elimination of the spectacular double round, which for some time now has distinguished the Open from all other tournaments held in this country. The traditionalists were unanimous, however, in declaring themselves unimpressed by the chief reasons that the U.S.G.A. had advanced for making the changes; namely, that the new setup for the Amateur would provide a surer method of determining the best player in the field, and that discarding the double round on the final day of the Open would place more of a premium on golf skill and less on physical stamina. In the case of the Open, the critics of the U.S.G.A. lost no time in pointing out that the Association had long and staunchly defended the continuation of the double round on the very ground that endurance should be one of the requisites of a national champion. Furthermore, they added, wasn't it strange that the championship should be revamped right on the heels of Ken Venturi's victory last year at Congressional in what was by all odds the most stirring Open since Francis Ouimet's epic triumph at The Country Club a half century earlier! As the controversy wore on through the winter and into the spring, some extreme traditionalists went as far as to claim that the Open would be henceforth "just another tournament," and, accordingly, they were delighted when a pamphlet, prematurely printed and sent out as an advance guide to the 1965 Open by the host club, the Bellerive Country Club, of St. Louis, not only carried the misinformation that the third and fourth rounds would be played on Saturday, June 19th, but also described the abandoned double round as "the most exciting day in golf."

Like most people, I prefer to consider myself a fairly progressive type, but in my heart I know that where golf is concerned, at least, my instincts are conservative. When I went out to St. Louis a few days before the Open got under way, my plan was to wait until the championship was over before passing judgment on the efficacy of the new four-day arrangement, but, in truth, I greatly doubted whether I could manage that much objectivity. To put it plainly, I am one of those people for whom the old double round *was* the most exciting day in golf, no question about it. The twig was bent, I suppose, at the first Open I attended, at Baltusrol in 1936, when it looked as if Harry Cooper, one of the best golfers this century has produced, had finally won the championship; then, at the close of the long, hot afternoon, Tony Manero, an almost unknown professional, put on an amazing drive and, shepherded by Gene Sarazen, his playing partner, gradually overhauled and passed Cooper and went on to finish with a marvellous 67 and to set a new record total for the Open of 282. I grant that this was an exceptionally exciting championship, but then, on second thought, it really wasn't all that exceptional—not when one recalls the high drama of so many other Opens: Ben Hogan limping to victory at Merion in 1950, a scant sixteen months after his all but fatal automobile accident; or Hogan at Oakland Hills the very next year unleashing a furious day-long attack on a course he considered a monster; or Arnold Palmer at Cherry Hills in 1960 roaring out of the ruck on the last round by birdieing six of the first seven holes; or, to cite just one other example that comes quickly to mind, Venturi's exhibition of shotmaking and courage a year ago. For me, the unrelieved arduousness of the last day of the Open, with the players caught up in that parching whirligig and playing hole after hole with a break of little more than an hour for lunch between rounds, was the source of the Open's worth and glamour. That last day created enormous suspense, and it made the final rush of the eventual winner all the more remarkable and thrilling. As is probably evident by now, I also belong to the group that approves of the philosophy behind the old double round, for, as all of us have discovered at our own lower levels of competence, a golfer who is not swinging well and

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hitting the ball accurately can with luck shimmy through eighteen holes without its showing on his scorecard, but no golfer can hope to survive thirty-six holes in one day without suffering a major collapse unless he has full control of an absolutely sound swing in addition to a first-class competitive temperament. Nevertheless, I was resolved, as I say, to be as fair-minded as I could about the revised Open, and wait, if possible, until the last putt was holed at Bellerive before arriving at any conclusions.

As it turned out, the last meaningful putt in the championship proper was a little four-inch tap-in by Gary Player that tied him for first place with Kel Nagle and necessitated an eighteen-hole playoff, which Player won by three strokes. While the playoff, like most playoffs, was a rather pale affair, I must confess that the seesaw battle on the last round of the tournament proper between Player, a compact, trim, and intense twenty-nine-year-old South African, and Nagle, a forty-four-year-old Australian with the looks and manner of a plainsman, added up to a rousing day's golf. This is not to say that the climactic scenes of this Open possessed anything like the size and majesty of their counterparts in many previous Opens—indeed, without the double round the championship seemed a little like "Moby Dick" without the whale—but the Nagle-Player duel did at least save the 1965 championship from being among the dullest Opens in history. One of the main reasons for the general torpor was the failure of either the heavy favorite, Jack Nicklaus, or the second favorite, Arnold Palmer, to become at any time a force in a championship in which both were expected to have a decided advantage, since they are just about the two longest hitters in the game, and at Bellerive, which measures 7,191 yards from the back tees, they were attacking the longest course on which the Open has ever been played. On Thursday, the day of the first round, Palmer led off with a 76, six over par, but he seemed to be hitting his shots somewhat better than his score indicated, and the consensus was that he would not experience much trouble in "making the cut"—that is, qualifying to play the last two rounds by standing, at the close of the first two, among the low fifty scorers in the starting field of a hundred and fifty. Nicklaus, after an opening round of 78, was in a more desperate position. At the beginning of that round, he had been so keyed up that on the first hole he fired a relatively short

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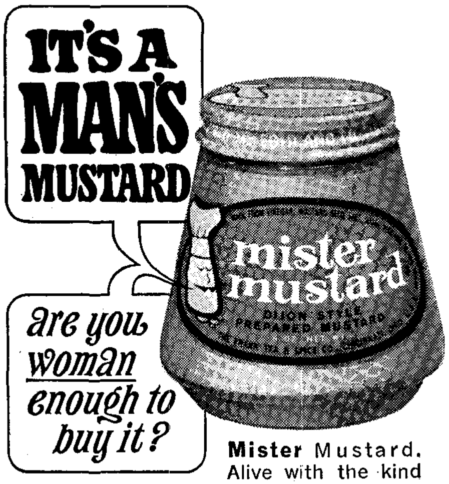

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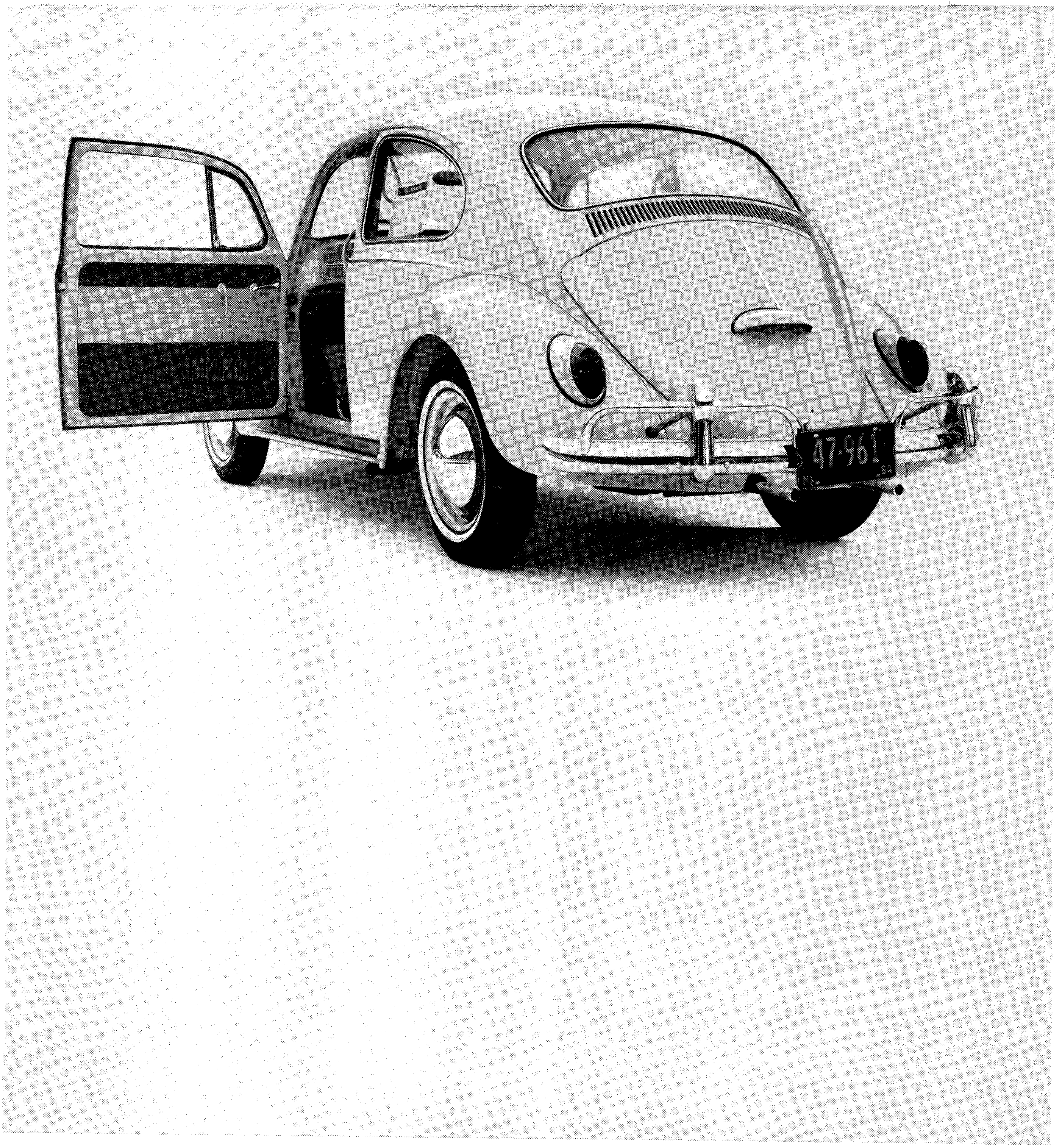

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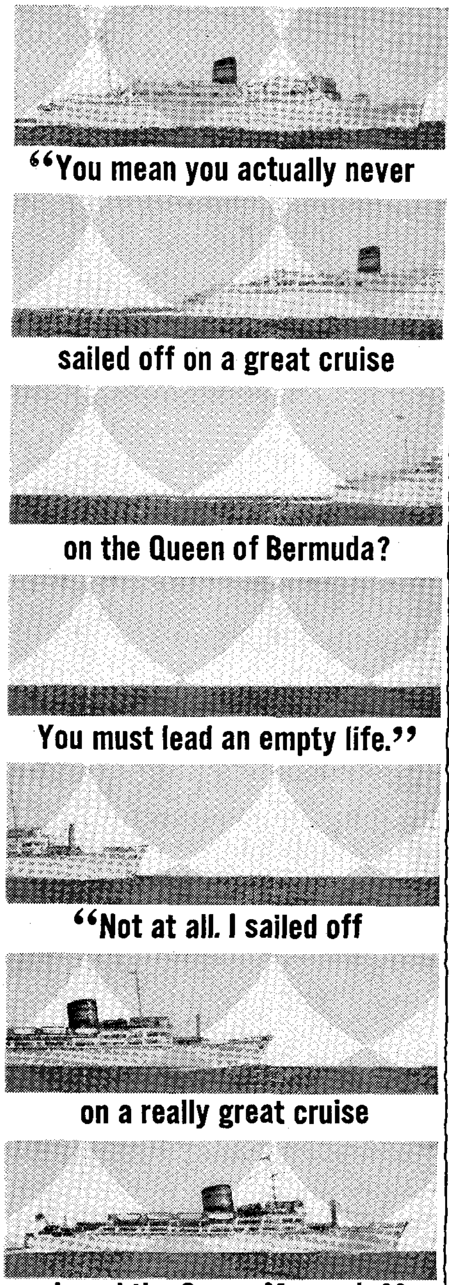
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approach clear over the back of the green and then took three putts from sixteen feet for a double-bogey 6. (In winning the Masters in April, he did not have a single double bogey, and he three-putted only one green, the sixty-ninth.) Nicklaus gradually settled down, and he seemed on his way to a fairly respectable score until he pull-hooked two tee shots far off the fairway and deep into trouble. After completing his round, he went out to the practice tee and spent forty minutes hitting drives and 3-iron shots, working specifically on correcting the position of his hands at the top of the backswing, at which juncture, he explained to friends, he had been "laying the club off"—allowing his left wrist to drop so that his thumb, instead of being directly under the shaft, was tipped over in front of it, with the result that the face of the club was partially shut on the downswing. Nicklaus's practice session helped him, and on Friday he shot a comparatively steady if far from luminous 72 on the second round, and, with a thirty-six-hole total of 150, just made the cut. Palmer was not so lucky. A second 76 put him at 152 at the halfway mark, and this was two shots too many. Like Nicklaus, Palmer frequently nullified the advantage his length gave him by his inability to keep his drives on the typically narrow Open fairways, yet on his second round he again appeared to be playing quite well, and it seemed to me that at the core of his failure was the lack of his usual fire and resolution. (In fact, after his opening 76, he remarked that he was not too concerned about whether or not he made the cut unless he was solidly in contention—a most unexpected statement coming from a man who won the Open in 1960 after trailing the leader by seven shots with only eighteen holes to go.) As for Nicklaus, he began his third round with five nice pars, to stand only eight shots off the pace, but after running into a double bogey on the short sixth, where his tee shot found the pond alongside the green, he lost both his poise and his concentration, and from that point on he seemed more interested in showing his gallery how far he could flog the ball than in anything else. He eventually finished in a tie for thirty-first place, nineteen shots over par—a far cry from his performance in the Masters, where he was seventeen under. Although the young Ohioan has made it clear on several occasions that when he is in top form he can play golf as well as anyone who has ever lived, he is not yet a truly great player and he

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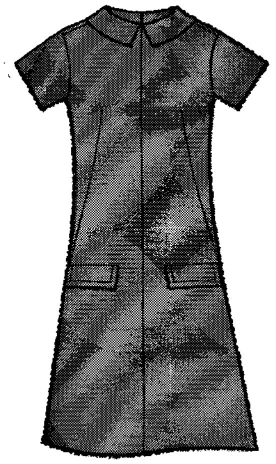

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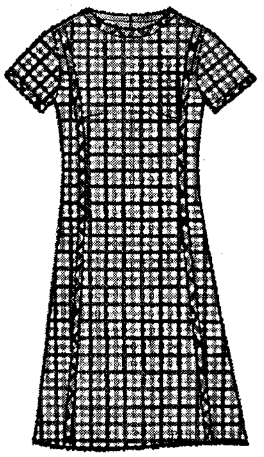

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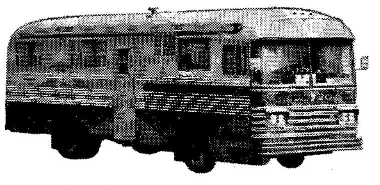
won't be until he straightens out a few wrinkles, not only in his technique but also in his thinking. He had come to the Open convinced that power would win for him, and after losing the tempo of his swing on his rocky first round, he never completely recovered it. His struggles inevitably reminded one of how much more wisely Hogan used to approach the Open, in which, as he realized, the key to success lies in avoiding the thick, punishing rough and hitting the tight fairways. (On the average, they are only thirty-five yards wide in the target area.) Hogan deliberately passed up going for distance except on the very long par 4s, where he felt a gamble was necessary; on all the other holes, he chose to play what he called "defensive tee shots," sacrificing yardage in the interests of accuracy. As we know, this worked out rather well.

Hogan has not tried to qualify for the last four Opens, but at Bellerive his name popped up often, as it always does at the championship, because he was the only man who year in and year out controlled the ball so well that he could, as it were, play the extremely exacting Open course, and not let the course play him. I mention this because, quite apart from the disappointing showings of Nicklaus and Palmer, a heavy pall of negativeness hung low over the championship until the final hours, and it seemed to stem from the fact that hardly anyone was playing with the assurance one expects of the world's top professionals. With only a few exceptions, the field as a whole was straining to hit the ball too hard, with the result that only a handful of players got hot rounds going, and those who did more often than not quickly surrendered whatever strokes they had gained. One could understand this preoccupation with distance on holes like the 470-yard fourth and the 465-yard fifth, two cruel par 4s, which played even longer than they were intended to, because the prevailing wind did not prevail. On the majority of the holes, though, normal professional length would have been sufficient. On top of all this, it was only the rare golfer who handled with confidence the sweeping contours and the subtle little breaks of the huge greens; in fact, it is difficult to recall an Open in which, for example, so many ten-footers were missed. There is, I believe, ample justification for saying these same things the other way around, and ascribing the chronic drabness of the golf on the first three days to the course. Bellerive, though well designed by Robert Trent



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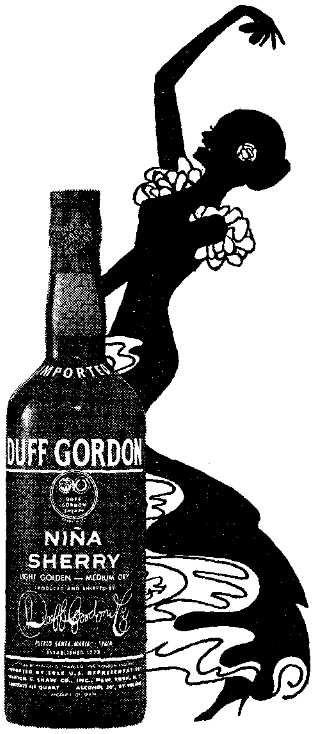

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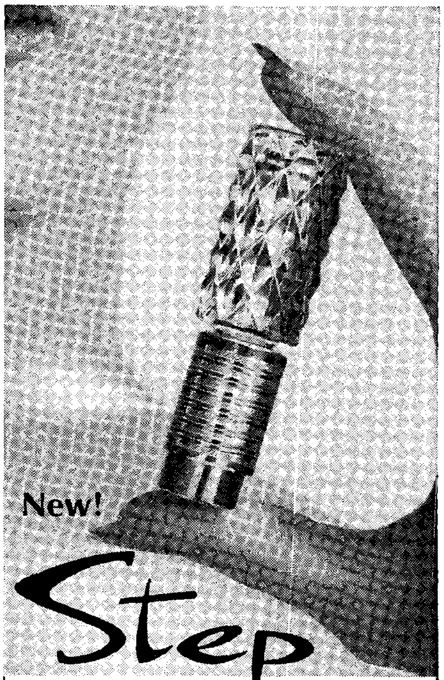
Jones and assiduously prepared for the championship by the U.S.G.A. and the host club, never quite came to life. It evoked few spectacular shots, and—in a mysterious way, reminiscent of things at Oakland Hills in 1961—it was difficult in the wrong way, the challenges it presented almost entirely lacking appeal.

The most curious thing of all was that the very golfers one would have thought had the least chance of doing well on a long layout like Bellerive actually dominated the tournament from start to finish. On the first day, Nagle, a relatively short, if notably straight, driver, moved out in front with a 68. There were two 69s—one by Mason Rudolph, who is not a long hitter by any manner of means, and the other by Deane Beman, the Maryland amateur, who was perhaps the shortest hitter in the field. (Beman's was an absolutely fantastic round. En route to the greens, he was forced to use his 3-wood or 4-wood thirteen times, and on the greens he got down in one putt eight times.) Player, whom one would class as an only moderately long driver, took over the lead on the second day, when he shot a second successive par 70. Nagle and Rudolph were a stroke behind him, with Beman and Frank Beard, another medium-length hitter, three strokes behind. On the third day, Player, with a steady 71 for a three-round total of 211, widened his lead over his nearest pursuers, Nagle and Beard, to two strokes; Rudolph was a stroke farther back; and two former Open champions, Julius Boros and Gene Littler, stood on the rim of contention at 217. Nothing very exciting, all very tepid, as you can see. On the morning of the third round, a veteran golf correspondent I frequently walk with observed that the one thing that could really enliven the championship at that point would be a brilliant burst by Sam Snead, everyone's sentimental favorite, who was playing in his twenty-fifth Open—and playing very well. Snead began his third round with two jumpy bogeys, however, and after that the only time a flash of animation lighted up my companion's face was when he spotted a redheaded woodpecker darting out of a grove of sycamores.

Sunday, the day of the final round of the tournament proper, started just as soporifically. Player, paired with Beard, turned the first nine in 34, one under par, and increased to three strokes his margin over Nagle, who was playing with Rudolph in the twosome just in front of him. Player was striking the



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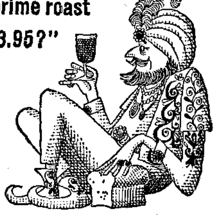

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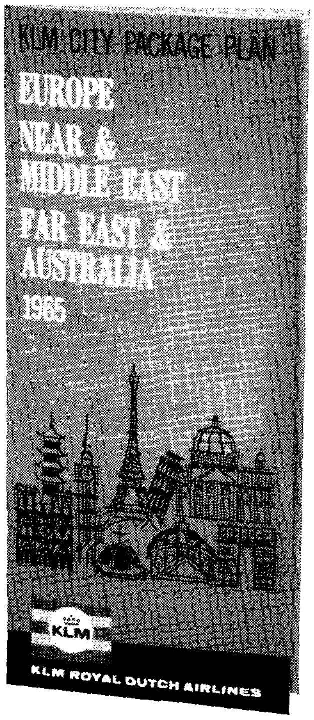

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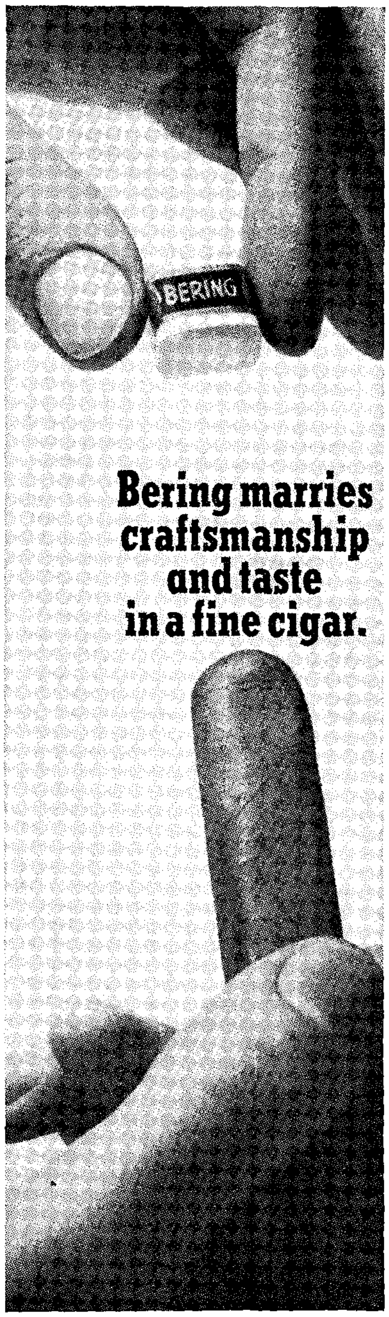

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ball crisply, as he had been doing during the entire tournament, and it looked for all the world as if he had the Open in his pocket. Then, abruptly, the whole complexion of the championship changed, as it can in golf. On the demanding tenth, a long par 4 to a shallow plateau green, Nagle, after twice walking away from the fifteen-footer he needed for a birdie when salvos of applause from spectators on a nearby green disturbed him, patiently regathered his concentration and sank the putt, a ticklish one downhill. Player then proceeded to bogey the tenth, after planting his approach in the rough before the green, and suddenly his lead had shrunk to a single stroke. Some ten minutes later, when Player was about to hit his drive on the twelfth—another long par 4, where the action on the distant green is clearly visible from the highly elevated tee—a disheartening sight greeted him: Nagle, putting for a birdie from forty feet, struck the ball, watched it roll for the cup, and then flung up his arms toward the sky. He had holed it! Now, calculating their scores against par, Nagle and Player were all even. In this hard situation, Player showed his fibre. He split the fairway with a long, stinging drive, punched a 6-iron fifteen feet past the pin, and then holed the putt, to recapture the lead. A half hour later, Nagle having faltered badly on the fifteenth, Player's lead was back to three strokes, and once again it looked as if the championship were surely his. Not at all. The sixteenth, a 218-yard par 3, was the critical hole. Bunkered off the tee, Player blasted out fourteen feet past the pin, but when he walked off the green, only moments later, he had lost all three strokes of his lead; while he was taking three putts, Nagle was birdieing the par-5 seventeenth with a firm four-footer. Just like that—a new tournament. Nagle went on to finish with a solid par. Player, preserving his composure, barely missed an eight-footer for a birdie on the seventeenth, and then parred the home hole after driving into the rough. Scores: Nagle 282 (68–73–72–69), Player 282 (70–70–71–71).

ON the eve of the playoff, what had loomed as a strong possibility throughout the tournament had become a certainty: For the first time since 1920, when Ted Ray, the big mustachioed Jerseyman, led the field at Inverness, a foreign golfer would be the United States Open champion. It would have been difficult to think of two finer candidates for that honor

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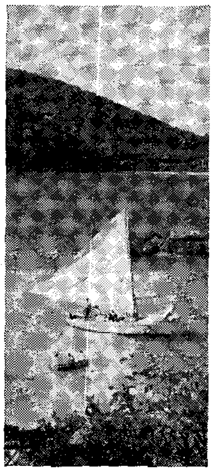
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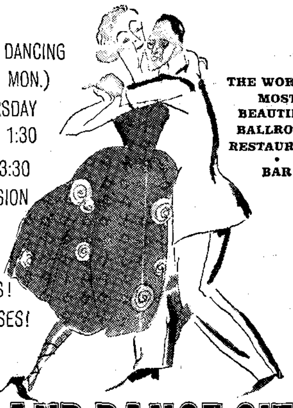
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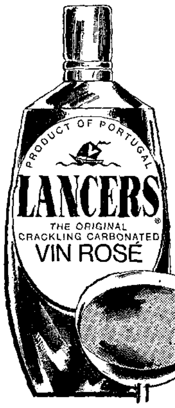

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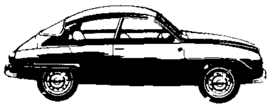

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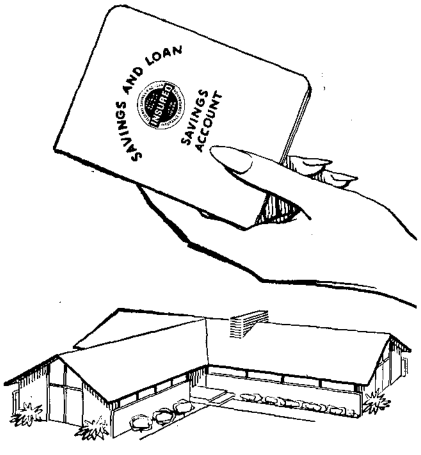

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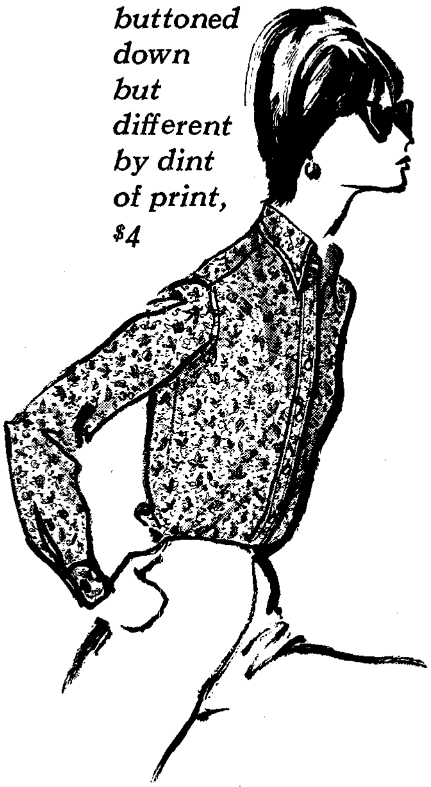
than the Australian Nagle and the South African Player—or, for that matter, of two men less alike. Whereas Player had been involved in big-time golf since he was nineteen, Nagle's career as an internationalist did not begin until he was thirty-three—an age when most professionals are already on the downgrade. That was in 1954, when he was selected to partner Peter Thomson, then the ranking Australian golfer, in the annual Canada Cup match. The Australian pair won the cup, but no one was very much taken with Nagle's golf. For a big, sturdy fellow, he hit the ball no distance at all. Besides, he had a most ungainly style. He addressed the ball off the toe of his club and then, with a jerky movement, started his swing by shoving the club behind the ball. Furthermore, he snatched the club up on the backswing and had a very restricted pivot. He was an excellent putter, but that was it. No one thought he had much of a future, and whenever he was mentioned in golfers' conversations, he was referred to either as *Ken* Nagle or as "the fellow who plays second fiddle to Peter Thomson in the Canada Cup matches." In 1960, having industriously improved his style and his game, Nagle played a few tournaments on our P.G.A. circuit, and at the Colonial Open, in Fort Worth, he was poking around the pro's shop one afternoon when he happened to pick up a driver that for no good reason suited him perfectly, and converted him almost overnight into a far more formidable customer off the tee. That July, to the astonishment of the golf world, he won the British Open at St. Andrews, overtaking Arnold Palmer on the last round by playing two great birdies on the seventh and eighth holes at the height of a drenching storm, and holding on to edge out Palmer by a shot. He then blossomed into a genuinely redoubtable golfer. He won the French Open in 1961. He was runner-up to Palmer in the British Open in 1962. Last summer, he won the Canadian Open by finishing with rounds of 66 and 67. Nagle is one of the best-liked men in golf. Modesty is the key to his character, and, like so many Australians, he hasn't a smidgen of affectation in him. He is the father of four, and his oldest boy, who is eighteen, is an assistant professional back home in Sydney.

Player is an infinitely more complicated person, who functions—and very well—on at least three levels at the same time. A man of extraordinary zeal and fervor, he has perhaps the most intrinsically theatrical tempera-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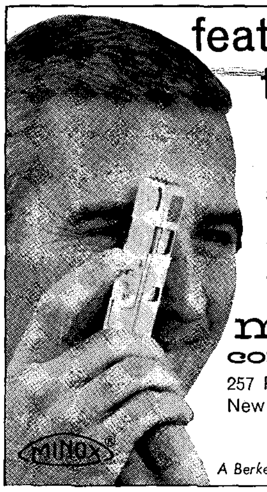

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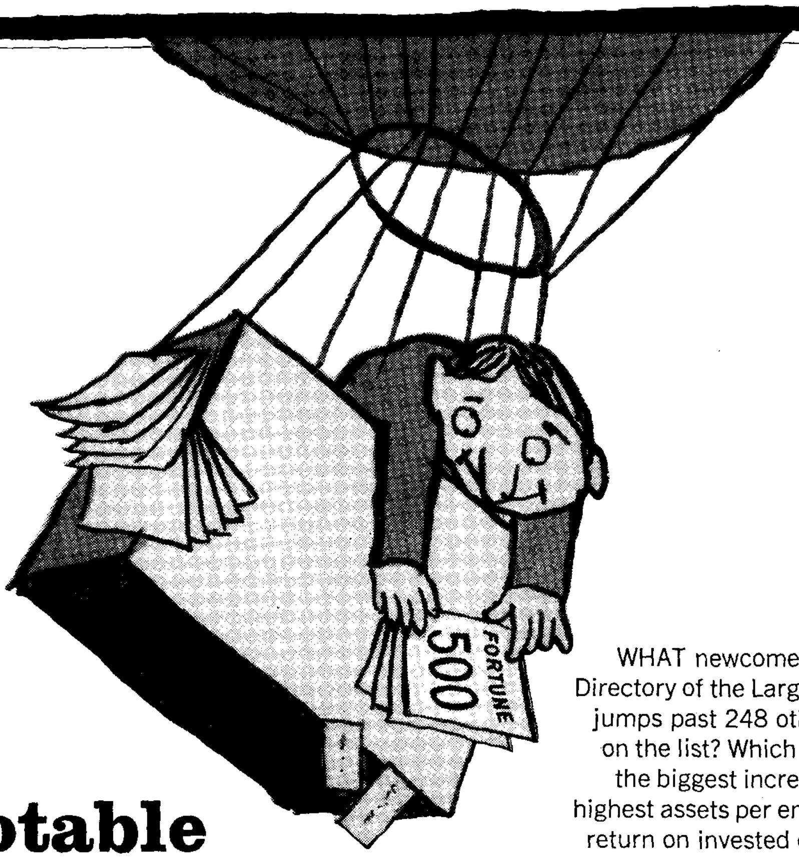

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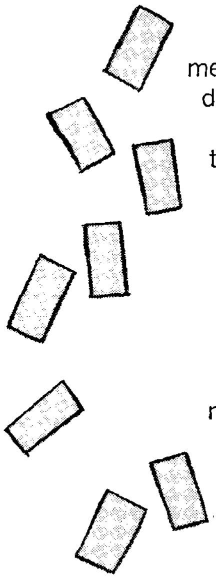

WHAT newcomer to the FORTUNE Directory of the Largest 500 Industrials jumps past 248 other top companies on the list? Which company achieves the biggest increase in sales . . . the highest assets per employee . . . the top return on invested capital? How many companies join the over-$1 billion ranks? What is the magic cutoff number for the 500 list—up $11.3 million over last year?

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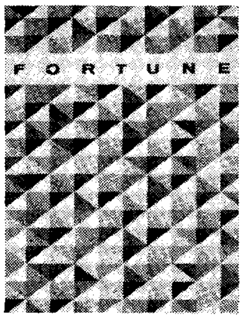

Company Presidents quote FORTUNE.

See July FORTUNE, page 168, for information on how to obtain a combined reprint of the FORTUNE 500 Directory and the Directory of the 200 Largest Foreign Industrials featured in the August FORTUNE.

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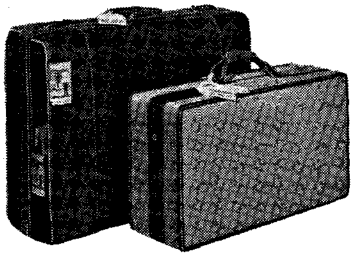

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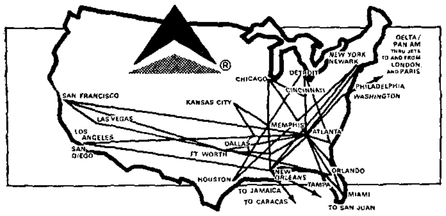

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ment of any golfer since Walter Hagen, and certainly no one in sports has shown himself more adept at creating a public personality or more resourceful at reinforcing it. Player's particular wicket is physical culture, for he is a small man, five feet seven inches tall, who is competing against bigger and stronger rivals. He lifts weights and does body-building exercises, and at one time he employed a personal trainer. For some years now, he has dressed for golf in black shoes, black trousers, and a black sports shirt, explaining that black absorbs the sun's rays better than any other color and, consequently, transmits warmth and strength to his body. For a time, he conspicuously endorsed raisins as a source of energy, but now he has switched to honey and bananas. While there is no question that Player is “on” a good bit of the time, it should be made clear that he is, for all that, a bright and engaging young man of considerable unhistrionic depths. He has come a long way since his first appearance in international competition, some ten years ago. His swing at that time was as unprepossessing as Nagle's early swing, for, in his efforts to compensate for his lack of size by widening his arc, he used a stance in which his feet were spread far apart, he flailed the club on the flattest plane imaginable, and he hooked just about every shot. He got by on his chipping and putting and on his determination. When he made his first extended visit to this country, in 1958, he was shrewd enough to seek out Hogan's help, and after Hogan had corrected his grip and brushed up his other fundamentals, he rapidly developed first into a good technician and then into an outstanding one. (I should say that today he has better control of his body moves than any other man in the game.) Late in 1958, Player won the first of his three Australian Opens, and in 1959 he won the British Open. (A semi-mystic, he dreamed he would win it the night before the last day's play.) After that, he became a regular on our professional tournament circuit, winning the Masters in 1961 and the P.G.A. championship the following year. Player, by the way, is married to the daughter of the man—a Johannesburg professional—who gave him his start in golf. They have five children.

For a while, the playoff between these two accomplished foreign stars looked as if it might be as tight and dramatic as the concluding stages of their fight in the Open proper. Player took a one-stroke lead on the first,

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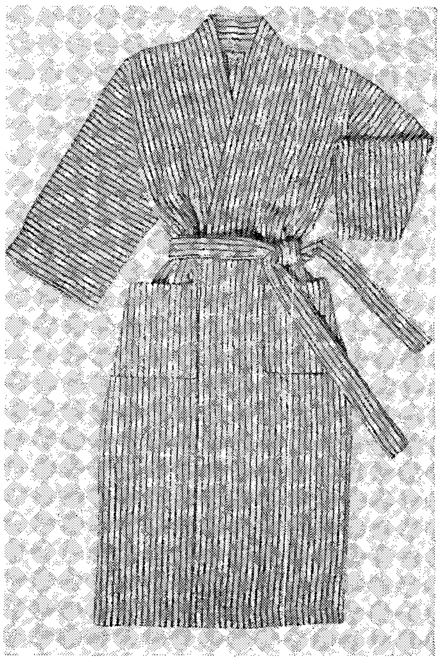
where Nagle missed a very short putt. On the second green, the South African ran down a thirty-five-footer for a birdie—it was a beautiful putt, which toppled in on the ball's final turn—but Nagle, without batting an eye, then holed a curving thirty-footer for *his* birdie. On the third, Player holed a monstrous putt, some forty feet long, for another birdie, but he immediately lost the stroke he had picked up by bogeying the fourth when he pushed his second shot into a greenside bunker. This gave Nagle the honor on the par-4 fifth, 465 yards long, with bunkers guarding the elevated green. Going for extra yardage, he hooked his tee shot badly. The ball came down in the midst of the gallery, massed outside the ropes beyond the rough, and struck a woman spectator on the forehead. Nagle was understandably unnerved by this. When he played his second shot, from a matty lie in the rough, his misery was compounded, for the ball squirted off the face of his 6-iron at a sharp angle to the left and hit another woman spectator, this time in the leg. Mercifully, it turned out that neither of the women was seriously hurt, but Nagle was distressed by the possibility that they might be, and finished out the hole as best he could without paying a great deal of attention to how he played his shots. He ended up with a double-bogey 6 to Player's par 4, and Player led by three strokes. Since Nagle never succeeded in narrowing that gap, it seemed to most observers that those unfortunate accidents on the fifth had decided the playoff, and, much as I would like to attribute less significance to them, I suppose they did. However, Nagle put up a much more gallant fight than the final scores—Player 71, Nagle 74—might suggest. From the sixth hole on, producing one superb iron shot after another, he put his approach closer to the pin than Player on every hole except the fifteenth, but he was unable to sink a solitary putt. In fairness to Player, it should be added that once he was in possession of a sizable lead, the correct tactics called for conservative play, and he was properly content to go for the middle of the greens on his approaches and simply make sure of his pars. There is no question, either, but that he was a most deserving winner, for throughout the tournament he hit the ball nicely and sharply and handled the rigors of Bellerive far more adroitly than anyone else.

With his victory, Player joins Sarazen and Hogan as the only golfers who have captured the four major profes-



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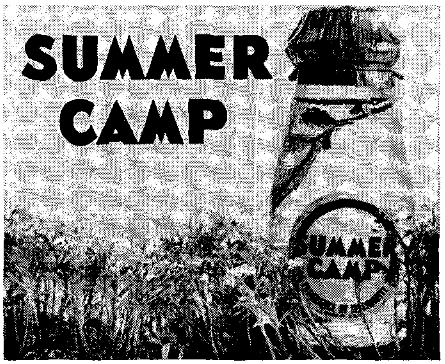

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sional tournaments on the modern calendar—the Masters, the British Open, the P.G.A. Championship, and our Open. He is also to be congratulated on his generosity in donating his purse of twenty-five thousand dollars to the U.S.G.A.—five thousand to be turned over to the cancer fund (Player's mother died of cancer) and the rest to be used in assisting the development of junior golf. Because of Player's penchant for publicity and self-dramatization, and because of the general cynicism of our times, the sincerity of the motives behind his largesse has been questioned in some corners. For my part, I think his unprecedented gesture was prompted, exactly as he explained, by his wish to show his appreciation for all the wonderful things that his successes in this country have brought him, and I am filled with admiration.

ON the morning of the fourth round of the Open, the U.S.G.A. passed the word that if there should be a playoff and it were tied after eighteen holes, the golfers would begin the sudden-death extra holes not on the first tee but on the fifteenth. The reason for this, as hardly needs to be explained, is that the television cameras at Bellerive were set up only on the last four holes, as they are for most of the golf tournaments now telecast. The announcement was still a stunner, for this was the first time that the U.S.G.A., the time-honored guardian of American golf, had made it known quite so frankly how far it was willing to go to meet the requirements of television. Nevertheless, the handwriting was clearly on the wall last January, when the Association decided to change the

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Open from a three-day to a four-day event. While it would be wrong to imply that the desire for increased television coverage was the only factor in the decision (it wasn't; slow play has made the completion of two rounds in a single day a serious problem), and also wrong to imply that the U.S.G.A. was interested primarily in the money that would accrue to it from televising the Open on two days instead of on one, as in the past (the Association doesn't need money), there is much to be said for the school of thought which holds that, in view of the burgeoning renown of the Masters and the substantial rise in prestige that the Professional Golfers Association has recently achieved through frequent telecasts of P.G.A.-sponsored tournaments, the U.S.G.A. may have felt impelled to take certain steps in order to strengthen its position in the public eye as the rules-making body of American golf, the watchdog of our amateur golf, and the conductor of our national championships. No one can quarrel with this purpose—only with the means of implementing it, which, in the case of the Open, has been the elimination of the double round. To a large extent, television runs sports today. As far as golf goes, it has been the impetus behind the colossal growth of interest in the game over the past half-dozen years. Television's appeal is fantastic, and its power cannot be ignored. However, the organizations that run sports in this country have already gone far enough, and perhaps too far, in obliging the giant. There is nothing really disturbing about the little accommodations, such as having an official at professional football games call for time out at repeated intervals so that a commercial can be inserted, or even with some of the big ones, such as the National Hockey League's projected expansion from six teams to twelve in order to gain a lucrative television contract. It is quite a different thing, however, when the governing bodies in sports put network exposure above the truest form and best expression of the games they superintend, and that is just what seems to be happening at the moment.

Anyway, many of us around golf are hopeful that in the months ahead the U.S.G.A. will review the form of the Open and the manner of televising it, in that order. I would not be at all put out if, as a condition of returning to the old double round, it should be deemed necessary to modify the thirty-six-hole cut so that only the low forty scorers, say, qualified for the final thirty-six holes. Furthermore, I am sure that in

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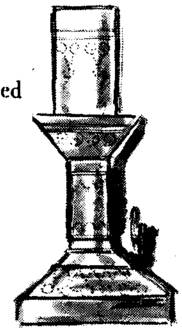

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the event the double round were restored, there would be no objection whatever if the U.S.G.A. succeeded in arranging for periodic telecasts of the last day's play from its start, early in the morning, through its climax, just before twilight. After all, as someone said, it used to be the most exciting day in golf. Well, there's always the Amateur. Or *is* there?

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

THE MYSTERIOUS, COMPLETE, AND DEFINITIVE EAST

[*From "A Complete Chinese-English Dictionary," by O. Z. Tsang, B. A.*]

Ssŭ; Si . . . (*v.*) To die; to be dead; to come to an end; to lose one's breath; to give up the ghost; to go off; to go to rack; to go to heaven; to go the way of all flesh; to go to the way of all the earth; to go over the range; to go over to or to join the majority; to have gone to one's rest; to pass into stillness; to dine with Mahomet; to be all over with one; to stick one's spoon in the well; to cock one's toes; to kick up the heels; to kick the bucket; to pay the debt of nature; to shake off this mortal coil; to slip one's wind; to be under one's cross; to slip off the hooks; to yield up the ghost or the breath; to sleep the final sleep or the sleep that knows no waking; to slip one's breath; to slip one's cable; to sup with Pluto; to expire; to perish; to meet one's end; to meet one's death; to pass away; to be taken; to yield one's breath; to resign one's breath; to resign one's life; to resign one's being; to end one's days, to end one's life; to end one's earthly career; to breathe one's last; to cease to live; to cease to breathe; to depart this life; to be no more; to go off; to drop off; to pop off; to lose one's life; to lay down one's life; to relinquish one's life; to surrender one's life; to drop into the grave; to close one's eyes; to fall down dead; to drop dead; to break one's neck; to be all over with one; to shuffle off this mortal coil; to take one's last sleep; to join the greater number; to come to dust; to turn to dust; to cross the Stygian ferry; to go to one's long account; to go to one's last home; to go to Davy Jone's locker; to go to the wall; to go off the hooks; to hop the twig; to turn up one's toes; to receive one's death warrant; to make one's will; to die a natural death; to go out like the snuff of a candle; to be launched into eternity; to be gathered to one's fathers; to be numbered with the dead.

•

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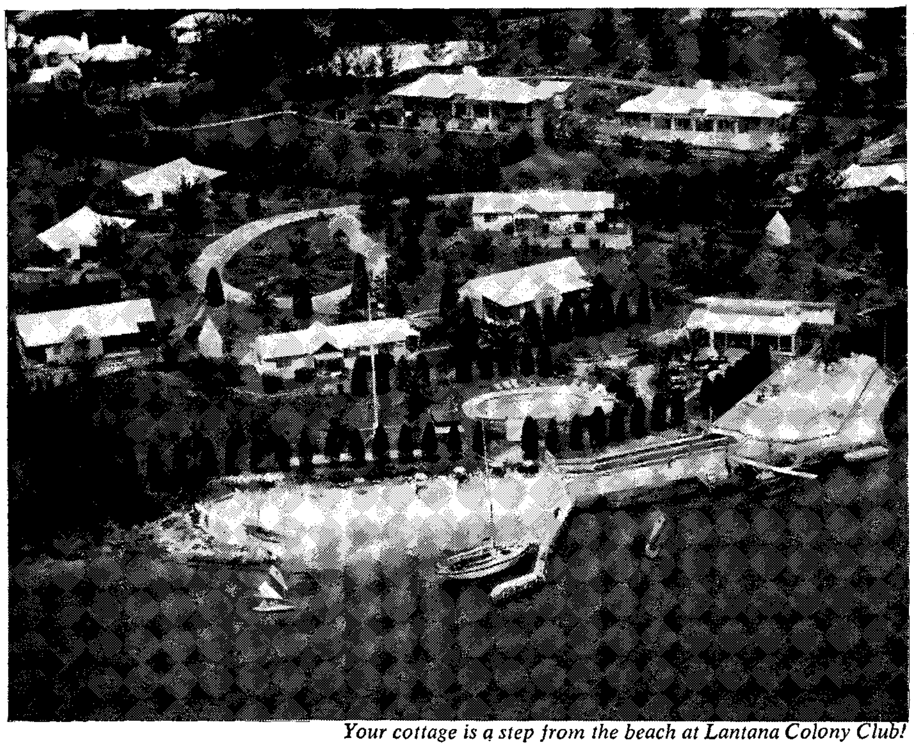

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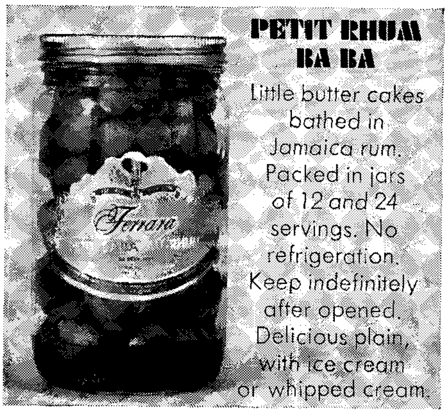
MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Concerts

THE eleventh Newport Jazz Festival, held weekend before last, was leviathan (seven concerts, thirty groups, forty-five thousand customers), bland, banal, occasionally professional, occasionally original, never exciting, and—a new note this year—unintentionally funny. This comedy provided more than relief; it made the general mediocrity of the weekend bearable. The first burst came on Thursday evening when Pete Seeger, accompanied by his own banjo and by a George Wein group that resembled an amateur *bar-mitzvah* band, sang "Summertime" in spindly shouts. A little later on, Les McCann, a middling West Coast pianist who has grown sleek and plump on a diet of fake blues and gospel music, offered four such imitations, topping them with a Liberace version of "Yours Is My Heart Alone." At the close of the evening, Joe Williams, another melodramatist, began by announcing that both he and McCann, his accompanist, loved "Yours Is My Heart Alone," and then sang it. McCann smiled like someone being told his own joke twenty minutes later. The comic pickings on Friday afternoon came largely from Archie Shepp, a "new thing" tenor saxophonist who has been influenced in the worst possible way by Ben Webster and Johnny Hodges and Ornette Coleman: he unwittingly parodies them. Saturday evening was enlivened by two vocalists—one a Japanese girl who belted out her songs as if she were an electronic machine set for Ella Fitzgerald and Dinah Washington and Judy Garland, and the other a South African girl, tall and Victorian-looking, who sang two numbers in a good voice riddled by a hypnotic effect—each sustained note had a hiccup in it. But Sunday evening was a circus. Frank Sinatra, the celebrated New Jersey Meadows jazz singer, appeared with Count Basie. Sinatra's stint was carried out with Commando precision. Late Sunday afternoon, during a Stan Getz *bossa-nova* number, a couple of helicopters scouting the area for Sinatra fell out of the sky with a roar and touched down briefly just behind the bandstand. At exactly seven-forty-five, they returned, carry-



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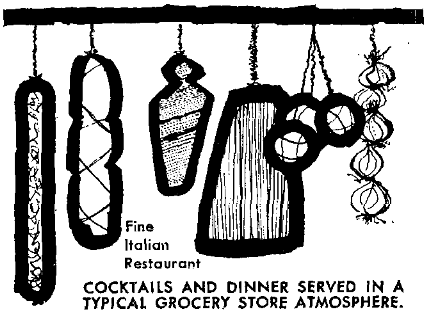

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ing Sinatra and his entourage, and at nine, after half a dozen desultory Count Basie numbers, Sinatra paraded onstage with his own drummer, his own trumpet player—Harry (One-Note) Edison—and his own arrangements. Basie put on a pair of businessmen's glasses and started reading his part, and Sinatra sang "Get Me to the Church on Time." Seven or eight vocals later, Sinatra paused, got himself a cup of tea from the piano, and, sipping it stage center, delivered a monologue made up of Bob Hope gags larded with plugs for a Las Vegas hotel that Sinatra has an interest in, recent and forthcoming Sinatra movies, and Dean Martin and Sammy Davis. Then he replaced his teacup, sang ten more songs, and waved goodbye. He was airborne before the Basie band, struggling to regain its soul, had finished a concluding "One O'Clock Jump." The tab was reportedly thirty-five thousand dollars.

But there was intentional humor, too. Dizzy Gillespie was on hand with his quintet on Thursday and Friday evenings, and although his playing was first-rate, his comportment was even better—particularly on Friday. Working his way through half a dozen south-of-the-border selections, he danced (a series of miraculous motions in which his shoulders, hips, and arms became an uninterrupted flow), spent part of a number conducting his drummer, carried on a pretended shoving match with his saxophonist James Moody that ended with a warm embrace, sang a funny Calypso tune in a voice a potato would envy, and introduced the members of his band (handshakes all around among the musicians). Earlier on Friday, Thelonious Monk and his quartet strolled through a handful of numbers, each of them full of sly, affectionate pokes at stride piano and of the steady inner pleasure that Monk rests all his music on. Jo Jones aerated Saturday afternoon. Appearing in a so-called drum workshop with Buddy Rich, Elvin Jones, Roy Haynes, Louis Bellson, and Art Blakey, each of whom fired off Judgment Day solos, he restricted himself to brief, toying statements swathed in mischievous grins and eye-poppings. But despite his subtlety and despite Rich's jet stream, Bellson's automation, and a beautiful all-nerves Haynes solo, Elvin Jones was the winner. It is his way to manipulate two or three different rhythms at once, and after a time these rhythms seemed to become disembodied and self-sufficient; the fact that they were emerg-

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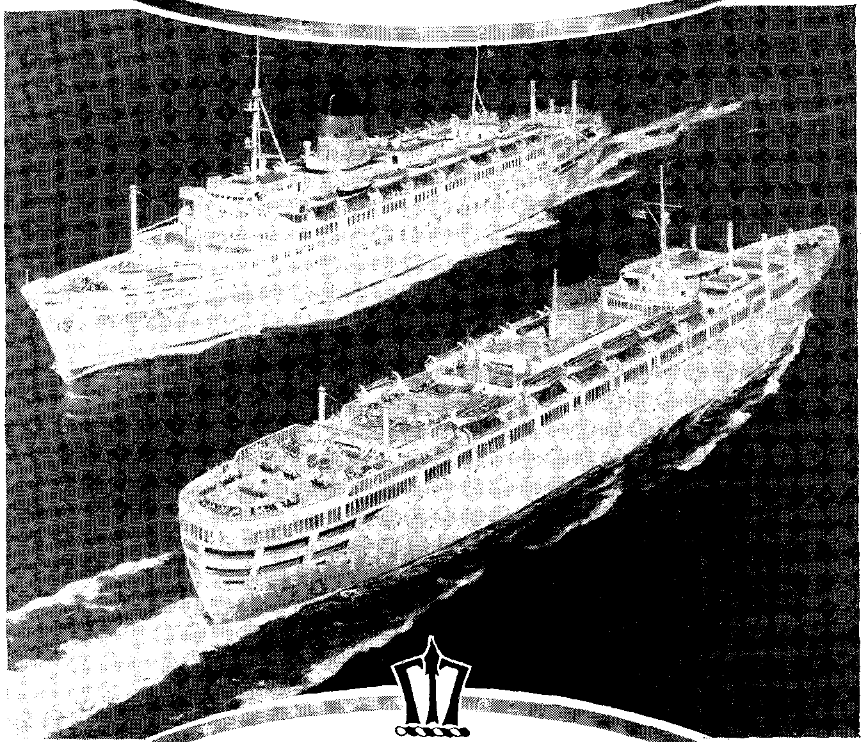

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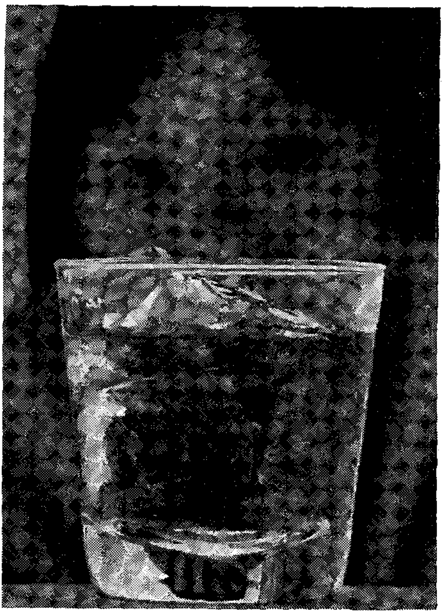
ing from a set of drums was almost incidental.

The tedium of the groups led by Carmen McRae and Dave Brubeck and Stan Getz and Billy Taylor and Art Blakey and Oscar Peterson was further relieved by the Modern Jazz Quartet, which on Thursday evening delivered seven numbers, all perfect, all affecting, and all demonstrating that Milt Jackson, with his ululating vibrato and impenetrable energy, is the Sidney Bechet of the present. On Saturday night, Earl Hines, backed by Earl May and Louis Bellson, played four numbers (one a long medley) that were climaxed, in "Boogie Woogie on the St. Louis Blues," by a couple of brilliant high-register birdsong choruses. Hines was followed by Duke Ellington, whose misdemeanors outshine most men's excellences. The solos were predictable, the brass section was exhilarating but deafening, and Ellington himself seemed preoccupied, both in his manner and in his playing. A young pianist named Denny Zeitlin appeared on Sunday afternoon with a good drummer, Jerry Granelli, and the extraordinary bassist Charlie Haden, who, except in a fine flamencan passage, was largely inaudible. They were followed by the Wynton Kelly trio (Paul Chambers on bass and Jimmy Cobb on drums), which was the best rhythm section of the weekend, and by Wes Montgomery, a guitarist who gets off his clichés with cannonic force.

Friday afternoon, given over to the "new thing," was original and almost exciting. The Jazz Composers Guild Orchestra, which included Mike Mantler on trumpet, Roswell Rudd on trombone, a reed section (John Tchicai, Charles Davis, and Ken McIntyre), Carla Bley on piano, Steve Swallow on bass, and Milford Graves on drums, moved with shambling precision through two long numbers—one by Mantler and one by Mrs. Bley. They were notable for a slow lyrical interlude in Mantler's piece, in which Mrs. Bley, typing out a solo with one finger, was backed by congested organ chords and some marvellous sleight-of-hand cymbal work from Graves, and for a delightful calypso passage in Mrs. Bley's composition, in which the melody was handled as if the band were on the verge of inventing the fugue. Cecil Taylor finished the afternoon, and, as is his wont, constructed in each solo an immense Gothic tower of notes that withstood the great winds his playing generated. There was a lot of *thinking* onstage that afternoon.

The festival was held this year on



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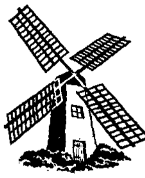

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the side of a gently sloping hill just north of Newport Harbor. The only changes from Freebody Park, which had been the festival site for nine years, were the fine amplifying system and a new, Expressionistic bandstand ringed by myriad multicolored spotlights and resembling a woman in curlers on a Saturday night. She looked lovely against the stars.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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All the busboys are cousins?

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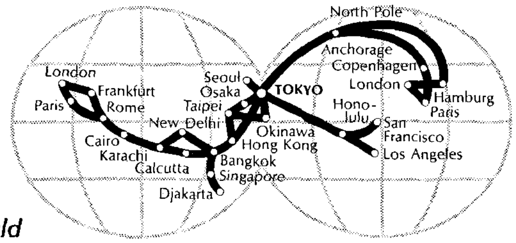
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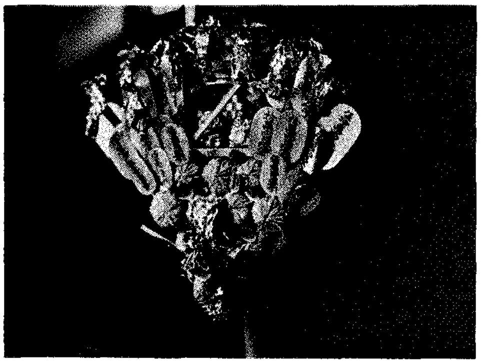

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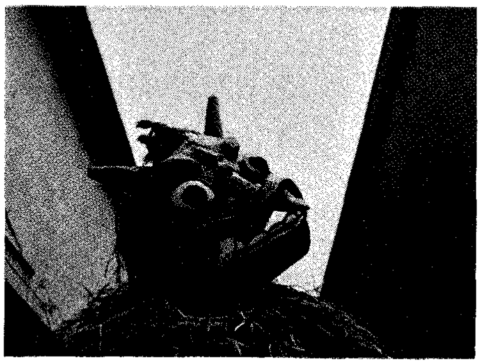

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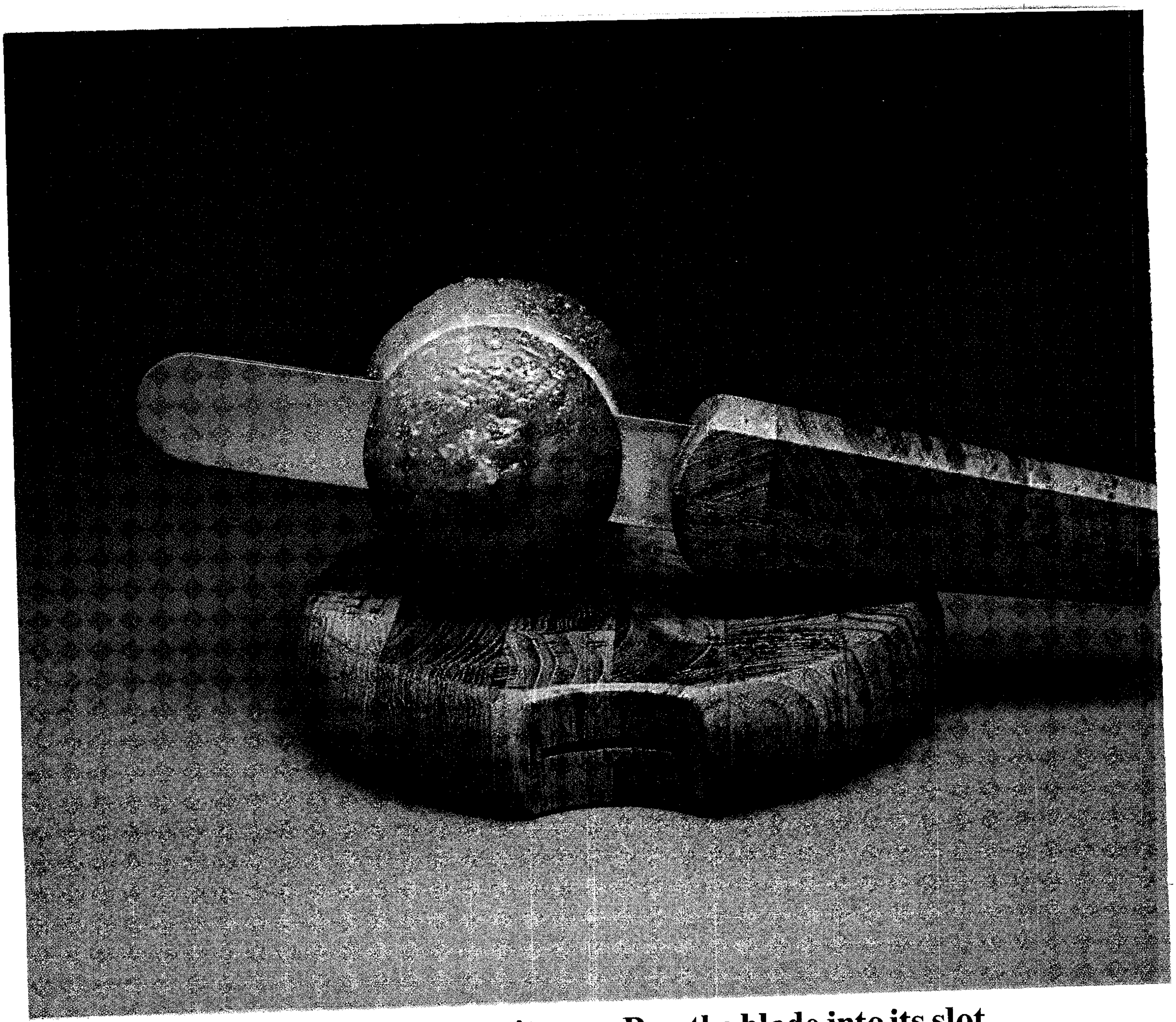

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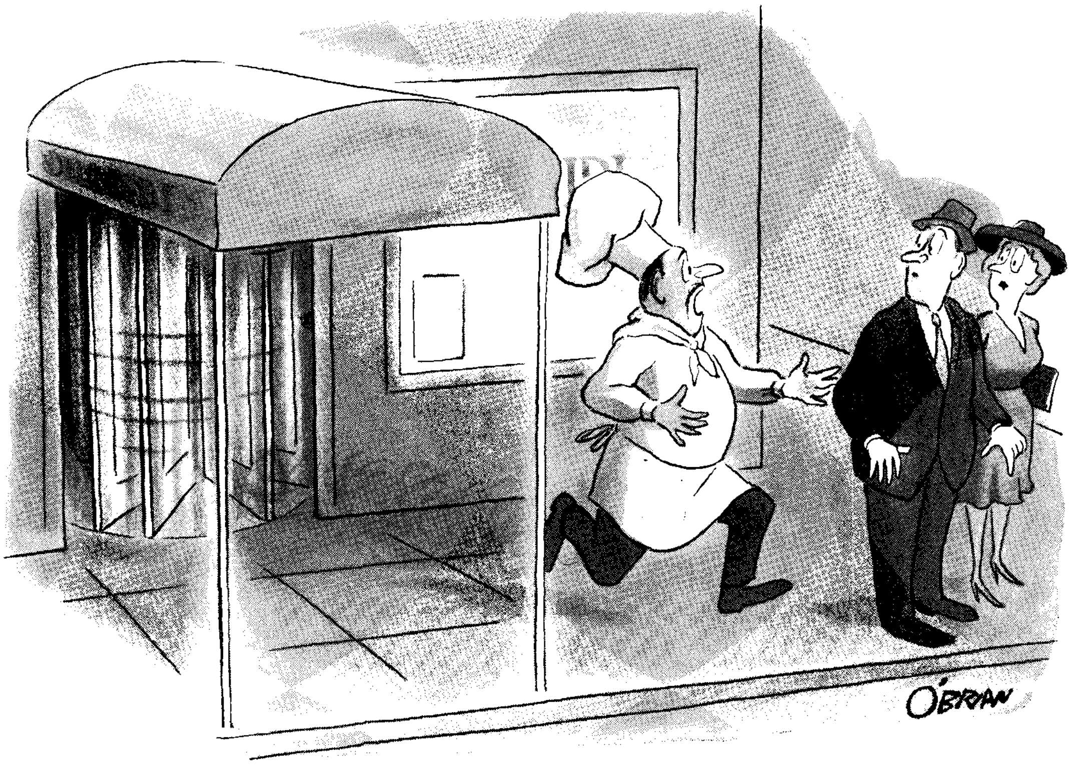
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JULY 8

ELSEWHERE in the country, the controversy over our policy in South Vietnam seems certain to mount in intensity and in rancor as long as we have any part in the hostilities there, but here, within the executive and legislative branches, there is at present little debate. A kind of cease-fire is in effect. It may not last very long, for its terms satisfy no one. Anxiety has not lessened; it is, in fact, on the increase, and a sense of danger and near-despair pervades the atmosphere. Nevertheless, a consensus has been reached, and it is subscribed to by everyone except a handful of congressmen, some of whom would immediately extend the air war up to or beyond the Chinese border (theirs may become the majority position before long), and some of whom, agreeing with Senator Morse, of Oregon, that our whole presence in Southeast Asia is "unconstitutional," would get out on any terms we can obtain or on no terms at all. For the time being, though, such former critics of the administration as Senators Fulbright, of Arkansas, and Church, of Idaho, both of whom had previously challenged the assumption that we were defending any vital or legitimate interest in South Vietnam, have no programmatic differences with the President. They share with him, as just about everyone else here does, the belief that, whatever choices this government may have had a year ago, or even six months ago, it has no choice today but to continue its hazardous and thus far unproductive policy of slow, steady escalation.

The President's celebrated powers of persuasion and consensus-making have had little, if anything, to do with bringing Congress to this view, which is not really a view at all but a resigned acceptance, or acknowledgment, of a condition. The acceptance is a response not to arguments but to circumstances. Neither our bombings nor our offers to stop them have brought any show of interest in negotiation from Hanoi or from the capitals of other nations in sympathy with the Vietcong. Diplomatic initiatives have been taken by several governments and international agencies whose *bona fides* was above suspicion; all have been rebuffed. Only yesterday, Moscow said once again that the end of the war could come only after American troops had been withdrawn and the United States had consented to the political settlement recommended by the Vietcong. It is evident that the Vietcong and the governments supporting it see in this ghastly war an opportunity to humiliate the United States, and have made the exploitation of this opportunity the center of their policies. None of this, to be sure, provides any justification for our own policies or weakens the case of their critics. Indeed, events seem daily to strengthen the case of those who say either that no military solution is possible in South Vietnam or that one could be imposed, as Senator Fulbright put it a couple of weeks ago, "only at a cost far exceeding our interest and our honor." Even now, despite the general agreement that the administration has no acceptable alternative to its present course, large numbers of people in Congress and the administration hold one or the other of these estimates of the military possibilities and are ready to agree to the common-sense proposition that it is folly to go on with a policy that, quite apart from being revoltingly bloody and dangerous in the extreme, can attain its objective only by an expenditure of life and energy far beyond the objective's worth. These same people, however, have an anguishing awareness of the fact that there are times when the kind of common sense whose application history might vindicate is simply not available to governments as a foundation for policy—especially foreign and military policy. Private citizens may believe there are worse things in the world than the humiliation of their governments, but governments, by the very law of their being, are unable to see things this way. Government is power, and power cannot endure humiliation. Power cannot disentangle itself from the requirements of its own survival or from those of its pride, which is spoken of sometimes as "honor," sometimes as "prestige." There is no doubt here that American power would suffer an immense loss of prestige if, at this terribly late and terribly critical stage, it withdrew from South Vietnam. Communist and non-Communist governments alike, including those in both categories that have steadily demanded our withdrawal, would hold this government in contempt if it repudiated its commitment to prevent a Vietcong takeover. Private citizens may say that the commitment was an unwise one to begin with and that we can better afford the contempt of governments than the hatred of human beings who hold us accountable for cruelties visited upon them. While this may be no less than the truth, it is a truth of little utility to the government, which, if it is to make any credible commitments in the future, must honor the commit-



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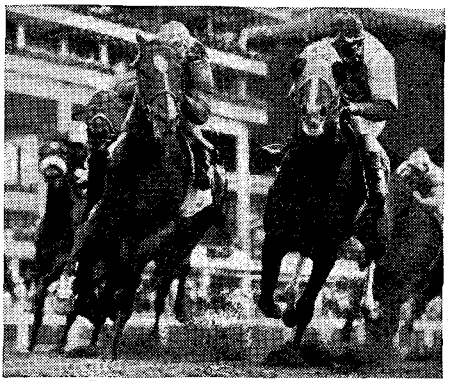
ments it made in the past—even though it curses the day they were made and the men who made them.

As things appear here, then, the President is exercising the only acceptable option that, as commander-in-chief, he has. Escalation, particularly on the ground, is necessary not only to keep alive the hope of one day prevailing over the Vietcong but to secure our own position. The perils of exercising this single option are numerous and staggering. The biggest, of course, is involvement in a land war greater in scale and destructiveness than even the Korean War. The Pentagon, the State Department, and the White House tend to discount the possibility of open Chinese or Soviet involvement. They do so, however, mainly on the assumption that North Vietnam and its sympathizers in the south can provide all the manpower needed to engage an American force of several hundred thousand. And if American troops in such numbers went in and found the going difficult, there would be enormous pressure here to carry the war to China—just as there was pressure last year to carry it to North Vietnam. It would be accompanied by demands that our troops be given support from our nuclear arsenal. There is already a clamor for the use of tactical nuclear weapons, and the Secretary of Defense has felt called upon to give assurances that their use has not been precluded in our planning. In the face of heavy casualty lists, it would do little good to say, as administration leaders are presently given to saying when this question is raised, that nuclear weapons are not useful in this kind of war. It might be untrue, for one thing, and, in any case, we know from experience that the only way to satisfy public opinion on a negative proposition of this sort is by demonstration. For months, the administration insisted that bombing supply routes north of the Seventeenth Parallel would have little effect on the course of the war in the south. A five-month demonstration of the soundness of this contention has now been made, and the failure of the supply-route bombings has led to demands that the air war be extended to the cities. In anticipation of this, Soviet missile emplacements have been installed to defend Hanoi, presumably with Soviet technicians in charge, and there are demands in Congress that these be destroyed. The administration maintains that bombing Hanoi and its defenses would be of little utility, but no one here would give much in the way of odds that this will



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not, in some more desperate hour, be done.

Over the years, much has been said of Peking's willingness to spend human lives with abandon, even of an eagerness on its part to see its population reduced by enemy fire. This is a speculation, supported thus far only by evidence drawn from its conduct of internal affairs, in which, like most developing countries, it has paid for economic development with much death and suffering. On the whole, its diplomacy has been as cautious as Moscow's or our own. But it showed in Korea in 1950, when it was a much less secure power than it is today, that it was willing to intervene when an ally was losing a war in a contiguous territory, and there is little reason to assume that it would not again react in the same way under the same circumstances. The President has sought to reassure China that the circumstances will not be the same. He has advised North Vietnam that we have no designs on its sovereignty and, in fact, wish to see the country prosper and are willing to contribute to its economic well-being. But if we find ourselves ranged against large North Vietnamese forces in a protracted land war, it could become very much in the interests of our own security to destroy the Hanoi regime, so that, with or without the use of nuclear weapons, we would find ourselves in a situation not identical to that of 1950 but closely resembling it. In some quarters here, it is said that North Vietnam could not become another Korea, because Hanoi doesn't want the Chinese to come in and would sue for peace in order to prevent an occupation. It is also said that there is a notable and quite possibly crucial difference in geography between the Korean and Vietnamese situations. China had easy military access to North Korea, while North Vietnam, though it has a common frontier with China, is actually remote from the centers of Chinese strength and accessible only with great difficulty. Chinese intervention in force would place a great strain on the Chinese economy. These are factors that must undoubtedly be weighed in strategic calculations. Still, any defeat of North Vietnam would be a humiliation for Chinese power as great as the humiliation American power would suffer if it were driven out of South Vietnam. China, which is reported to have given North Vietnam relatively little aid, does not have the same kind of stake we have in the war, but its regional and ideological stakes are enormous, and it has, above all, a

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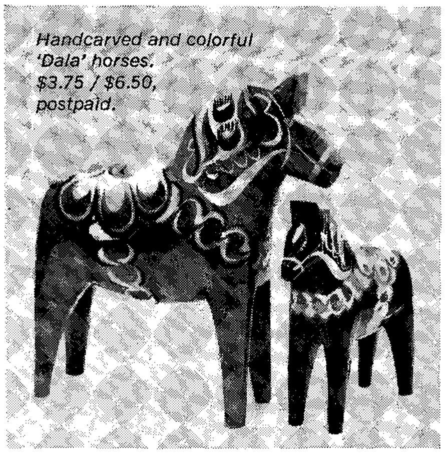

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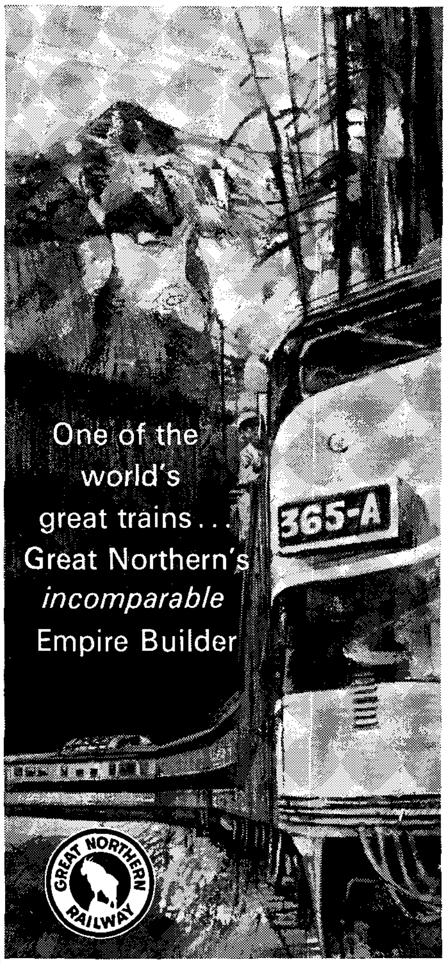
consuming interest in proving the vulnerability of the United States.

The dangers we court are not all on the Asian mainland. The war has already brought about a worsening of our relations with the Soviet Union. It is taken for granted here that there can be no further steps toward disarmament or arms control until the Vietnamese conflict has somehow been resolved. The conflict adversely, though indirectly, affects our diplomacy almost everywhere else in the world. If our failure to pursue it would lessen the credibility of other military commitments, our insistence on pursuing it lessens—unjustly, it may be, but effectively nonetheless—the credibility of our professions of peacefulness. Our policy, if it fails to achieve its end shortly or if it achieves it at a great cost in lives, also heightens the prospect for wars of a similar nature in other parts of the world. From the Chinese point of view, for example, it could well be argued that our vulnerability has already been exposed in South Vietnam and that the thing to do next is to apply the lessons learned there in other regions. This may very well appear the most attractive of the choices Peking might have. For, even if we eventually succeed in subduing the Vietcong, it is perfectly clear from what has already happened that we have not found a way to deal effectively with the kind of challenge we have faced in this war. The problem has been given years of study by military and civilian experts. Much, we are told, has been learned. Men have been trained to operate against guerrillas and terrorists—indeed, to become guerrillas and terrorists themselves—and they have been given equipment designed to meet their needs. If we are willing to send a half million or more men to Vietnam, we can probably bring a measure of pacification to the place—provided, of course, that our troops meet only with Vietnamese resistance. But this would merely demonstrate how far we were from having an answer to the problem of what Khrushchev called "wars of national liberation." For although the commitment of a major force to Vietnam might be tolerated by American opinion, the administration, as it knows, can count on no mandate for intervention in another Vietnam—or a half-dozen Vietnams.

Yet other wars of national liberation are in the making in Asia and on other continents. The administration, which in Vietnam feels itself the victim of commitments that were honorably but imprudently made, does not regard it-



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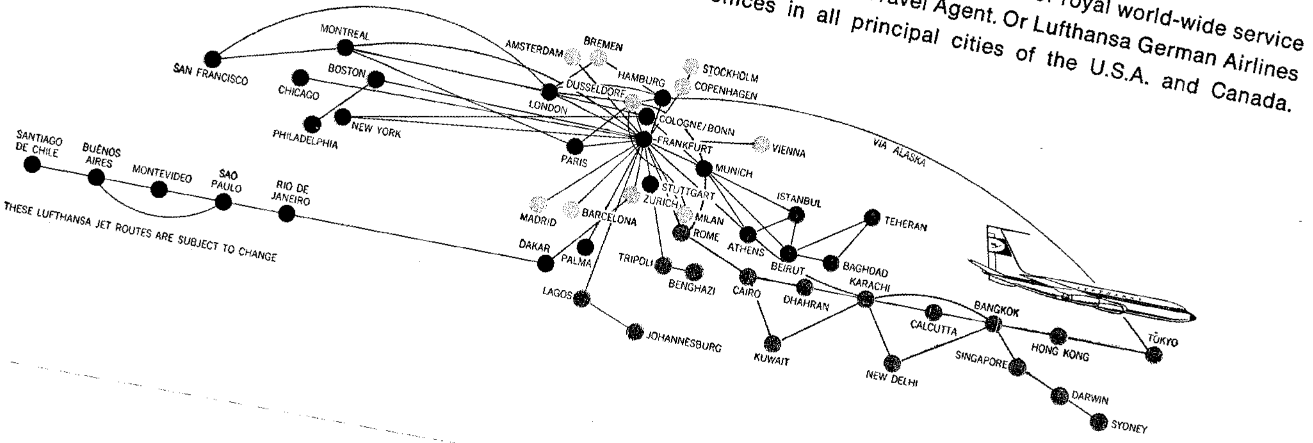
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THESE LUFTHANSA JET ROUTES ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE self as bound to do everywhere, or for that matter anywhere else, what it has been doing in South Vietnam. Until this year, it was looking forward to a period of disengagement in which its principal attention could be given to domestic policy, and it was preparing the ground for this by a process of ideological reform. It wished to rid our foreign policy of the globalism and compulsive anti-Communism of the late forties and fifties. As things have worked out, however, it finds itself in a position in which it has fewer defenses than before against involvement in conflicts of every known sort. It has declared its intention to oppose all aggression, and although it has not stated that its opposition will in all cases be military, it is hard to see on what principle it would decline to help a friendly government that requested help and was able to claim that aggression was at least partly responsible for its difficulties. It has come to accept the position that not every Communist government is a threat to American security, but it is firmly committed to resist not only Communist uprisings in this half of the world but uprisings that may use Communists and share command with them, and it has made roughly the same commitment in Southeast Asia. In this period of history, it is difficult to imagine any civil or fratricidal war of which it could be said that neither aggression nor Communism was involved. It is therefore difficult to imagine a war in which the United States could, with its present policies, avoid involvement.

THERE are some people here who manage to take what can be described as a relatively sanguine view of recent developments. They feel that the President can stop escalation on the ground short of the Seventeenth Parallel and give China no cause for intervention. In their view, we can, if we wish to, avoid the worst implications of the views of the world the administration has lately been formulating. Even nations more deeply committed to ideology than ours have found it possible to escape ideology when it serves their interests, and there is always a wide gap between rhetoric and performance. As they see it, our performance in Vietnam has probably tended more to discourage than to encourage the outbreak of similar wars in other countries, and this goes a long way toward justifying our presence in Southeast Asia. They think it altogether possible that in a year or so

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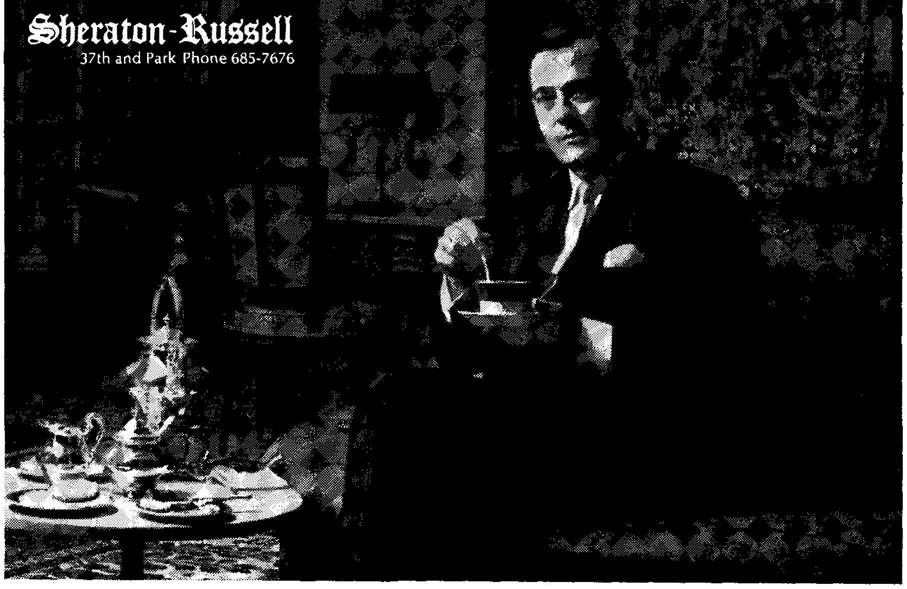

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administration policy can achieve at least some of its goals in South Vietnam. We have considerably lowered our sights there over the past four years and would settle for a government in which the Vietcong participated, so long as we could be assured of the safety of those who have collaborated with us and of a foreign policy made in Saigon rather than in Hanoi or Peking. Those who think this possible point out that Hanoi and Peking are perfectly capable of reckoning the costs of bringing about the humiliation of American power and that they can no more help being dismayed by them than people here are when they reckon the costs of a steadily widening war on the Asian mainland or a series of interventions on a number of continents.

If it is possible by holding on in South Vietnam to dissuade insurgent forces in other countries from trying to achieve power by terror, we will, of course, have gained quite a bit. But we lose a lot in the effort. One inescapably lamentable aspect of the present situation has been its draining of energies from other matters of importance and its diversion of attention from what has been going on in other parts of the world and in Washington itself. It is conceivable, for example, that nuclear proliferation may in a short time become an even greater threat to the peace than the war in Vietnam or the uses of terror for political ends. Senator Kennedy, of New York, evidently thinks so, but his illuminating speech on the Senate floor a couple of weeks ago seems hardly to have been heard in other parts of the city. It is as if foreign policy consisted of Vietnam and nothing else. Even more astonishing has been the way in which Vietnam has overshadowed one of the most remarkable periods of domestic change and innovation in American history. Since the start of this year, much of what President Kennedy called the "unfinished business" of American society has been before the Congress, and notable steps have been made. The federal government has at last found a way of helping public education without raising awkward Constitutional issues and stirring religious antagonisms. In public health, we have just about caught up with Bismarck's Prussia. Though their efficacy has yet to be established, imaginative attempts are under way to rehabilitate distressed areas and eliminate chronic poverty. The voting-rights bill is close to passage, and the effects of it and of the legislative reapportionment ordered by the Supreme Court two years ago are already apparent in state

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and regional politics. Something very close to a peaceful social revolution has been taking place. Yet no one here, at the source of it, has much sense of having been through anything but a period of intense frustration over a revolution being attempted by a ragtag band of killers on the other side of the world. South Vietnam dominates the headlines, dominates conversation, and threatens to be a seriously divisive political issue.

—Richard H. Rovere

• •

A FAR CRY AFTER A CLOSE CALL

For if they do these things in a green tree
what shall be done in the dry?
—*Luke 23:31.*

Nuns, his nieces, bring the priest in the next
Bed pralines, not prayers for the next world,
But I've had one look myself
At *that* one (looking

Back now, crammed in the convalescent ward,
With the invisible man opposite
Sloshing most of the Black Sea
Around in his lungs,

While the third patient coughs and borrows *Time*).
No one turned over when I was wheeled in;
The efficient British nurse
Snipped off my soggy

Trousers and put me right, "sure as Bob's your
Uncle." The water roared and ran away,
Leaving only words to stock
My mind like capsules

Crowding a bottle. Then the lights blew up,
Went out, someone was going through My Things
While I rowed—rowed for my life
Down the rubber floor—

But the waves failed me. The hallway heaved where I
Foundered and turned in my doctor's dry hands
To sovereign selflessness.
Meaning had melted.

"*Mon corps est moi,*" Molière said. They're more than that,
This monster the body, this miracle
Its pain—when was I ever
Them, when were they me?

At thirty-three, what else is there to do
But wait for yet another great white moth
With eager, enlarging eyes
To land on my chest,

Slowly, innocently choking me off?
The feelers stir while I lie still, lie here
(Where on earth does it come from,
That wind, that wounding

Breath?), remembering the future now,
Foreseeing a past I shall never know,
Until the little crisis
Breaks, and I wake.

For as Saint Paul sought deliverance from
The body of this death, I seek to stay—
Man is mad as the body
Is sick, by nature.

—Richard Howard

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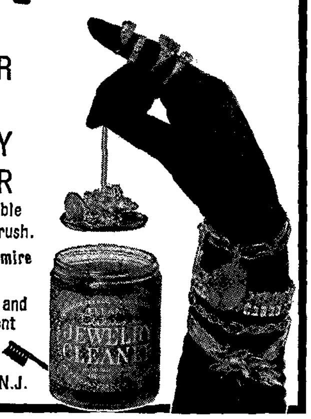

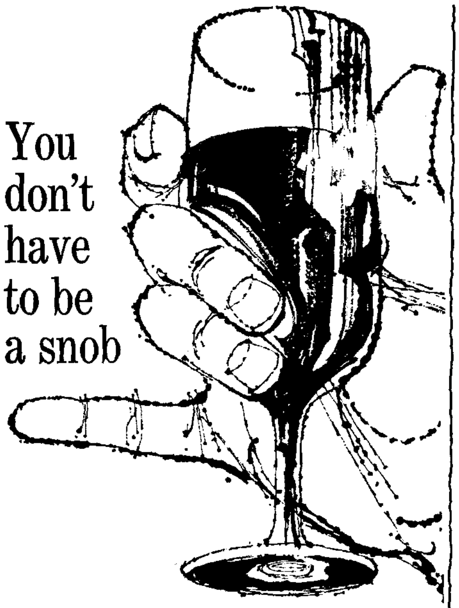

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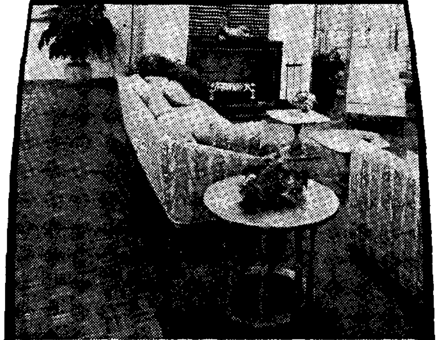

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

STARTING FROM TOMORROW, by Tony Gray (Little, Brown). Here is a story to make the blood run cold. The scene is Dublin. John Skelton, thirty-seven years old, is a photographer and writer for the *Irish Mail*, a daily newspaper. He has a pretty, affectionate wife, Peggy; three good-humored, healthy children; a French *au-pair* girl to look after the children; and a house in Clontarf, at the edge of the Irish Sea. John drinks too much, Peggy drinks too much whenever she gets a chance, the house is falling apart from neglect, and the postman brings only bills, which, as the story opens, have turned into peremptory demands. The Skeltons know that their affairs are in bad shape, but they both believe that things are no worse than usual and that the miracle they have been waiting for—a big-paying job for an American magazine, or some other windfall that will mark Providence's belated recognition of John's talent—is just about to happen. Anybody looking in from the outside, though, can see that the little family has reached the end of the road. It is hard to watch disaster come to these people, because they are uncannily real, and therefore familiar and pitiable in their helplessness, but it is impossible not to watch as the nightmare that enfolds them begins to darken toward its moment of crisis. Mr. Gray's style is plain and direct; he has a story to tell, and he sticks to telling it.

THE FETISH AND OTHER STORIES, by Alberto Moravia, translated from the Italian by Angus Davidson (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). In this collection, Mr. Moravia tells mostly about stupid women, exasperated men, and the pointless lives they lead together, and sometimes the author himself seems bored with it all. But if this is not Moravia's best work, the stories are all professionally turned.

A TIME ON EARTH, by Vilhelm Moberg, translated from the Swedish by Naomi Walford (Simon & Schuster). In this short, melancholy book we read the life story of Albert Carlson, who was born in Sweden and came alone to America as a very young boy. Now, at sixty-four, divorced, and more or less ignored by his two sons, Albert lives in a cheap hotel room in a prosperous little California town overlooking the Pacific Ocean. He is not unhappy. He is in good health, and the small job he is about to take will cover his expenses, but his thoughts go back, making him sad and at the same time making him feel less alone, to his childhood and the death of his elder brother, who was his close companion. Albert's loneliness is the loneliness that descended on him at his brother's death, and it is this loneliness, still palpable after fifty years, and the brother's memory, still green after fifty years, that give Mr. Moberg's story its poignancy and its importance.

THE AMBASSADOR, by Morris L. West (Morrow). Mr. West, self-appointed authority on the doubts that beset men in high office, turns a sternly sympathetic eye in the direction of Maxwell Gordon Amberley, an elderly widower who is the United States Ambassador to South Vietnam.

THE FLIGHT OF THE FALCON, by Daphne du Maurier (Doubleday). This extraordinarily dull book tells about a young Italian tourist guide who is startled by an accidental encounter into returning to his home town, Ruffano, where he confronts both the recent past, in his memories of the Second World War, and the distant past, in the five-hundred-year-old legend of Duke Claudio, a favorite villain in the town's history. A Literary Guild selection.

CATS DON'T CARE FOR MONEY, by Christiane Rochefort, translated from the French by Helen Eustis (Doubleday). Céline, a young Frenchwoman, persuades us that she hates the boredom of her marriage much more than she likes the security of it. The book, written in the first person singular, has a style, if one can call it a style, that is prettily complacent.

THE LAST OF THE REDSKINS, by Jean Dutourd, translated from the French by Grace T. Mayes, with drawings by Raymond Davidson (Doubleday). A collection of short fables designed to remind us that in real life—if not in the fables of other writers—hares run faster than tor-

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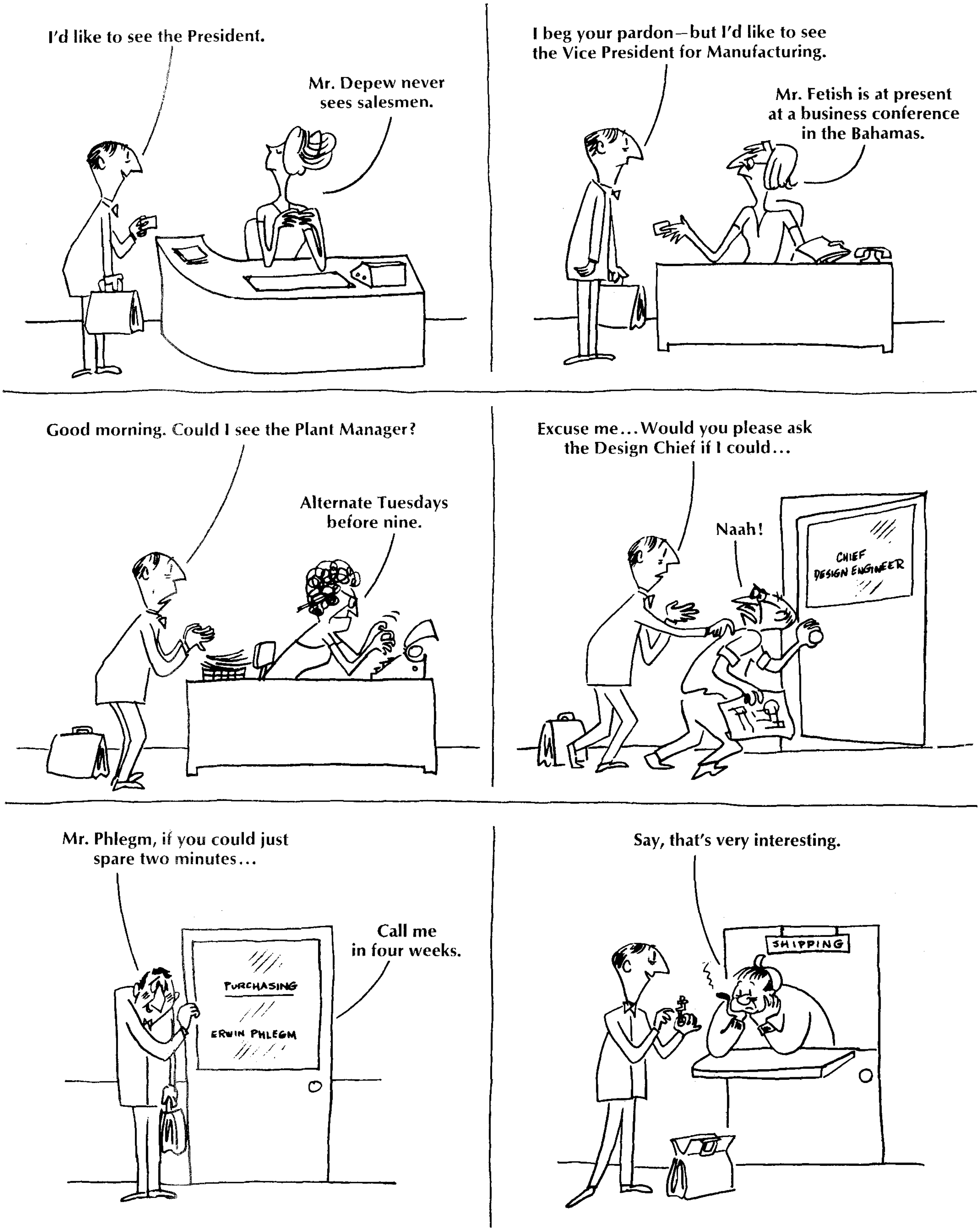
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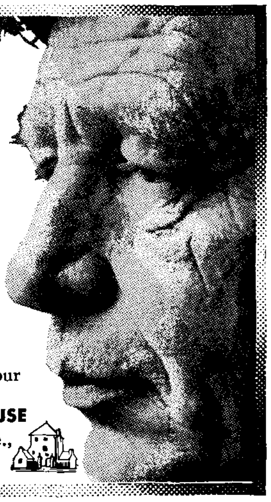

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GENERAL

RAMAKRISHNA AND HIS DISCIPLES, by Christopher Isherwood (Simon & Schuster). An account of the life and teachings of a nineteenth-century Bengali Brahman who was considered by many people who knew him to be an incarnation of God. Ramakrishna spent most of his life (1836-86) at a Hindu temple near Calcutta, meditating, praying, and teaching. He attracted a variety of devotees—intellectuals, businessmen, reformers, peasants—and eventually, under his guidance, a group of young men dedicated themselves to the religious life. The Ramakrishna order still exists, its monks being expected to alternate periods of retreat with stints of social-service work. Ramakrishna himself wrote no books, but his thought and his personality were reported during his lifetime; Mr. Isherwood, as he explains at the outset, had plenty of reliable source material. Still, it is Mr. Isherwood's book, not the sources'. His prose and his honesty give the portrayal its appeal. He clearly and sympathetically expounds religious customs, behavior, and concepts that are unfamiliar to most Westerners, and if he can relate them to Christian beliefs or practices, he does, but he never seeks to convince or convert by blurring theological distinctions.

FAREWELL TO EDEN, by Matthew Huxley, with photographs by Cornell Capa (Harper & Row). A modest anthropological study of a tribe of contemporary neolithic Indians in the jungles of eastern Peru, together with a forecast—by way of a glimpse of a comparable tribe that is more closely in touch with twentieth-century white civilization—of its inevitable future degradation and destruction. Mr. Huxley, a learned amateur in this field, and his associate spent several months in a community of seventeen families of Amahuaca Indians, and although he found their culture extremely pinched (no music, no dancing, no decorative arts, no birth or marriage rites, no puberty rites, no witch doctors, no chiefs, no creation myths), he came to like and respect them, and his discussion of their impending doom at the hands of an indifferent government, com-

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petitive religious sects, and a ruthless money economy is painfully instructive and very moving. Mr. Capa's photographs—a hundred in black-and-white and forty-eight in excellent color—are precisely illustrative. Fifteen dollars.

THE LAST GRAND DUCHESS: HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS OLGA ALEXANDROVNA, by Ian Vorres (Scribner's). Before her death, in Canada, in 1960, the last surviving sister of Czar Nicholas II confided to the author the story of her life. Here it is. The reader, who may be prepared for post-revolutionary hardships, will learn that it was never easy to be a Romanoff—skimpy fare during the day, and no place to go but to court balls at night. The Grand Duchess says that Rasputin had no political influence, and that her niece Anastasia was killed at Ekaterinburg. Mr. Vorres's book is loaded with sympathy, which one can share—nobody deserves what happened to this luckless lady—and with fawning admiration, which one cannot. Even if Olga had not been an Imperial Highness, one suspects, she would have been a dull woman.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE MIND READERS, by Margery Allingham (Morrow). Miss Allingham's new novel is set in London, and it begins in Canon Avril's house, which means that we have about as good a beginning as anyone could hope for, but Amanda has grown older (her bright-red-gold hair is now quite dark), and Albert Campion and Charley Luke are constantly being displaced by two small boys, who, though brilliant, are hardly acceptable substitutes for the Real Thing. The story is about extrasensory perception and the dangerous gadgets that can turn it to good or evil account. The time is the present.

THE MAN WHO SOLD DEATH, by James Munro (Knopf). This book opens promisingly with an English gunrunner stalked through London by a murderous pack of French-Algerian superpatriots. But then, as always, the hunted turns hunter and comes clearly into focus, and, alas, we know him only too well—the ruggedly handsome loner, the amateur racing driver and expert marksman, the judo black belt with post-graduate honors in karate, the gourmet eater and twenty-four-hour drinker, the phlegmatic enchanter and tireless stallion, the cat with at least nine lives. Even the

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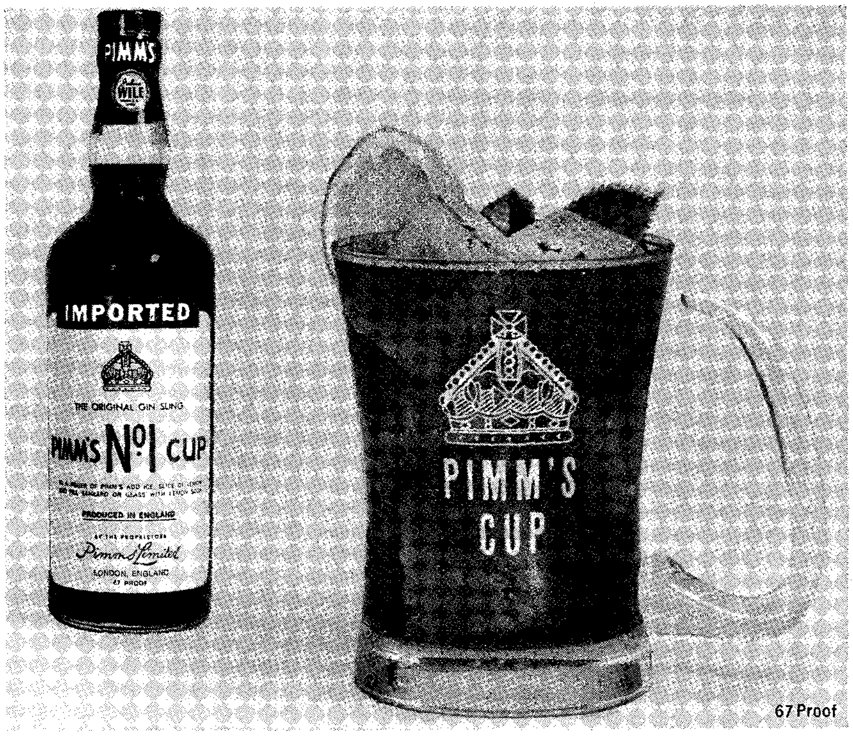

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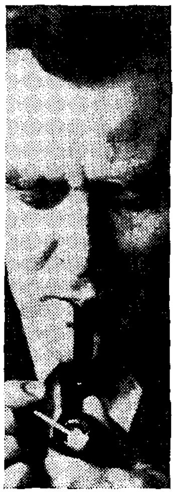

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scenes, though varied, are familiar—an after-hours club in Soho, the London Underground, the beach at Saint-Tropez, a château near Nice, the office of the secret head of the ultra-secret Department K. The publishers tell us that James Munro is the pseudonym of a well-known English novelist. His discretion is understandable.

HOMICIDE BLONDE, by Maurice Procter (Harper & Row). Inspector Martineau of the Granchester Police Force and his handsome aide, Detective Sergeant Devery, are determined to find out who is ambushing and killing all those innocent young girls. The finger of fate points waveringly at several suspects and very positively at one, but Martineau and Devery are old hands at this work. The reader is treated to a grand tour of Granchester—homes, shops, and dance halls—before the maniac is captured and placed behind bars. Mr. Procter writes with such ease and good humor that it is impossible not to follow wherever he chooses to lead.

MIDNIGHT PLUS ONE, by Gavin Lyall (Scribners). Lewis Cane, an English veteran of the French Resistance who never quite settled down to postwar life, is persuaded by twelve thousand francs to escort a maverick Swiss financier, wanted by ruthless business rivals and by the French police, from a Brittany beach to Liechtenstein in time for a vital stockholders' meeting. Mr. Lyall sees to it that Cane earns his money in a satisfactorily bloodstained way, but he is not content merely to hold us breathless. He also treats us to helpings of robust humor ("It was too dark to recognize your own wife, even if you'd wanted to"), manly warmth ("I went up and shook his hand, and the old brown crab-apple face crinkled into a vast grin"), and he-man facts ("Fully carved grips are strictly for the Saturday-afternoon gunmen").

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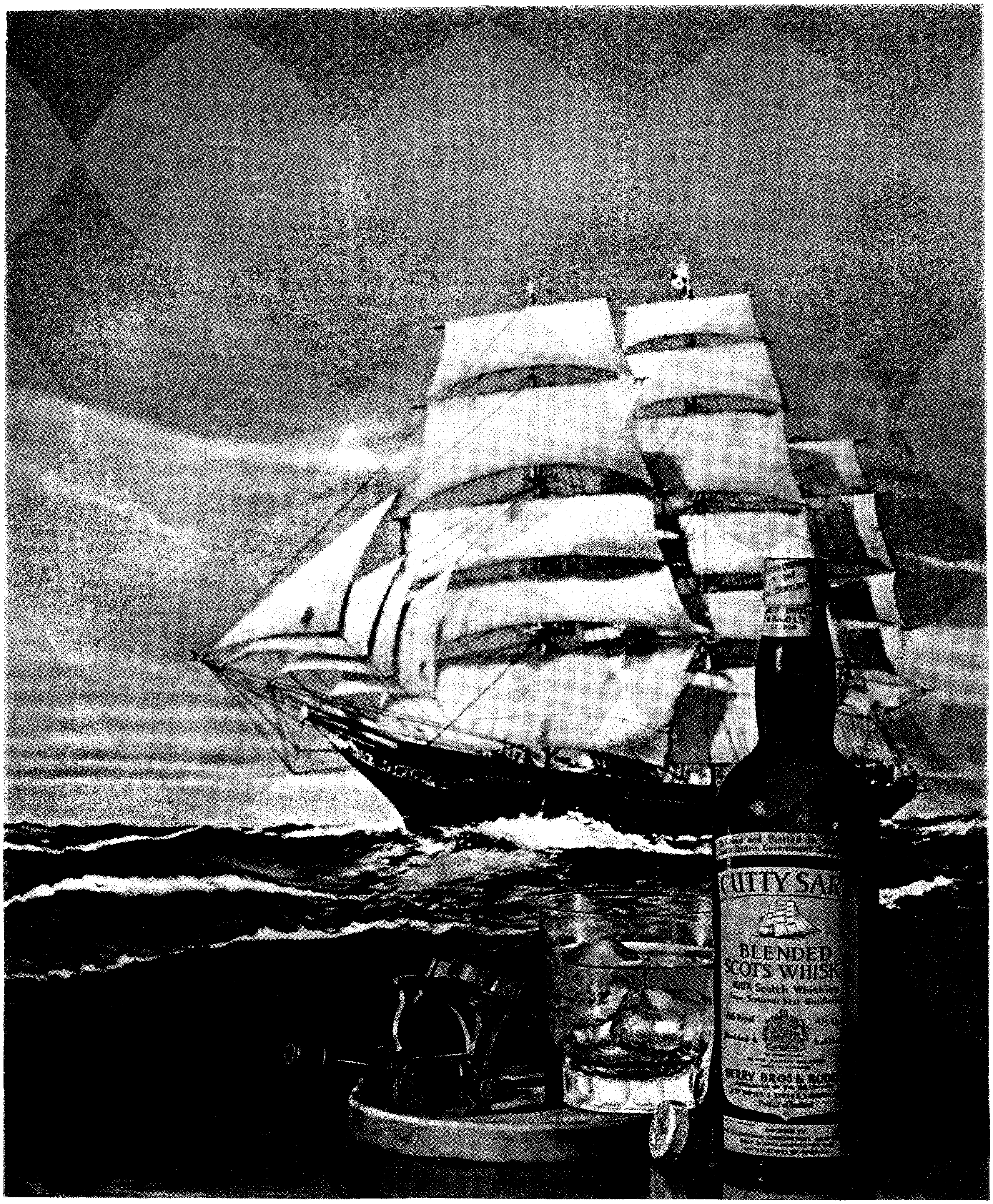
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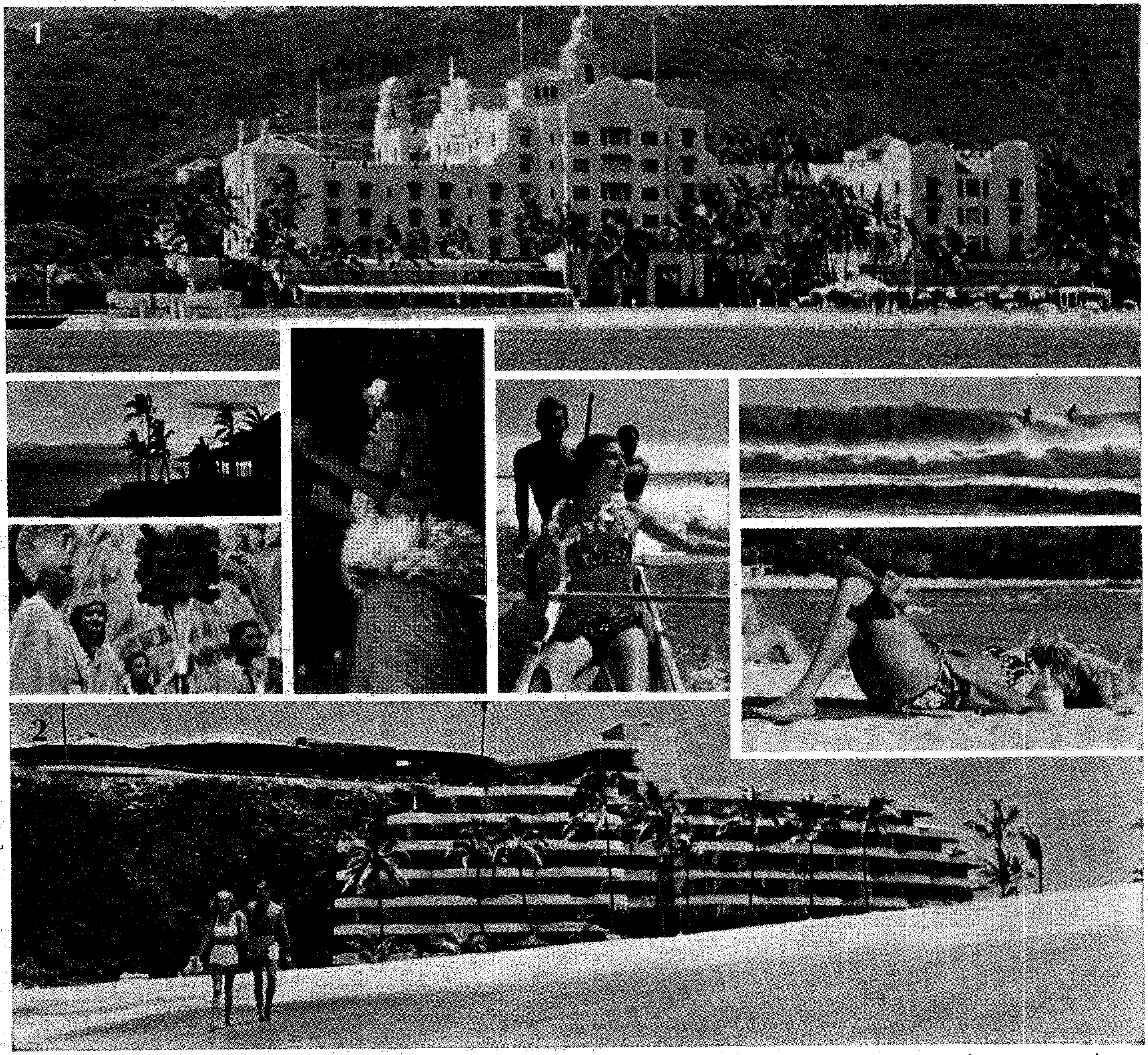

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